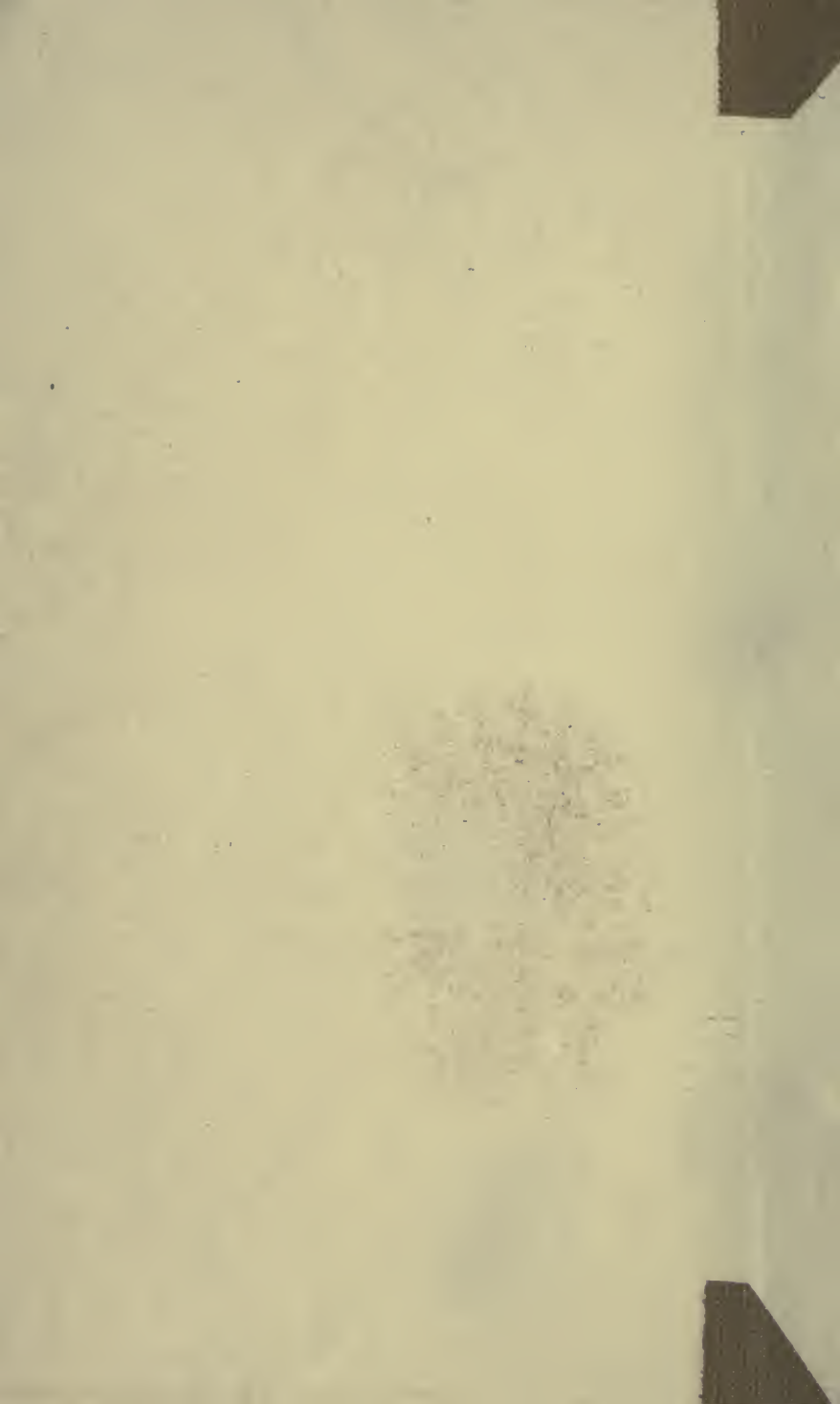


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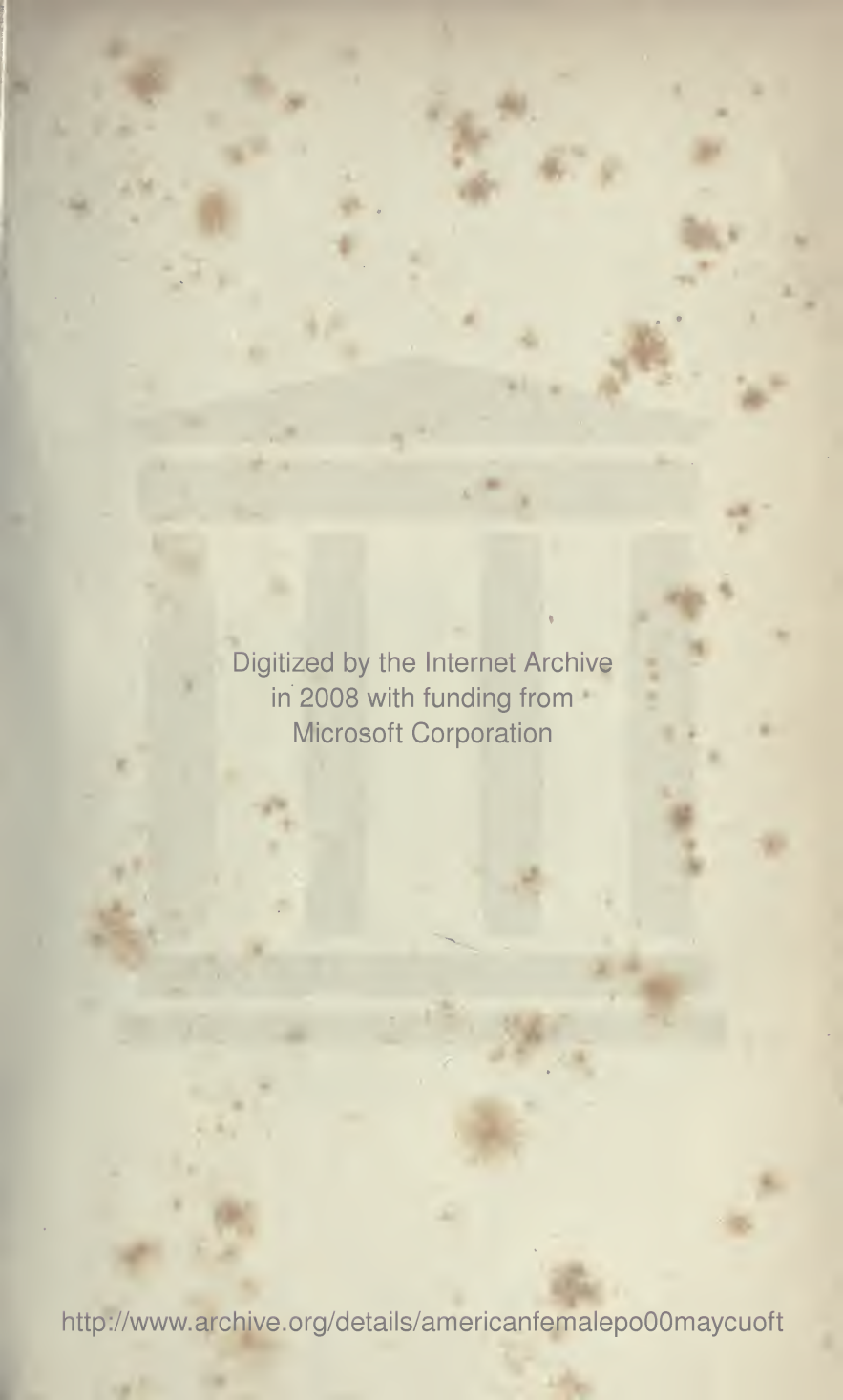












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P 112



THE
AMERICAN
FEMALE POETS
BY

CAROLINE MAY.



THE POET'S HOME

From an original Picture by the late Mrs. J. M. May.

PHILADELPHIA

GINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.



THE
AMERICAN
FEMALE POETS:

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY
CAROLINE MAY.



PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

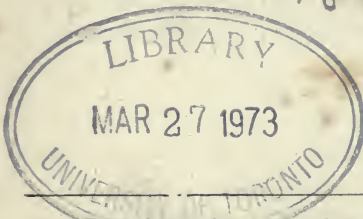
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2011

## P R E F A C E .

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ONE of the most striking characteristics of the present age is the number of female writers, especially in the department of belles-lettres. This is even more true of the United States, than of the old world ; and poetry, which is the language of the affections, has been freely employed among us to express the emotions of woman's heart.

Few American women, besides the author of *Zophiël*, have written poems of any considerable length, but many have published volumes of poetry, and fugitive pieces of various merit have been poured forth through our newspapers and other periodicals, with the utmost profusion. This very profuseness has led many to underrate the genuine value, which upon closer examination will be found appertaining to these snatches of American song. As the rare exotic, costly because of the distance from which it is brought, will often suffer in comparison of beauty and fragrance with the abundant wild flowers of our meadows and woodland slopes, so the reader of our present volume, if ruled by an honest taste, will discover in the effusions of our gifted country-

women as much grace of form, and powerful sweetness of thought and feeling, as in the blossoms of woman's genius culled from other lands.

The personal pleasure enjoyed during some careful searches for the greatest specimens of worth and beauty in this fertile garden of literature, has led the editor to believe that the collection now made may not be unwelcome to the public generally. It must be borne in mind that not many ladies in this country are permitted sufficient leisure from the cares and duties of home to devote themselves, either from choice, or as a means of living, to literary pursuits. Hence, the themes which have suggested the greater part of the following poems have been derived from the incidents and associations of every-day life. And home, with its quiet joys, its deep pure sympathies, and its secret sorrows, with which a stranger must not intermeddle, is a sphere by no means limited for woman, whose inspiration lies more in her heart than her head. Deep emotions make a good foundation for lofty and beautiful thoughts. The deeper the foundation, the more elevated may be the superstructure. Moreover, the essence of poetry is beauty; "the essence of beauty is love." And where should women lavish most unreservedly, and receive most largely, the warmest, purest, and most changeless, affection, but in the sacred retirement of home,

"Where love is an unerring light  
And joy its own security?"

As it would not be altogether right to send forth the editor's gatherings without some attention to order and



classification, a chronological arrangement, so far as it was possible, has been pursued. Neither have pains been spared to seek out those who in the earlier years of the country have written verses perhaps of slight merit, yet whose names are interesting from other considerations. At the same time the desire of indulging a mere antiquarian taste, has not tempted the editor from the main and more useful purpose of presenting a compilation of the best pieces. It may be also, that a few names have been omitted, which, in the estimation of some, should have received notice. Where, however, the materials were so abundant, and the space so restricted, it was necessary to select.

The accomplishment of this work has been greatly assisted, by the cheerful kindness with which permission to use the name and productions of the authors has been granted. Such permission has been sought in every case where it was practicable; and, with very few exceptions, nothing could exceed the courtesy and liberality shown the editor by those ladies whose favours she asked. It only remains for her to regret that one or two names, which she would gladly have inserted, have been omitted, in compliance with the wishes of those who had the only perfect right to dictate the omission.

With regard to the biographical part, facts have been sought, and generally obtained from the direct sources of reliable information. In a few instances, the editor has been compelled to resort to printed authorities; for one notice (that of Mrs. Lowell,) she is wholly indebted to Mr. Gris-

would, whose politeness should be appreciated more highly, as he is himself engaged upon a work of a similar character. Reports or on-dits, whether flattering or detractive, have been invariably rejected.

This may account for the shortness of some of the sketches, the subjects of which are themselves most interesting. No women of refinement, however worthy of distinction — and the most worthy are always the most modest — like to have the holy privacy of their personal movements invaded. To say where they were born seems quite enough while they are alive. Thus, several of our correspondents declared their fancies to be their only facts; others that they had done nothing all their lives; and some, — with a modesty most extreme — that they had not lived at all.

If in any case it may be thought that due justice has not been done, the editor is conscious that the error has been unintentional; and hopes for that ready pardon which true charity always accords to a right purpose, however imperfectly executed.

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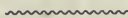
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# FEMALE POETS

OF

# AMERICA.



## ANNE BRADSTREET.

ANNE BRADSTREET, wife of Simon Bradstreet, governor of Massachusetts colony, and daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, was born at Northampton, England, in the year 1612. She was married at the age of sixteen, and the following year came with her husband to this country. She died September 16th, 1672.

Although "merrie old Englande" claims her birth-place, the honour of her poetical fame belongs to America; for we find her recorded as the earliest poet of New England, where she gained much celebrity by the spirit and power of her writings. Cotton Mather is warm in her praise, and declares that "her poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles." The learned and excellent John Norton, of Ipswich, calls her "the mirror of her age, and the glory of her sex." That she must have been also a bright example to women, worthy of a close imitation, we cannot doubt; for we learn from the preface to the second edition of her poems, that she was as much loved for her gentleness, discretion, and domestic diligence, as she was admired for her genius, wit, and love of learning. The volume is pronounced to be "the work of a woman, honoured and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her emi-



gent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more than so, these poems are the fruit but of some few hours, curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments." What a sweet and rare description of a woman of genius!

The contents of her book are curious: a *Poem upon the Four Elements, the Four Humours in Man's Constitution, the Four Ages of Man, and the Four Seasons of the Year*; in these we are presented with personifications of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water; Choler, Blood, Melancholy, and Phlegm; Childhood, Youth, Middle Age, and Old Age; each of whom comes forth with an address in which its peculiar excellencies are depicted. Then follows a versified *History of the Four Monarchies of the World*; with *divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems*. The subjoined extracts are from a long poem entitled *Contemplations*, and prove Mrs. Bradstreet to have been a genuine poet. The slow, stately measure she adopted, suits well the solemn majesty of her musing thoughts.

FROM "CONTEMPLATIONS."

I WIST not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,  
If so much excellence abide below,  
How excellent is He, that dwells on high!

Whose power and beauty by his works we know.  
Sure He is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,  
That hath this under world so richly dight:  
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,  
Whose ruffling top the clouds seemed to aspire;  
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?

Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire.  
Have hundred winters past since thou wast born?  
Or thousand since thou brak'st thy shell of horn?  
If so, all these as nought, eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistening sun I gazed,  
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,

The more I looked, the more I grew amazed,  
 And softly said, what glory's like to thee?  
 Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,  
 No wonder some made thee a deity;  
 Had I not better known, alas! the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,  
 And as a strong man joyes to run a race,  
 The morn doth usher thee with smiles and blushes,  
 The earth reflects her glances in thy face.  
 Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,  
 Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive,  
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye  
 Hath strength thy shining rayes once to behold?  
 And is thy splendid throne erect so high,  
 As to approach it can no earthly mould?  
 How full of glory then must thy Creator be,  
 Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!  
 Admired, adored for ever, be that Majesty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who thinks not oft upon the fathers' ages,  
 Their long descent, how nephew's sons they saw,  
 The starry observations of those sages,  
 And how their precepts to their sons were law;  
 How Adam sighed to see his progeny  
 Clothed all in his black sinful livery,  
 Who neither guilt nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our life compare we with their length of dayes,  
 Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?  
 And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,  
 Living so little while we are alive;  
 In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,  
 So unawares comes on perpetual night,  
 And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,  
 And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,  
 The stones and trees, insensible of time,  
 Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;  
 If winter come, and greenness then do fade,  
 A Spring returns, and they more youthfull made;  
 But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's  
 laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,  
 Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed;  
 No sooner born, but grief and care make fall  
 That state obliterate he had at first.  
 Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,  
 Nor habitations long their names retain,  
 But in oblivion to the final day remain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,  
 Close sate I by a goodly river's side,  
 Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;  
 A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.  
 I once that loved the shady woods so well,  
 Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,  
 And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,  
 Which to the longed-for Ocean held its course,  
 I markt nor crooks nor rubs that there did lye  
 Could hinder aught, but still augment its force;  
 O happy Flood, quoth I, that holdst thy race  
 Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough that thou alone mayst slide,  
 But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,  
 So hand in hand along with thee they glide  
 To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:

Thou Emblem true of what I count the best,  
O could I lead my Rivulets to rest,  
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye Fish which in this liquid region 'bide,  
That for each season have your habitation,  
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,  
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,  
In lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry,  
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,  
Then to the colder bottome straight they dive,  
Eftsoon to Neptune's glassie Hall repair  
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,  
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,  
And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their  
shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet-tongued Philomel perch't o'er my head,  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,  
And wisht me wings with her awhile to take my flight

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,  
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;  
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,  
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,  
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.



The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
 Setts hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
 So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
 And warbling out the old, begins anew,  
 And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
 Then follow thee into a better Region  
 Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,  
 In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak;  
 Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,  
 Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:  
 From some of these he never finds cessation,  
 But day or night, within, without, vexation,  
 Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st  
 relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,  
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow.  
 This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,  
 Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow:  
 Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,  
 In weight, in frequency and long duration,  
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation

The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,  
 Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,  
 As if he had command of wind and tide,  
 And now become great Master of the seas;  
 But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,  
 And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
 Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,  
 Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,  
 That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,  
 Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'n's bower.



But sad affliction comes, and makes him see  
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;  
Only above is found all with security.

O Time! the fatal wrack of mortal things,  
That draws oblivion's curtain over kings,  
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,  
Their names without a Record are forgot,  
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid i' th' dust,  
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings 'scape Time's rust;  
But he whose name is graved in the white stone,  
Shall last and shine, when all of these are gone.

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## JANE TURELL.

JANE TURELL was born in Boston, 1708. She was the only daughter of Dr. Benjamin Colman, a clergyman distinguished for his learning, eloquence, and poetic taste, whose early life was varied by many stirring and romantic incidents. After having taken his degree at Harvard College, he embarked for London; the vessel was captured by a French privateer, and he with his companions were imprisoned at Nantz. At the expiration of two months, an exchange of prisoners took place between the English and French, and Mr. Colman was transported to Portsmouth. From thence he went to London, and, not very long after, was appointed to take charge of a church in Bath, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Miss Singer, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. On his return to his native country, he was settled over the Brattle Street Church, Boston; in which station he remained till his death, nearly half a century afterward.

His daughter Jane early evinced a fondness for learning, and was encouraged by her father to pursue with indefatigable industry all literary pursuits. In her nineteenth year she was married to the Rev. Mr. Turell, of Medford, a village near Boston. She had then read, and

thoroughly understood, all the works of Divinity History, and Philosophy, to which she could gain access; and was regarded with great admiration by all who surrounded her for her superior attainments. She died at the age of twenty-seven, having, in her short life, "faithfully fulfilled all those duties which shed the brightest lustre upon woman's name; the duties of the friend, the daughter, the mother, and the wife."

Her poems were collected in a pamphlet, and published by her husband, immediately after her death.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND  
THIRTY-FOURTH PSALM.

As on the margin of Euphrates' flood  
We wail'd our sins, and mourn'd an angry God;  
(For God provoked, to strangers gave our land,  
And by a righteous Judge condemned we stand;)  
Deep were our groans, our griefs without compare,  
With ardent cries we rent the yielding air.  
Borne down with woes, no friend at hand was found.  
No helper in the waste and barren ground:  
Only a mournful willow wither'd there,  
Its aged arms by winter storms made bare;  
On this our lyres, now useless grown, we hung,  
Our lyres by us forsaken, and unstrung!  
We sigh'd in chains, and sunk beneath our wo,  
Whilst more insulting our proud tyrants grow.  
From hearts oppress'd with grief they did require  
A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre!  
Come now, they cry, regale us with a song,  
Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.  
Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound?  
Shall songs divine be sung on heathen ground?  
No, Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,  
Or touch the lyre! Whilst slaves we can't rejoice.  
O Palestina! our once dear abode,  
Thou once wert blessed with peace, and loved by God!

But now art desolate, a barren waste,  
Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds defaced.  
If I forget Judea's mournful land,  
May nothing prosper that I take in hand!  
Or if I string the lyre, or tune my voice,  
Till thy deliverance cause me to rejoice;  
O may my tongue forget her art to move,  
And may I never more my speech improve!  
Return, O Lord! avenge us of our foes,  
Destroy the men that up against us rose:  
Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,  
And, like us, serve some foreign conquering foe  
In distant realms; far from their native home,  
To which dear seat O let them never come!

Thou, Babel's daughter! author of our woe,  
Shalt feel the stroke of some revenging blow:  
Thy walls and towns be levelled with the ground,  
Sorrow and grief shall in each soul be found:  
Thrice blest the man who, that auspicious night,  
Shall seize thy trembling infants in thy sight,  
Regardless of thy flowing tears and moans,  
And dash the tender babes against the stones.\*

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\* Her father says of this Paraphrase, "The serious melancholy Psalm is well turned in the most parts of it, considering your years and advantages for such a performance. You speak of a single withered willow which they hung their harps on; but the Euphrates was covered with willows along the banks of it, so that it has been called the River of Willows. I hope, my dear, your lyre will not be hung on such a sorrowful shrub. Go on in sacred songs, and we'll hang it on the stately cedars of Lebanon. Or let the pleasant elm before the door where you are, suffice for you."

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY, IN  
IMITATION OF HORACE.

FROM the soft shades, and from the balmy sweets  
Of Medford's flowery vales, and green retreats,  
Your absent Delia to her father sends,  
And prays to see him ere the summer ends.

Now while the earth's with beauteous verdure dyed,  
And Flora paints the meads in all her pride;  
While laden trees Pomona's bounty own,  
And Ceres' treasures do the fields adorn,  
From the thick smokes, and noisy town, O come,  
And in these plains awhile forget your home.

Though my small income never can afford,  
Like wealthy Celsus to regale a lord;  
No ivory tables groan beneath the weight  
Of sumptuous dishes, served in massy plate:  
The forest ne'er was searched for food for me,  
Nor from my hounds the timorous hare does flee:  
No leaden thunder strikes the fowl in air,  
Nor from my shaft the winged death do fear:  
With silken nets I ne'er the lakes despoil,  
Nor with my bait the larger fish beguile.  
No luscious sweetmeats, by my servants plac'd  
In curious order e'er my tables grac'd;  
To please the taste, no rich Burgundian wine,  
In crystal glasses on my sideboard shine;  
The luscious sweets of fair Canary's isle  
Ne'er fill'd my casks, nor in my flagons smile:  
No wine, but what does from my apples flow,  
My frugal house on any can bestow:  
Except when Cæsar's birthday does return,  
And joyful fires throughout the village burn;



Then moderate each takes his cheerful glass,  
And our good wishes to Augustus pass.  
But though rich dainties never spread my board,  
Nor my cool vaults Calabrian wines afford;  
Yet what is neat and wholesome I can spread,—  
My good fat bacon, and our homely bread,  
With which my healthful family is fed.  
Milk from the cow, and butter newly churn'd,  
And new fresh cheese, with curds and cream just turn'd.  
For a dessert upon my table's seen  
The golden apple, and the melon green;  
The blushing peach, and glossy plum there lies,  
And with the mandrake tempt your hands and eyes.

These I can give, and if you'll here repair,  
To slake your thirst a cask of Autumn beer,  
Reserv'd on purpose for your drinking here.  
Under the spreading elms our limbs we'll lay,  
While fragrant zephyrs round our temples play;  
Retired from courts, and crowds, secure we'll sit  
And freely feed upon our country treat;  
No noisy faction here shall dare intrude,  
Or once disturb our peaceful solitude.

No stately beds my humble roofs adorn,  
Of costly purple, by carved panthers borne;  
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,  
Diffusing odors through our stately rooms.  
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,  
But my fine linen all is made at home.  
Though I no down or tapestry can spread,  
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,  
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep,  
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.  
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,  
And all be calm and still as is your breast.



## ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

THE interesting subject of this notice was the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, and was born in New York, in 1752. She was married to John J. Bleecker, Esq., of New Rochelle, in 1769, and went to live at Poughkeepsie. From that place she soon removed to a village some distance above Albany, called Tomhanick, and spent several years of quiet domestic enjoyment amidst the wild scenes of this romantic spot. But in 1777, the approach of Burgoyne's army from Canada spread terror and dismay through the back settlements in that quarter, and broke, for a time, the peaceful happiness of her home in the wilderness. Mr. Bleecker hastened to Albany to prepare a shelter for his family, and no sooner had he gone, than the fearful news was brought to Mrs. Bleecker, that the enemy was within two miles of the village, burning and killing all before him. She immediately started up, and, with a daughter clinging to each side, set off on foot, attended only by a young mulatto girl, leaving her house, and everything in it, a prey to the savages.

After travelling, without being able to obtain any assistance, for more than five miles, she at length procured a seat for the children in a wagon, and walked on, herself, to the village of Stony Arabia; where, with much difficulty, she found shelter in a garret. The next morning her husband met her as he was returning from Albany, whither they all proceeded, and quickly set sail down the Hudson, intending to go to Red-Hook; at which place they hoped for safety from the enemy. But on the voyage this poor lady was overtaken by a fiercer affliction, from the sword and flame of which there was no escaping. Her youngest daughter was taken so ill that they were forced to go on shore, and, soon after, she died. Mrs. Bleecker never recovered from this blow; and though, after the capture of Burgoyne, she returned to her former home in the country, she could never regain her cheerfulness. She lived in peace, however, until one day in August, 1781; when a party of the enemy seized Mr. Bleecker and two of his men, while they were busy in the harvest-field, and carried them off prisoners. After an absence of six days, during which time his wife endured all the sicken-

ing anguish of the most frightful suspense and conjecture, he was retaken by some Americans from Bennington, and returned home.

Mrs. Bleecker visited her native city after the peace was concluded ; but the havoc war had made among the scenes, and especially among the friends, of her early days, weighed so heavily on her spirits that she soon sank under it. She returned to her cottage at Tomhanick, and died on the 23d of November, 1783, aged thirty-one.

Her poems were published in 1793. They have no very marked characteristics ; they are occasionally sweet, generally mournful. Her biographer truly says, " Mrs. Bleecker's poetry is not of that high order which would sustain itself under any very bold attempt ; but the events of her life confer a degree of interest upon the few productions which she has left behind her. A female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society, at the *ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and bloodshed, is a spectacle too striking not to fix our attention."

EXTRACT FROM A POEM

TO MR. BLEECKER, ON HIS PASSAGE TO NEW YORK.

METHINKS I see the broad majestic sheet  
Swell to the wind ; the flying shores retreat ;  
I see the banks, with varied foliage gay,  
Inhale the misty sun's reluctant ray ;  
The lofty groves stripped of their verdure, rise  
To the inclemence of autumnal skies.  
Rough mountains now appear, while pendent woods  
Hang o'er the gloomy steep, and shade the floods ;  
Slow moves the vessel, while each distant sound  
The caverned echoes doubly loud rebound ;  
A placid stream meanders on the steep,  
Till tumbling from the cliff, divides the frowning deep.  
Oh ! tempt not fate on those stupendous rocks,  
Where never shepherd led his timid flocks ;  
But shagged bears in those wild deserts stray,  
And wolves, who howl against the lunar ray ;  
There builds the ravenous hawk her lofty nest,  
And there the soaring eagle takes her rest ;

The solitary deer recoils to hear  
The torrent thundering in the midway air.  
Ah! let me intercede,—ah! spare her breath,  
Nor aim the tube charged with a leaden death.

But now advancing to the opening sea,  
The wind springs up, the lessening mountains flee;  
The eastern banks are crowned with rural seats,  
And nature's work the hand of art completes.  
Here Philips' villa, where Pomona joins  
At once the product of a hundred climes;  
Here, tinged by Flora, Asian flowers unfold  
Their burnished leaves of vegetable gold.  
When snows descend, and clouds tumultuous fly  
Through the blue medium of the crystal sky,  
Beneath his painted mimic heaven he roves  
Amidst the glass-encircled citron groves;  
The grape and luscious fig his taste invite,  
Hesperian apples glow upon his sight;  
The sweet auriculas their bells display,  
And Philips finds in January, May.

But on the other side the cliffs arise,  
Charybdis-like, and seem to prop the skies:  
How oft with admiration have we viewed  
Those adamantine barriers of the flood!  
Yet still the vessel cleaves the liquid mead,  
The prospect dies, the aspiring rocks recede;  
New objects rush upon the wondering sight,  
Till Phœbus rolls from heaven his car of light,  
And Cynthia's silver crescent gilds the night.

I hear the melting flute's melodious sound,  
Which dying zephyrs waft alternate round,  
The rocks in notes responsive soft complain,  
And think Amphion strikes his lyre again.  
Ah! 'tis my Bleecker breathes our mutual loves,  
And sends the trembling airs through vocal groves.

Thus having led you to the happy isle,  
Where waves circumfluent wash the fertile soil,  
Where Hudson, meeting the Atlantic, roars,  
The parting lands dismiss him from their shores,  
Indulge the enthusiast muse her favourite strain  
Of panegyric, due to Eboracia's plain.

There is no land where heaven her blessings pours  
In such abundance, as upon these shores;  
With influence benign the planets rise,  
Pure is the ether, and serene the skies;  
With annual gold, kind Ceres decks the ground,  
And gushing springs dispense bland health around;  
No lucid gems are here, or flaming ore,  
To tempt the hand of avarice and power;  
But sun-burnt labour, with diurnal toil,  
Bids treasures rise from the obedient soil,  
And commerce calls the ships across the main,  
For gold exchanging her superfluous grain;  
While concord, liberty, and jocund health,  
Sport with young pleasure 'mid the rural wealth.

## AN EVENING PROSPECT.

COME, my Susan, quit your chamber,  
Greet the opening bloom of May,  
Let us up yon hillock clamber,  
And around the scene survey.

See the sun is now descending,  
And projects his shadows far,  
And the bee her course is bending  
Homeward through the humid air.

Mark the lizard just before us,  
Singing her unvaried strain,  
While the frog abrupt in chorus  
Deepens through the marshy plain.



From yon grove the woodcock rises,  
Mark her progress by her notes,  
High in air her wing she poises,  
Then like lightning down she shoots.

Now the whip-poor-will beginning,  
Clamorous on a pointed rail,  
Drowns the more melodious singing  
Of the catbird, thrush, and quail.

Pensive Echo from the mountain  
Still repeats the sylvan sounds;  
And the crocus-bordered fountain  
With the splendid fly abounds.

There the honey-suckle blooming,  
Reddens the capricious wave;  
Richer sweets, the air perfuming,  
Spicy Ceylon never gave.

Cast your eyes beyond this meadow,  
Painted by a hand divine,  
And observe the ample shadow  
Of that solemn ridge of pine.

Here a trickling rill depending,  
Glitters through the artless bower;  
And the silver dew descending,  
Doubly radiates every flower.

While I speak, the sun is vanish'd,  
All the gilded clouds are fled;  
Music from the groves is banish'd,  
Noxious vapours round us spread.

Rural toil is now suspended,  
Sleep invades the peasant's eyes;  
Each diurnal task is ended,  
While soft Luna climbs the skies.



Queen of rest and meditation!  
Through thy medium, I adore  
Him—the Author of creation,  
Infinite and boundless power!

He now fills thy urn with glory,  
Transcript of immortal light;  
Lord! my spirit bows before thee,  
Lost in wonder and delight.

## LINES TO GRIEF.

Come Grief, and sing a solemn dirge  
Beneath this midnight shade;  
From central darkness now emerge,  
And tread the lonely glade.

This is the cheerless hour of night,  
For sorrow only made;  
When no intrusive rays of light,  
The silent gloom pervade.

Though such the darkness of my soul,  
Not such the calmness there;  
But waves of guilt tumultuous roll  
'Midst billows of despair.

Fallacious Pleasure's tinsel train  
My soul rejects with scorn;  
If higher joys she can't attain,  
She'd rather choose to mourn.

For bliss superior she was made;  
Or for extreme despair;  
If pain awaits her past the dead,  
Why should she triumph here?

## ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tho' Reason points at good supreme,  
 Yet Grace must lead us thence;  
 Must wake us from this pleasing dream,  
 The idle joys of Sense.

Surely I wish the blackest night  
 Of Nature to remain,  
 Till Christ arise with healing light,  
 Then welcome day again.

## HYMN.

(WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.)

JESUS CHRIST! regard my anguish,  
 Oh! commiserate my pain;  
 Bid my soul no longer languish,  
 Bid my spirit not complain.

'Tis my comfort thou'rt omniscient,  
 All my griefs are known to thee,  
 Saviour! thou art all sufficient,  
 To relieve a wretch like me.

Now thy clemency discover,  
 Give my wounded soul repose,  
 E'er my transient life is over,  
 E'er my sorrowing eyelids close.

By thy passion I conjure thee,  
 By thy painful sweat of blood,  
 Let my sighing come before thee,  
 Seal my pardon now with God.

## RETURN TO TOMHANICK.

HAIL, happy shades! though clad with heavy snows,  
 At sight of you with joy my bosom glows;

Ye arching pines, that bow with every breeze,  
Ye poplars, elms, all hail! my well-known trees!  
And now my peaceful mansion strikes my eye,  
And now the tinkling rivulet I spy;  
My little garden, Flora, hast thou kept,  
And watch'd my pinks and lilies, while I wept?  
Or has the grubbing swine, by furies led,  
The enclosure broke, and on my flowrets fed?  
Ah me! that spot with blooms so lately grac'd,  
With storms and driving snows, is now defaced;  
Sharp icicles from every bush depend,  
And frosts all dazzling o'er the beds extend:  
Yet soon fair spring shall give another scene,  
And yellow cowslips gild the level green;  
My little orchard sprouting at each bough,  
Fragrant with clustering blossoms deep shall glow:  
Ah! then 'tis sweet the tufted grass to tread,  
But sweeter slumbering is the balmy shade;  
The rapid humming-bird, with ruby breast,  
Seeks the parterre with early blue-bells drest,  
Drinks deep the honeysuckle dew, or drives  
The labouring bee to her domestic hives:  
Then shines the lupine bright with morning gems,  
And sleepy poppies nod upon their stems;  
The humble violet, and the dulcet rose,  
The stately lily then, and tulip blows.

Farewell, my Plutarch! farewell, pen and muse!  
Nature exults—shall I her call refuse?  
Apollo fervid glitters in my face,  
And threatens with his beam each feeble grace:  
Yet still around the lovely plants I toil,  
And draw obnoxious herbage from the soil;  
Or with the lime-twigs little birds surprise;  
Or angle for the trout of many dyes.

But when the vernal breezes pass away,  
 And loftier Phœbus darts a fiercer ray,  
 The spiky corn then rattles all around,  
 And dashing cascades give a pleasing sound;  
 Shrill sings the locust with prolonged note,  
 The cricket chirps familiar in each cot.  
 The village children, rambling o'er yon hill,  
 With berries all their painted baskets fill.  
 They rob the squirrel's little walnut store,  
 And climb the half-exhausted tree for more;  
 Or else to fields of maze nocturnal hie,  
 Where hid, the elusive water-melons lie;  
 Sportive, they make incisions in the rind,  
 The riper from the immature to find;  
 Then load their tender shoulders with the prey,  
 And laughing, bear the bulky fruit away.

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### MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES,

DAUGHTER of Mrs. Bleecker. Her poems were published in the same volume with those of her mother; but far exceed them in force of expression, and originality of thought.

#### THE HUDSON.

NILE's beauteous waves, and Tiber's swelling tide  
 Have been recorded by the hand of Fame,  
 And various floods, which through earth's channels glide,  
 From some enraptured bard have gained a name;  
 E'en Thames and Wye have been the poet's theme;  
 And to their charms hath many a harp been strung;  
 Whilst oh! hoar genius of old Hudson's stream,  
 Thy mighty river never hath been sung!



Say, shall a female string her trembling lyre,  
And to thy praise devote the adventurous song?  
Fired with the theme, her genius shall aspire,  
And the notes sweeten as they float along.  
Where rough Ontario's restless waters roar,  
And hoarsely rave around the rocky shore;  
Where their abode tremendous north winds make,  
And reign the tyrants of the surging lake;  
There, as the shell-crown'd genii of its caves,  
Toward proud Lawrence, urged their noisy waves,  
A form majestic from the flood arose;  
A coral bandage sparkled o'er his brows,  
A purple mantle o'er his limbs was spread,  
And sportive breezes in his dark locks played;  
Toward the east shore his anxious eyes he cast,  
And from his ruby lips these accents passed;  
"O favoured land! indulgent nature yields  
Her choicest sweets to deck thy boundless fields;  
Where in thy verdant glooms the fleet deer play,  
And the hale tenants of the desert stray,  
While the tall evergreens that edge the dale,  
In silent majesty nod to each gale:  
Thy riches shall no more remain unknown,  
Thy wide campaign do I pronounce my own;  
And while the strong armed genii of this lake  
Their tributary streams to Lawrence take,  
Back from its source my current will I turn,  
And o'er thy meadows pour my copious urn."  
He said, and, waving high his dripping hand,  
Bade his clear waters roll toward the land.  
Glad they obeyed, and struggling to the shore,  
Dashed on its broken rocks with thundering roar;  
The rocks in vain oppose their furious course;  
From each repulse they rise with tenfold force;  
And gathering all their angry powers again,  
Gush'd o'er the banks, and fled across the plain.

Soon as the waves had pressed the level mead,  
 Full many a pearly-footed Naiad fair,  
 With hasty steps, her limpid fountain led,  
 To swell the tide, and hail it welcome there;  
 Their busy hands collect a thousand flowers,  
 And scatter them along the grassy shores,  
 There, bending low, the water-lilies bloom,  
 And the blue crocus shed their moist perfume;  
 There the tall velvet scarlet lark-spur, laves  
 Her pale green stem in the pellucid waves;  
 There nods the fragile columbine, so fair,  
 And the mild dewy wild-rose scents the air;  
 While round the trunk of some majestic pine  
 The blushing honey-suckle's branches twine;  
 There too Pomona's richest gifts are found,  
 Her golden melons press the fruitful ground;  
 The glossy crimson plums there swell their rinds,  
 And purple grapes dance to autumnal winds;  
 While all beneath the mandrake's fragrant shade,  
 The strawberry's delicious sweets are laid.

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Through many a "blooming wild" and woodland green,  
 The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray,  
 Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,  
 And now through arching willows steal away:  
 Then bursting on the enamoured sight once more,  
 Gladden some happy peasant's rude retreat,  
 And passing youthful Troy's commercial shore,  
 With the hoarse Mohawk's roaring surges meet.  
 Oh! beauteous Mohawk! wildered with thy charms,  
 The chilliest heart sinks into rapturous glows;  
 While the stern warrior, used to loud alarms,  
 Starts at the thunderings of thy dread Cohoes!  
 Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,  
 Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,

And many a stately dome, in ancient pride  
And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.  
There trace the marks of culture's sunburnt hand,  
The honey'd buck-wheat's clustering blossoms view,  
Dripping rich odours, mark the beard-grain bland,  
The loaded orchard, and the flax-field blue.  
Albania's gothic spires now greet the eye;  
Time's hand hath wiped their burnish'd tints away,  
And the rich fanes which sparkled to the sky,  
'Reft of their splendours, mourn in cheerless grey.  
Low sunk between the Alleganian hills,  
For many a league the sullen waters glide,  
And the deep murmur of the crowded tide,  
With pleasing awe the wondering voyager fills.  
On the green summit of yon lofty clift,  
A peaceful runnel gurgles clear and slow,  
Then down the craggy steep-side dashing swift,  
Tremendous falls in the white surge below.  
Here spreads a clovery lawn its verdure far,  
Around it mountains vast their forests rear,  
And long ere day hath left his burnish'd car,  
The dews of night have shed their odours there.  
There hangs a lowering rock across the deep;  
Hoarse roar the waves its broken base around;  
Through its dark caverns noisy whirlwinds sweep,  
While Horror startles at the fearful sound.  
The shivering sails that cut the fluttering breeze,  
Glide through these winding rocks with airy sweeps,  
Beneath the cooling glooms of waving trees,  
And sloping pastures speck'd with fleecy sheep.

A VERSION OF PART OF THE SEVENTH  
CHAPTER OF JOB.

As sighs the labourer for the cooling shade,  
When glowing sunbeams scorch the verdant blade;

Or as the hireling waits the scanty sum,  
By the hard hand of painful labour won;  
So waits my spirit with anxiety,  
Death's calm approach from woe to set me free;  
For oh! my days are spent in vanity,  
And nights of sorrow are appointed me!

I love not life, it is a burden grown;  
Distress and Care have claimed me for their own,  
And pale Disease, with unrelenting hand,  
Sports with my sighs and casts them to the wind.  
In vain doth night return to bless these eyes,  
Sighing I say, Oh! when shall I arise?  
When will the night be gone? Convulsed with pain,  
I raise my eyes to heaven for aid in vain;  
My heart grows faint, and tossing to and fro  
I waste the lonely hours in sullen woe.  
Or if indeed my eyes should chance to close—  
And weary nature gain a slight repose,  
Then am I scared with terrifying dreams,  
Wild shrieks I hear, and melancholy screams;  
While hideous shapes crowd on my troubled sight,  
Adding new terrors to the gloom of night.

Oh! I'm forlorn, in bitterness of soul  
My cries burst forth, like floods my sorrows roll!  
Forgot, abandoned, destitute, alone,  
No pitying ear inhales the heart-wrung groan;  
No friendly converse my sad spirit cheers,  
No feeling breast receives my bitter tears;  
Gone is each comfort,—hope itself is fled,—  
O that I rested with the quiet dead!  
No glimpse of good mine eyes again shall see,  
“Let me alone—my days are vanity!”



ON A PAINTER.

WHEN Laura appeared, poor Apelles complain'd  
That his sight was bedimm'd, and his optics much pain'd;  
So his pallet and pencil the artist resign'd,  
Lest the blaze of her beauty should make him quite blind.  
But when fair Anne enter'd, the prospect was changed,  
The paints and the brushes in order were ranged;  
The artist resumed his employment again,  
Forgetful of labour, and blindness, and pain;  
And the strokes were so lively that all were assured  
What the brunette had injured the fair one had cured.  
Let the candid decide which the chaplet should wear,  
The charms which destroy, or the charms which repair.

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PHILLIS WHEATLEY

MAY be regarded as a literary curiosity. She made so great a sensation in her time, that we must not omit a notice of her in our history of American female poetry; although the specimens we give of her talents may not be considered so wonderful as the sensation they caused. Phillis was stolen from Africa, at seven or eight years of age, carried to America, and sold in 1761, to John Wheatley, a rich merchant in Boston. She was so much loved by his family, for her amiable, modest manners, her exquisite sensibility, and "extraordinary talents," that she was not only released from the labours usually devolving on slaves, but entirely free also from the cares of the household. The literary characters of the day paid her much attention, supplied her with books, and encouraged with warm approbation all her intellectual efforts; while the best society of Boston received her as an equal. She was not only devoted to reading, and diligent in the study of the scriptures, but she made rapid proficiency in all learning; understood Latin, and commenced a translation, which was said to be very creditably done, of one of Ovid's tales. In 1772, when only nineteen, she published a volume of *Poems on various subjects, moral and reli-*

*gious*; which ran through several editions in England, and in the United States. It was in England that they were first given to the world. Phillis was taken there on account of her health, which, always delicate, became at this time so feeble as to alarm her friends. In 1775, she received her freedom, and two years afterwards she married a man of colour, who, in the superiority of his understanding, was also a kind of phenomenon. At first a grocer, in which business he failed, he ambitiously became a lawyer, and under the name of Dr. Peter, pleaded the cause of the negroes, before judiciary tribunals. The reputation he enjoyed procured him a fortune. He was, however, proud and indolent, and brought a good deal of unhappiness upon poor Phillis. Unfortunately, she had been a spoiled and petted child, and could not bear to turn her thoughts to household duties. Her husband required of her more than she could perform. At first he reproached, afterwards rebuked, and at last so harshly and cruelly distressed her, that she could bear it no longer, but died in 1780, literally of a broken heart. Peace be to her memory! Doubtless she has proved long ago the truth of her own spirited couplet,

Remember Christians, negroes, black as Cain,  
May be refined, and join the angelic train!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF GREAT PROMISE.

Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,  
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight!  
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?  
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!  
War with each principedom, throne, and power, is o'er;  
The scene is ended, to return no more.  
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,  
How decked with laurel, and enriched with gold!  
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,  
How sweet thy anthems, how divine thy joys;  
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!  
What lively raptures in her members reign!  
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,  
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,

To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,  
 What shall my sympathizing verse impart?  
 Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?  
 Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?  
 Look, gracious Spirit! from thy heavenly bower,  
 And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;  
 The raging tempest of their griefs control,  
 And spread the dawn of glory through the soul!

SLEEP.

(FROM A POEM ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.)

As reason's powers by day our God disclose,  
 So may we trace him in the night's repose.  
 Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!  
 When action ceases, and ideas range  
 Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,  
 Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.  
 Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh  
 To a kind fair, or rave in jealousy;  
 On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,  
 The labouring passions struggle for a vent.  
 What power, oh man! thy reason then restores,  
 So long suspended in nocturnal hours?  
 What secret hand returns the mental train,  
 And gives improved thine active powers again?  
 From thee, oh man! what gratitude should rise?  
 And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,  
 Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.  
 How merciful our God, who thus imparts  
 O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,  
 When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,  
 Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!

## MERCY WARREN.

MRS. WARREN was the daughter of James Otis, of Barnstable, and the wife of General James Warren of Plymouth, both of whom were celebrated in the political history of Massachusetts. She was a skilful and industrious writer both of prose and verse; attempting and achieving great subjects, with a boldness and ease that prove her mind to have been of no ordinary stamp. The station and character of her father and husband, procured her a wide acquaintance with the greatest men of her time; not only those distinguished for their practical patriotism in the revolutionary war, but those who were famous for their learning and talent. She well knew how to appreciate the honour, and improve the advantage, of such a noble acquaintance; a proof of which, is her *History of the American Revolution*. Before this, however, her talents as an author were made extensively known by two political works from her bold pen,—*The Adulator*, and *The Group*. In 1790, she published a volume of *Poems, containing two tragedies, The Sack of Rome, and The Ladies of Castile, with several Miscellaneous Pieces*. She died in 1814.

### EXTRACT FROM A POLITICAL REVERIE.

(JANUARY 1774.)

LET Grecian bards, and Roman poets tell,  
How Hector fought, and how old Priam fell;  
Paint armies ravaging the Ilian coast,  
Show fields of blood, and mighty battles lost;  
Let mad Cassandra with dishevelled hair,  
With streaming eyes, and frantic bosom bare,  
Tell dark presages, and ill-boding dreams,  
Of murder, rapine, and the solemn themes  
Of slaughter'd cities, and their sinking spires,  
By Grecian rage wrapp'd in avenging fires;



To bolder pens I leave the tragic tale,  
While some kind muse from Tempe's gentle vale,  
With softer symphony shall touch the string,  
And happier tidings from Parnassus bring.

Not Cæsar's name, nor Philip's bolder son,  
Who sigh'd and wept, when he'd one world undone;  
Who dropp'd a tear, though not from pity's source,  
But grief, to find some bound to brutal force,  
Shall tune my harp, or touch the warbling string;  
No bold destroyer of mankind I sing;  
These plunderers of men I greatly scorn,  
And dream of nations, empires yet unborn.

I look with rapture at the distant dawn,  
And view the glories of the opening morn;  
When justice holds his sceptre o'er the land,  
And rescues freedom from a tyrant's hand;  
When patriot states in laurel crowns may rise,  
And ancient kingdoms court them as allies;  
Glory and valour shall be here display'd,  
And virtue rear her long dejected head;  
Her standard plant beneath these gladden'd skies,  
Her fame extend, and arts and science rise;  
While Empire's lofty spreading sails unfurl'd,  
Roll swiftly on towards the western world!  
Long she's forsook her Asiatic throne,  
And leaving Afric's barb'rous burning zone,  
On the broad ruins of Rome's haughty power,  
Erected ramparts round fair Europe's shore;  
But in those blasted climes no more presides,  
She o'er the vast Atlantic surges rides,  
Visits Columbia's distant fertile plains,  
Where Liberty, a happy goddess, reigns.

No despot here shall rule with awful sway,  
 Nor orphan's spoils become the minion's prey;  
 No more the widow'd bleeding bosom mourns,  
 Nor injured cities weep their slaughter'd sons;  
 For then each tyrant, by the hand of fate,  
 And standing troops, the bane of every state,  
 For ever spurn'd, shall be removed as far  
 As bright Hesperus from the polar star;  
 Freedom and virtue shall united reign,  
 And stretch their empire o'er the wide domain;  
 On a broad base the commonwealth shall stand,  
 When lawless power withdraws its impious hand,  
 When crowns and sceptres are grown useless things,  
 Nor petty prætors plunder here for kings.

Then bless'd Religion in her purest forms,  
 Beyond the reach of persecuting storms,  
 In purest azure gracefully arranged,  
 In native majesty shall stand display'd.  
 Till courts revere her ever sacred shrine,  
 And nobles feel her influence divine;  
 Princes and peasants catch the glorious flame,  
 And lisping infants praise Jehovah's name!

TO AN AMIABLE FRIEND MOURNING THE  
 DEATH OF AN EXCELLENT FATHER.

LET deep dejection hide her pallid face,  
 And from thy breast each painful image rase;  
 Forbid thy lip to utter one complaint,  
 But view the glories of the rising saint,  
 Ripe for a crown, and waiting the reward  
 Of watching long the vineyard of the Lord.

The generous purpose of his zealous heart,  
 Truth to enforce, and knowledge to impart,

Insures his welcome on the unknown shore,  
Where choirs of saints, and angel forms adore.  
A seraph met him on the trackless way,  
And strung his harp to join the heavenly lay.

Complain no more of Death's extensive power,  
Whose sceptre wafts us to some blissful shore;  
Where the rough billows that roll o'er the head,  
That shake the frame, and fill the mind with dread,  
Are hush'd in silence, and the soul serene  
Looks back delighted on the closing scene.

Happy, thrice happy, that exalted mind,  
Who, leaving earth and all its cares behind,  
Has not a wish to ruffle or control  
The equal temper of his tranquil soul,  
Who, on a retrospect, is safe within;  
No private passion, nor a darling sin,  
Can check his hope, when death's insatiate pow'r  
Stands hovering on the last decisive hour.

Then weep no more, my friend, but all resigned,  
Submit thy will to the Eternal Mind,  
Who watches o'er the movements of the just,  
And will again reanimate the dust!  
Thy sire commands, suppress the rising sigh,  
He wipes the tear from thy too filial eye,  
And bids thee contemplate a soul set free,  
Just safe escaped from life's tempestuous sea.

## SARAH PORTER

Published at Concord in 1791, a small volume containing *The Royal Penitent*, and *David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan*. The extract we give is from the first of these poems, where David's remorse for his sin is awakened by sorrow for the death of his child.

### THE ROYAL PENITENT'S SELF-IMPRECATION.

ACCURSED for ever be the hated day,  
That led my soul from innocence astray;  
O may the stars on that detested hour  
Shed all their influence with malignant power;  
Darkness and sorrow jointly hold their reign,  
When time, revolving, brings it round again!  
Ye injured ghosts! break from the silent tomb,  
In all the fearful pomp of horror come,  
Breathe out your woes, and hail the dreadful gloom!  
Why does not injured Israel now arise,  
Proclaim my madness to the avenging skies,  
Hurl quick the sceptre from my bloody hand,  
While marks of infamy my forehead brand?  
No time shall e'er the dreadful act conceal—  
No tongue shall fail its horrors to reveal;  
Eternity upon its strongest wing,  
Shall bear the deed whence all my sorrows spring.

### GRANDEUR FAILS TO GIVE CONTENT.

A GLITTERING crown! thou poor fantastic thing!  
What solid satisfaction canst thou bring?  
Once, far removed from all the toils of state,  
In groves I slept,—no guards around me wait;



Oh! how delicious was the calm retreat!  
Sweet groves! with birds and various flowers stored,  
Where nature furnished out my frugal board;  
The pure and unstained spring my thirst allayed;  
No poisoned draught, in golden cups conveyed,  
Was there to dread! Return, ye happy hours,  
Ye verdant shades, kind nature's pleasing bowers —  
Inglorious solitude, again return,  
And heal the breast with pain and anguish torn!

Oh, sweet content! unknown to pomp and kings,  
The humble rest beneath thy downy wings;  
The lowly cottage is thy loved retreat, —  
In vain, thou'rt courted by the rich and great; —  
In vain, the miser seeks thee in his gold —  
In vain, each day the glittering store is told;  
Thou art not there; in vain the ambitious sigh,  
And seek the joys that still before them fly!  
The merchant's ship all treasure brings but thee, —  
You from his anxious bosom ever flee;  
For thee, the sailor tempts the boist'rous main,  
And hopes to find thee in his dear-bought gain;  
For thee, the hero mounts his iron car,  
And hopes to find thee when returned from war.  
Their hopes are vain: who wish with thee to dwell  
Must seek the rural shade, or lonely cell;  
The gods themselves delight in verdant groves,  
And shield from harm the innocence they love.

## SARAH WENTWORTH MORTON.

ABOUT fifty years ago, when authoresses were not so numerous as they now are, this lady was ranked among the first American female writers. She published her verses under the name of *Philenia*, and, during the early part of her life, wrote very industriously. In 1823, she sent forth her only volume, called *My mind and its Thoughts*, a collection of articles in prose and verse. Mrs. Morton was born in Boston. Her husband was the Hon. Percy Morton, Attorney General of Massachusetts.

### THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

See how the black ship cleaves the main,  
High bounding o'er the dark blue wave,  
Remurmuring with the groans of pain,  
Deep freighted with the princely slave!

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,  
Forgetful of their guardian love,  
When the white tyrants of the deep,  
Betray'd him in the palmy grove?

A chief of Gambia's golden shore,  
Whose arm the band of warriors led;  
Or more—the lord of generous power,  
By whom the foodless poor were fed.

Does not the voice of reason cry,  
“Claim the first right that nature gave,  
From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
Nor deign to live a burden'd slave?”

Has not his suffering offspring clung,  
Desponding, round his fetter'd knee;  
On his worn shoulder, weeping hung,  
And urged one effort to be free?

His wife by nameless wrongs subdued,  
His bosom's friend to death resign'd;  
The flinty path-way drench'd in blood;  
He saw with cold and frenzied mind.

Strong in despair, he sought the plain,  
To heaven was raised his steadfast eye,  
Resolved to burst the crushing chain,  
Or 'mid the battle's blast, to die.

First of his race, he led the band,  
Guardless of danger, hurtling round,  
Till by his red avenging hand,  
Full many a despot stained the ground.

When erst Messenia's sons oppress'd,  
Flew desperate to the sanguine field,  
With iron clothed each injured breast,  
And saw the cruel Spartan yield,

Did not the soul to heaven allied,  
With the proud heart as greatly swell,  
As when the Roman Decius died,  
Or when the Grecian victim fell?

Do later deeds quick rapture raise,  
The boon Batavia's William won,  
Paoli's time-enduring praise,  
Or the yet greater Washington?

If these exalt thy sacred zeal,  
To hate oppression's mad control,  
For bleeding Afric learn to feel,  
Whose chieftain claimed a kindred soul.

Oh! mourn the last disastrous hour,  
 Lift the full eye of bootless grief,  
 While victory treads the sultry shore,  
 And tears from hope the captive chief.

While the hard race of pallid hue,  
 Unpractised in the power to feel,  
 Resign him to the murderous crew,  
 The horrors of the quivering wheel.

Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek,  
 Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,  
 Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak,  
 Whose only refuge was the grave.



## MRS. LITTLE

WAS a native of Rhode Island, and a daughter of the Hon. Ashur Robbins of Massachusetts. She wrote under the signature of *Rowena*, some twenty or thirty years ago. The poem we give at length is one full of poetical excellence; although without any pretensions to depth of thought, or brilliancy of imagination. It is a sketch from nature, easily, truthfully, happily drawn. Yet not a *sketch* only may it be called; for there are many *pictures*, of domestic comfort, health, happiness, and contentment, most refreshing to contemplate, in these charming lines on New England's favourite festival day.

## THANKSGIVING.

It is thanksgiving morn—'t is cold and clear;  
 The bells for church ring forth a merry sound;  
 The maidens in their gaudy winter gear,  
 Rival the many-tinted woods around;



The rosy children skip along the ground,  
Save where the matron reins their eager pace,  
Pointing to him, who, with a look profound,  
Moves with his 'people' toward the sacred place,  
Where duly he bestows the manna crumbs of grace.

Of the deep learning in the schools of yore  
The reverend pastor hath a golden stock :  
Yet, with a vain display of useless lore  
Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock  
The better cravings of his simple flock ;  
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides  
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock ;  
For well he knows, not learning's purest tides  
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.

The anthem swells ; the heart's high thanks are given :  
Then, mildly as the dew on Hermon fall,  
Begins the holy minister of heaven.  
And though not his the burning zeal of Paul,  
Yet a persuasive power is in his call ;  
So earnest, yet so kindly, is his mood,  
So tenderly he longs to save them all,  
No bird more fondly flutters o'er her brood,  
When the dark vulture screams above their native wood.

"For all his bounties, dearest charge," he cries,  
"Your hearts are the best thanks ; no more refrain ;  
Your yielded hearts he asks in sacrifice,  
Almighty lover ! shalt thou love in vain,  
And vainly woo thy wand'ers home again ?  
How thy soft mercy with the sinner pleads !  
Behold ! thy harvest loads the ample plain ;  
And the same goodness lives in all thy deeds,  
From the least drop of rain, to those that Jesus bleeds."

Much more he spake, with growing ardour fired;  
Oh! that my lay were worthy to record  
The moving eloquence his theme inspired!  
For, like a free and copious stream, out-poured  
His love to man, and man's indulgent Lord.  
All were subdued; the stoutest, sternest men,  
Heart-melted, hung on every precious word:  
And as he uttered forth his full amen,  
A thousand mingling sobs re-echoed it again.

Behold that ancient house on yonder lawn,  
Close by whose rustic porch an elm is seen:  
Lo! now has past the service of the morn  
A joyous group are hastening o'er the green,  
Led by an aged sire of gracious mien,  
Whose gay descendants are all met, to hold  
Their glad thanksgiving, in that sylvan scene,  
That once enclosed them in one happy fold,  
Ere waves of time and change had o'er them roll'd.

The hospitable doors are open thrown;  
The bright wood-fire burns cheerly in the hall;  
And, gathering in, a busy hum makes known  
The spirit of free mirth that moves them all.  
There, a youth hears a lovely cousin's call,  
And flies alertly to unclasp the cloak;  
And she, the while, with merry laugh lets fall  
Upon his awkwardness some lively joke,  
Not pitying the blush her bantering has woke.

And there the grandam sits, in placid ease,  
A gentle brightness o'er her features spread;  
Her children's children cluster round her knees,  
Or on her bosom fondly rest their head.  
Oh! happy sight, to see such blossoms shed

Their sweet young fragrance o'er such aged tree!

How vain to say, that, when short youth has fled,  
Our dearest of enjoyments cease to be;  
When hoary eld is loved but the more tenderly.

And there the manly farmers scan the news;  
(Strong is their sense, though plain the garb it wears;)  
Or, while their pipes a lulling smoke diffuse,  
They look important from their elbow-chairs,  
And gravely ponder on the nation's cares.

The matrons of the morning sermon speak,  
And each its passing excellence declares;  
While tears of pious rapture, pure and meek,  
Course in soft beauty down the Christian mother's cheek

Then, just at one, the full thanksgiving feast,  
Rich with the bounties of the closing year,  
Is spread; and, from the greatest to the least,  
All crowd the table, and enjoy the cheer.

The list of dainties will not now appear;  
Save one I cannot pass unheeded by,  
One dish, already to the muses dear,  
One dish, that wakens memory's longing sigh —  
The genuine, far-famed, Yankee pumpkin pie!

Who e'er has seen thee in thy flaky crust  
Display the yellow richness of thy breast,  
But, as the sight awoke his keenest gust,  
Has own'd thee, of all cates the choicest, best?  
Ambrosia were a fool, to thee compared,  
E'en by the ruby hand of Hebe drest;  
Thee, pumpkin pie, by country maids prepared,  
With their white rounded arms above the elbow bared.

Now to the kitchen come a vagrant train,  
The plenteous fragments of the feast to share.  
The old lame fiddler wakes a merry strain,  
For his mull'd cider and his pleasant fare,

Reclining in that ancient wicker chair ;  
A veteran soldier he, of those proud times  
When first our freedom's banner kissed the air :  
His battles oft he sings in untaught rhymes,  
When wakening memory his aged heart sublimes.

But who is this, whose scarlet cloak has known  
Full oft the pelting of the winter storm ?  
Through its fringed hood a strong wild face is shown,  
Tall, gaunt, and bent with years, the beldam's form ;  
There's none of all these youth with vigour warm,  
Who dare by slightest word her anger stir,  
So dark the frown that does her face deform,  
That half the frightened villagers aver,  
The very de'il himself, incarnate is in her.

Yet now the sibyl wears her mildest mood ;  
And round her see the anxious silent band.  
Falls from her straggling locks the antique hood,  
As close she peers in that fair maiden's hand,  
Who scarce the struggles in her heart can stand.  
Affection's strength has made her nature weak,  
She of her lovely looks hath lost command ;  
The flecker'd red and white within her cheek —  
Oh, all her love it doth most eloquently speak !

Thy doting faith, fond maid, might envied be,  
And half excused the superstitious art.  
Now, when the sibyl's mystic words to thee  
The happier fortunes of thy love impart,  
Thrilling thy soul in its most vital part,  
How does the throb of inward ecstasy  
Send the luxuriant blushes from thy heart  
All o'er thy varying cheek ; like some clear sea,  
Where the red morning-glow falls full, but tremblingly !



'Tis evening; and the rural ball begins:  
The fairy call of music all obey;  
The circles round domestic hearths grow thin;  
All, at the joyful signal, hie away  
To yonder hall with lights and garlands gay.  
There, with elastic step, young belles are seen  
Entering, all conscious of their coming sway:  
Not oft their fancies underrate, I ween,  
The spoils and glories of this festal scene.

New England's daughters need not envy those  
Who in a monarch's court their jewels wear;  
More lovely they, when but a simple rose  
Glow through the golden clusters of their hair.  
Could light of diamonds make her look more fair,  
Who moves in beauty through the mazy dance,  
With buoyant feet that seem'd to skim the air,  
And eyes that speak in each impassion'd glance  
The poetry of youth, love's sweet and short romance.

He thinks not so, that young enamour'd boy,  
Who through the dance her graceful steps doth guide,  
While his heart swells with the deep pulse of joy.  
Oh! no; by nature taught, unlearn't in pride,  
He sees her in her loveliness array'd,  
All blushing for the love she cannot hide;  
And feels that gaudy art could only shade  
The brightness nature gave to his unrivall'd maid.

Gay bands, move on, your draught of pleasure quaff;  
I love to listen to your joyous din,  
The lad's light joke, the maiden's mellow laugh,  
And the brisk music of the violin.  
How blithe to see the sprightly dance begin!  
Entwining hands, they seem to float along,  
With native rustic grace that well might win

The happiest praises of a sweeter song,  
From a more gifted lyre than doth to me belong.

While these enjoy the mirth that suits their years,  
Round the home-fires their peaceful elders meet;  
A gentler mirth their friendly converse cheers,  
And yet, though calm their pleasures, they are sweet.  
Through the cold shadows of the autumn day  
Oft breaks the sunshine with as genial heat,  
As o'er the soft and sapphire skies of May,  
Though nature then be young, and exquisitely gay.

On the white wings of peace their days have flown,  
Nor wholly were they thrall'd by earthly cares;  
But from their hearts to heaven's paternal throne  
Arose the daily incense of their prayers.  
And now, as low the sun of being wears,  
The God to whom their morning vows were paid,  
Each grateful offering in remembrance bears;—  
And cheering beams of mercy are display'd,  
To gild with heavenly hopes their evening's pensive shade.

But now, farewell to thee, thanksgiving day!  
Thou angel of the year! One bounteous hand  
The horn of deep abundance doth display,  
Raining its rich profusion o'er the land;  
The other arm, outstretch'd with gesture grand,  
Pointing its upraised finger to the sky,  
Doth the warm tribute of our thanks demand,  
For Him, the Father God, who from on high  
Sheds gleams of purest joy o'er man's dark destiny.

## MARIA A. BROOKS,

KNOWN in the literary world as Maria del Occidente, was a descendant of an ancient Welsh family of the name of Gowan, and was born in Medford, near Boston, 1795. The remarkable genius, which has won for her such a lofty reputation, showed itself at a very early age. The finest passages in Milton and Shakspeare were treasured in her memory before she was eight years old; and she soon obtained a thorough acquaintance with all the best English authors. By the time she was twelve, she had acquired an exquisite skill in music and painting, and could converse easily in many of the modern languages. Besides these accomplishments, she had an unusually familiar knowledge of the literature of olden times, the ancient fathers, and Oriental writers, the classic poets, and histories and fables of Greece and Rome. She was betrothed at fourteen, and married, as soon as her education was finished, to Mr. Brooks, a merchant of Boston. Her first publication appeared in 1820, called *Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a lover of the Fine Arts*; which was highly praised in some of the English, as well as American journals.

Her husband died in 1821; and soon after his death Mrs. Brooks went to live in Cuba. This was her favourite place of residence; she visited Europe, and afterwards lived several years at West Point, (in the vicinity of the military academy, where one of her sons was educated;) but always returned with peculiar satisfaction to her southern home. The warmth of the climate and luxuriance of its vegetation, suited well her poetical temperament; their influence may be seen in all her productions. The poem upon which the fame of Mrs. Brooks principally rests, which led Southey to designate her as "the most impassioned and most imaginative, of *all* poetesses," is *Zôphiël; or, the Bride of Seven*, finished in 1831. It is indeed a curious work of genius; containing passages full of vigour, warmth and brilliancy. Many of her descriptions glow before your eyes like the rich painting of a master's hand; where, the longer you look, the more beauty you discover; finding, even in the darkest shadows, forms instinct with life and expression. The story is one that cannot attract much interest, or elicit much sympathy; but the fine thoughts scattered throughout amply reward those who read it through;

carefully winding their way through the somewhat intricate maze of elisions, and inversions, and hard proper names. The extracts we have selected, however, almost belie the censure, while they more than justify the praise.

The Notes to this poem are full of curious information, and more interesting than the poem itself. She tells us that "some of them were written in Cuba, some in Canada, some at Hanover, U. S., some at Paris, and the last at Keswick, England, under the kind encouragement of Robert Southey, Esq.; and near a window which overlooks the beautiful lake Derwent, and the finest groups of those mountains which encircle completely that charming valley where the Greta winds over its bed of clean pebbles, looking as clear as dew." Mrs. Brooks wrote a prose romance, entitled *Idomén, or the Vale of Yumuri*, which was published in 1843. This was among the latest productions of her creative mind; for at the close of 1845, she died on her estate in the island of Cuba.

#### DESCRIPTION OF EGLA.

(FROM ZÓPHIEL.)

BLEST were those days! Can these dull ages boast  
 Aught to compare? though now no more beguile,  
 Chain'd in their darkling depths, the infernal host;  
 Who would not brave a fiend to share an angel's smile?

'T was then there lived a captive Hebrew pair;  
 In woe the embraces of their youth had past;  
 And blest their paler years one daughter; fair  
 She flourish'd, like a lonely rose, the last

And loveliest of her line. The tear of joy,  
 The early love of song, the sigh that broke  
 From her young lip, the best beloved employ;  
 What womanhood disclosed, in infancy bespoke

A child of passion: tenderest and best  
 Of all that heart has inly loved and felt,  
 Adorned the fair enclosure of her breast:  
 Where passion is not found, no virtue ever dwelt.



Yet, not perverted, would my words imply  
The impulse given by Heaven's great Artisan  
Alike to man and worm, mere spring, whereby  
The distant wheels of life, while time endures, roll on.

But the collective attributes that fill,  
About the soul, their all-important place;  
That feed her fires, empower her fainting will,  
And write the God on feeble mortal's face.

Yet anger or revenge, envy or hate,  
The damsel knew not: when her bosom burned  
And injury darken'd the decrees of fate,  
She had more piteous sigh'd to see that pain return'd.

Or if, perchance, though form'd most just and pure  
Amid their virtue's wild luxuriance hid,  
Such germs, all mortal bosoms must immure  
Which sometimes show their poisonous heads, unbid,—

If, haply such the fair Judean finds,  
Self-knowledge wept the abasing truth to know;  
And innate Pride, that queen of noble minds,  
Crush'd them indignant ere a bud could grow.

And such, even now, in earliest youth are seen;  
But would they live, with armour more deform  
Their breasts made soft by too much love must screen:—  
“The bird that sweetest sings can least endure the storm.”

And yet, despite of all, the starting tear,  
The melting tone, the blood suffusive, proved,  
The soul that in them spoke could spurn at fear  
Of death or danger; and had those she loved

Required it at their need, she could have stood,  
Unmoved, as some fair-sculptured statue, while  
The dome that guards it earth's convulsions rude  
Are shivering, meeting ruin with a smile.

And this at intervals in language bright  
 Told her blue eyes; though oft the tender lid  
 Droop'd like a noon-day lily, languid, white,  
 And trembling, all save love and lustre hid;  
 Then, as young christian bard had sung, they seem'd  
 Like some Madonna in his soul, so sainted;  
 But opening in their energy they beam'd  
 As tasteful Grecians their Minerva painted;  
 While o'er her graceful shoulder's milky swell,  
 Silky as those on little children seen,  
 Yet thick as Indian fleece her ringlets fell,  
 Nor own'd Pactolus' sands a brighter sheen.

## EGLA'S BOWER.

(FROM THE SAME.)

ACACIAS here inclined  
 Their friendly heads in thick profusion, planted,  
 And with a thousand tendrils clasp'd and twined;  
 And when at fervid noon all nature panted,  
 Enwoven with their boughs, a fragrant bower  
 Inviting rest its mossy pillow flung;  
 And here the full cerulean passion-flower,  
 Climbing among the leaves, its mystic symbols hung.  
 And, though the sun had gained his utmost height,  
 Just as he oped its vivid folds at dawn,  
 Look'd still, that tenderest, frailest child of light,  
 By shepherds named "the glory of the morn."  
 Sweet flower, thou'rt lovelier even than the rose:  
 The rose is pleasure,—felt and known as such—  
 Soon past, but real,—tasted, while it glows;  
 But thou, too bright and pure for mortal touch,

Art like those brilliant things we never taste  
 Or see, unless with Fancy's lip and eye,  
 When maddened by her mystic spells, we waste  
 Life on a thought, and rob reality.

Here, too, the lily raised its snow-white head;  
 And myrtle leaves, like friendship, when sincere,  
 Most sweet when wounded, all around were spread;  
 And though from noon's fierce heat the wild deer fled,  
 A soft warm twilight reign'd impervious here.

Tranquil and lone in such a light to be,  
 How sweet to sense and soul! the form recline  
 Forgets it e'er felt pain; and Reverie,  
 Sweet mother of the muses, heart and soul are thine!

## AMBITION.

(FROM THE SAME.)

Woe to thee, wild ambition! I employ  
 Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell;  
 Born in high Heaven, her peace thou couldst destroy;  
 And, but for thee, there had not been a Hell.

Through the celestial domes thy clarion peal'd;  
 Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,  
 And straight were fiends; hurl'd from the shrinking field,  
 They waked in agony to wail the change.

Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,  
 The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;  
 To lot of higher beings learnt to aspire;  
 Dared to attempt, and doom'd the world to death.

The thousand wild desires, that still torment  
 The fiercely struggling soul, where peace once dwelt,  
 But perish'd; feverish hope; drear discontent,  
 Impoisoning all possest,—Oh! I have felt

As spirits feel,—yet not for man we mourn,  
 Scarce o'er the silly bird in state were he,  
 That builds his nest, loves, sings the morn's return,  
 And sleeps at evening; save by aid of thee.

Fame ne'er had roused, nor song her records kept;  
 The gem, the ore, the marble breathing life,  
 The pencil's colours, all in earth had slept,  
 Now see them mark with death his victim's strife.

Man found thee: but Death and dull decay,  
 Baffling, by aid of thee, his mastery proves;  
 By mighty works he swells his narrow day,  
 And reigns, for ages, on the world he loves.

Yet what the price? With stings that never cease  
 Thou goad'st him on; and when too keen the smart,  
 His highest dole he'd barter but for peace,  
 Food thou wilt have, or feast upon his heart.

THE OBEDIENT LOVE OF WOMAN HER HIGHEST  
 BLISS.

(FROM THE SAME.)

WHAT bliss for her who lives her little day,  
 In blest obedience, like to those divine,  
 Who to her loved, her earthly lord can say,  
 'God is thy law,' most just, 'and thou art mine.'

To every blast she bends in beauty meek;—  
 Let the storm beat,—his arms her shelter kind,—  
 And feels no need to blanch her rosy cheek  
 With thoughts befitting his superior mind.

Who only sorrows when she sees him pain'd,  
 Then knows to pluck away pain's keenest dart;  
 Or bid love catch it ere its goal be gain'd,  
 And steal its venom ere it reach his heart.



'Tis the soul's food :— the fervid must adore.—

For this the heathen, unsufficed with thought,  
Moulds him an idol of the glittering ore,  
And shrines his smiling goddess, marble-wrought.

What bliss for her, ev'n in this world of woe,

Oh! Sire, who mak'st yon orb-strewn arch thy throne;  
That sees thee in thy noblest work below  
Shine undefaced, adored, and all her own!

This I had hoped; but hope too dear, too great,

Go to thy grave!—I feel thee blasted, now.  
Give me, fate's sovereign, well to bear the fate  
Thy pleasure sends; this, my sole prayer, allow!

#### ZÓPHIËL'S OFFERINGS TO EGLA.

(FROM THE SAME.)

THEN, lowly bending, with seraphic grace,  
The vase he proffer'd full; and not a gem  
Drawn forth successive from its sparkling place,  
But put to shame the Persian diadem.

While he, "Nay, let me o'er thy white arms bind  
These orient pearls, less smooth; Egla, for thee,  
(My thrilling substance pained by storm and wind,)  
I sought them in the caverns of the sea.

"Look! here's a ruby; drinking solar rays,  
I saw it redden on a mountain tip;  
Now on thy snowy bosom let it blaze;  
'T will blush still deeper to behold thy lip.

"Here's for thy hair a garland; every flower  
That spreads its blossoms, water'd by the tear  
Of the sad slave in Babylonian bower,  
Might see its frail bright hues perpetuate here.

"For morn's light bell, this changeful amethyst;  
A sapphire for the violet's tender blue;  
Large opals, for the queen-rose zephyr-kist;  
And here are emeralds of every hue,  
For folded bud and leaflet, dropp'd with dew.

"And here's a diamond, cull'd from Indian mine,  
To gift a haughty queen! It might not be;  
I knew a worthier brow, sister divine,  
And brought the gem; for well I deem, for thee

"The 'arch-chymic sun' in earth's dark bosom wrought  
To prison thus a ray, that when dull night  
Frowns o'er her realms, and nature's all seems nought,  
She whom he grieves to leave may still behold his  
light."

SARDIUS IN HIS PAVILION WITH ALTHEETOR.

(FROM THE SAME.)

BENEATH that dome, reclined the youthful king,  
Upon a silver couch; and soothed to mood  
As free and soft as perfumes from the wing  
Of bird, that shook the jasmines as it woo'd;  
Its fitful song the mingling murmur meeting  
Of marble founts of many a fair device;  
And bees that banquet, from the sun retreating,  
In every full, deep flower, that crowns his paradise.  
While gemmy diadem thrown down beside,  
And garment, at the neck plucked open, proved  
His unconstraint, and scorn of regal pride,  
When thus apart retired, he sat with those he loved.  
One careless arm around the boy was flung,  
Not undeserving of that free caress;  
But warm and true, and of a heart and tongue,  
To heighten bliss, or mitigate distress.

Quick to perceive, in him no freedom rude  
 Reproved full confidence; friendship, the meat,  
 His soul had starved without, with gratitude  
 Was ta'en; and her rich wine crown'd high the banquet  
 sweet.

## ZÓPHIËL'S LAMENT OVER ALTHEËTOR.

(FROM THE SAME.)

AND thus, at length his plaintive lip express'd  
 The mitigated pang; 'tis sometimes so  
 When grief meets genius in the mortal breast,  
 And words, most deeply sweet, betray subsided woe.

"Thou'rt gone, Altheëtor; of thy gentle breath  
 Guiltless am I, but bear the penalty!  
 Oh! is there one to whom thine earthly death  
 Can cause the sorrow it has caused to me?"

"Cold, cold, and hush'd, is that fond, faithful breast;  
 Oh! of the breath of God too much was there!  
 It swell'd, aspired, it could not be compress'd —  
 But gain'd a bliss fair nature could not bear.

"Oh! good and true beyond thy mortal birth!  
 What high-soul'd angel help'd in forming thee?  
 Haply thou wert what I had been, if earth  
 Had been the element composing me.

"Banish'd from heaven so long, what there transpires,  
 This weary exiled ear may rarely meet.  
 But it is whisper'd that the unquell'd desires  
 Another spirit for each forfeit seat,

"Left vacant by our fall. That spirit placed  
 In mortal form, must every trial bear,  
 'Midst all that can pollute; and, if defaced  
 But by one stain, it may not enter there.

"Though all the earth is wing'd, from bound to bound;  
Though heaven desires, and angels watch, and pray  
To see their ranks with fair completion crown'd;  
So few to bless their utmost search are found,  
That half in heaven have ceased to hope the day;  
And pensive seraphs' sighs, o'er heavenly harps resound.

"And when, long wandering from his blissful height,  
One like to thee some quick-eyed spirit views,  
He springs to heaven, more radiant from delight,  
And heaven's blue domes ring loud with rapture at the  
news.

"Yet oft the being, by all heaven beloved,  
(So doubtful every good, in world like this;)  
Some fiend corrupts ere ripe to be removed:  
And tears are seen in eyes made but to float in bliss."

## MIDNIGHT.

(FROM THE SAME.)

'Tis now the hour of mirth, the hour of love,  
The hour of melancholy. Night, as vain  
Of her full beauty, seems to pause above,  
That all may look upon her ere it wane.

The heavenly angel watch'd his subject's star  
O'er all that's good and fair benignly smiling;  
The sighs of wounded love he hears, from far;  
Weeps that he cannot heal, and wafts a hope beguiling.

The nether earth looks beauteous as a gem;  
High o'er her groves, in floods of moonlight laving,  
The towering palm displays his silver stem,  
The while his plummy leaves scarce in the breeze are waving.



The nightingale among his roses sleeps;  
The soft-eyed doe in thicket deep is sleeping;  
The dark green myrrh her tears of fragrance weeps,  
And, every odorous spike in limpid dew is steeping.

Proud prickly cerea, now thy blossom 'scapes  
Its cell; brief cup of light; and seems to say,  
"I am not for gross mortals; blood of grapes —  
And sleep for them! Come spirits, while ye may!"

A silent stream winds darkly through the shade,  
And slowly gains the Tigris, where 't is lost;  
By a forgotten prince, of old, 't was made,  
And, in its course, full many a fragment crost

Of marble fairly carved; and by its side  
Her golden dust the flaunting lotus threw  
O'er her white sisters, throned upon the tide,  
And queen of every flower that loves perpetual dew.

#### THE GNOME'S SONG.

(FROM THE SAME.)

PRELUDING low, in notes that faint and tremble,  
Swelling, awakening, dying, plaining deep,  
While such sensations in the soul assemble,  
As make it pleasure to the eyes to weep.

Is there a heart that ever loved in vain,  
Though years have thrown their veil o'er all most dear,  
That lives not each sensation o'er again  
In sympathy with sounds like those that mingle here?

Still the fair Gnome's light hand the chime prolongs;  
And while his utmost art the strain employs,  
Cephroniel's softened son in gushing songs,  
Pour'd forth his sad, deep sense of long departed joys.

## SONG.

Oh, my Phronema! how thy yellow hair  
 Was fragrant, when, by looks alone carest,  
 I felt it, wafted by the pitying air,  
 Float o'er my lips, and touch my fervid breast!

How my least word lent colour to thy cheek!  
 And how thy gentle form would heave and swell,  
 As if the love thy heart contain'd, would break  
 That warm pure shrine, where nature bade it dwell.

We parted; years are past, and *thou* art dead;  
 Never, Phronema, can I see thee more!  
 One little ringlet of thy graceful head  
 Lies next my heart; 'tis all I may adore.

Torn from thy sight, to save a life of gloom,  
 Hopes unaccomplish'd, warmest wishes crost—  
 How can I longer bear my weary doom?  
 Alas! what have I gain'd for all I lost?

## MORNING.

(FROM THE SAME.)

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun!—  
 The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires  
 As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,  
 As when he moved exulting in his fires.

The infant strains his little arms, to catch  
 The rays that glance about his silken hair;  
 And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match  
 Thy face, when turned away from bower and palace fair.

Sweet to the lip, the draught, the blushing fruit;  
 Music and perfumes mingle with the soul;  
 How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute;  
 And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee;  
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius, warms;  
Thou never weariest; no inconstancy  
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.

How many lips have sung thy praise, how long!  
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,  
The pleased bard pours forth another song,  
And finds in thee, like love, a theme for ever new.

Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth  
In thy near realms; and, like their snow-wreaths fair,  
The bright-hair'd youths and maidens of the North,  
Smile in thy colours when thou art not there.

'Tis there thou bid'st a deeper ardour glow,  
And higher, purer reveries completest;  
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,  
Refining all the way, from springs the sweetest.

Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,  
Some wretch impassion'd, from sweet morning's breath,  
Turns his hot brow and sickens at thy light;  
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him death.

## TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

(FROM THE SAME.)

SWEET is the evening twilight; but, alas!  
There's sadness in it: day's light tasks are done,  
And leisure sighs to think how soon must pass  
Those tints that melt o'er heaven, O setting sun,  
And look like heaven dissolved. A tender flush  
Of blended rose and purple light, o'er all  
The luscious landscape spreads like pleasure's blush,  
And glows o'er wave, sky, flower, cottage, and palm-tree  
tall.

'Tis now that solitude has most of pain;  
 Vague apprehensions of approaching night  
 Whisper the soul, attuned to bliss, and fain  
 To find in love equivalent for light.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul  
 Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
 Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
 To look on happiness; these hurt, impede;  
 And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,  
 Keep kindred heart from heart to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And, as the dove to far Palmyra flying  
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,  
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,—

So—many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,  
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound,—unquaff'd—  
 Suffers—recoils—then, thirsty and despairing  
 Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

## SONG.

(FROM THE SAME.)

DAY, in melting purple dying,  
 Blossoms, all around me sighing,  
 Fragrance, from the lilies straying,  
 Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,  
 Ye but waken my distress:  
 I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,  
 Come, ere night around me darken;



Though thy softness but deceive me,  
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;  
    Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
    Let me think it innocent.

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;  
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;  
Let the shining ore lie darkling,  
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;  
    Gifts and gold are nought to me;  
    I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
Ecstasy but in revealing;  
Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
Rapture in participation,  
    Yet but torture, if compest  
    In a lone unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah! come and bless me!  
Let these eyes again caress thee;  
Once, in caution, I could fly thee;  
Now, I nothing could deny thee;  
    In a look if death there be,  
    Come and I will gaze on thee!

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

(FROM THE SAME.)

"CALL me no longer Hariph: I but took,  
    For love of that young pair, this mortal guise;  
And often have I stood, beside Heaven's book,  
    And given in record there, their deeds and sighs.

"From infancy I've watch'd them,—far apart,—  
    Oppress'd by men and fiends; yet, form'd to dwell  
Soul blent with soul, and beating heart 'gainst heart;  
    'T is done.—Behold the angel Raphaël.

"That blest commission, friend of men, I bear,  
To comfort those who undeservedly mourn;  
And every good resolve, kind tear, heart-prayer,  
'Tis mine to show before the Eternal's throne.

"And oft I haste, and when the good and true  
Are headlong urged to deep pollution, save;  
Just as my wings receive some drops of dew,  
Which else must join Asphaltites' black wave."

He said; all o'er to radiant beauty warming,  
While they, in doubt of what they look'd upon,  
Beheld a form — dissolving — dazzling — charming —  
But, ere their lips found utterance, it was gone.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.

OH! laurel'd bard, how can I part,  
Those cheering smiles no more to see,  
Until my soothed and solaced heart  
Pours forth one grateful lay to thee?

Fair virtue tuned thy youthful breath,  
And peace and pleasure bless thee now;  
For love and beauty guard the wreath  
That blooms upon thy manly brow.

The Indian, leaning on his bow,  
On hostile cliff, in desert drear,  
Cast with less joy his glance below,  
When came some friendly warrior near;

The native dove of that warm isle  
Where oft, with flowers, my lyre was drest,  
Sees with less joy the sun awhile  
When vertic rains have drench'd her nest,

Than I, a stranger, first beheld  
Thine eye's harmonious welcome given  
With gentle word, which, as it swell'd,  
Came to my heart benign as heaven.

Soft be thy sleep, as mists that rest  
On Skiddaw's top at summer morn;  
Smooth be thy days as Derwent's breast,  
When summer light is almost gone!

And yet, for thee, why breathe a prayer?  
I deem thy fate is given in trust  
To seraphs, who by daily care,  
Would prove that heaven is not unjust.

And treasured shall thine image be  
In memory's purest, holiest shrine,  
While truth and honour glow in thee,  
Or life's warm quivering pulse is mine.

## FRIENDSHIP.

To meet a friendship such as mine,  
Such feelings must the soul refine,  
As are not oft of mortal birth;—  
'Tis love, without a stain of earth.

Looks are its food, its nectar sighs,  
Its couch the lips, its throne the eyes,  
The soul its breath, and so possess,  
Heaven's raptures reign in mortal breast.

Though Friendship be its earthly name,  
Purely from highest Heaven it came;  
'Tis seldom felt for more than one,  
And scorns to dwell with Venus' son.

Him let it view not, or it dies  
Like tender hues of morning skies,  
Or morn's sweet flower, of purple glow,  
When sunny beams too ardent grow.

A charm o'er every object plays—  
All looks so lovely while it stays,  
So softly forth, in rosier tides,  
The vital flood ecstatic glides,

That, wrung by grief to see it part,  
Its dearest drop escapes the heart;  
Such drop, I need not tell thee, fell  
While bidding it, for thee, farewell.

## LINES

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY WHO RETURNED TO THE NORTH  
AND DIED SOON AFTER.

ADIEU, fair isle! I love thy bowers,  
I love thy dark-eyed daughters there;  
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers  
Look brighter in their jetty hair.

They praised my forehead's stainless white;  
And when I thirsted, gave a draught  
From the full clustering cocoa's height,  
And smiling, bless'd me as I quaff'd.

Well pleased, the kind return I gavè,  
And, clasp'd in their embraces' twine,  
Felt the soft breeze, like Lethe's wave,  
Becalm this beating heart of mine.

Why will my heart so wildly beat?  
Say, Seraphs, is my lot too blest,  
That thus a fitful, feverish heat,  
Must rifle me of health and rest?



Alas! I fear my native snows;—  
A clime too cold, a heart too warm—  
Alternate chills—alternate glows—  
Too fiercely threat my flower-like form

The orange-tree has fruit and flowers;  
The grenadilla, in its bloom,  
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,  
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee-blossoms swell,  
The fair moon full, the evening long,  
I love to hear the warbling bell,  
And sun-burnt peasant's wayward song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,  
And the light seguidilla frame:  
Fain would I listen still, to hear  
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! the waving palm  
Is pencill'd on thy purest sky;  
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,  
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,  
For those I've loved and left so long,  
On me their fondest musings dwell,  
To them alone my sighs belong.

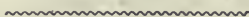
On, on, my bark! blow, southern breeze!  
No longer would I lingering stay;  
'T were better far to *die* with these,  
Than *live in pleasure* far away.

## SONG.

OH, moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers,  
Why dost thou mind me of the hours  
Which flew so softly on that night,  
When last I saw and felt thy light?

Oh, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers,  
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,  
Since which a dull cold year has fled,  
Or show me those with whom they sped!

Oh, moon of flowers! oh, moon of flowers!  
In scenes afar were past those hours,  
Which still with fond regret I see,  
And wish my heart could change like thee!



## LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY, whose maiden name was Huntley, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1797. She was the only child of pious parents, who early instilled into her mind principles of religion, and habits of industry. Her precocity was remarkable; at three she read with a distinct and perfect enunciation; and at eight wrote verses which were marked by rhythmical accuracy, more than by poetic impulse; at nine, she commenced a fictitious work, in the epistolary style; and at eleven, began a regular journal. Her diffidence was as great as her love for the pen; for, having no lock or key in her possession, she carefully hid all her effusions under huge piles of books, with a nervous fear, amounting to shame, lest they should be discovered. One point in her childish character — so strong as to be worth recording — was an ardent love and reverence for the aged, and an extreme tenderness towards animals. At school she was distinguished for the ease with which she acquired knowledge, and for her unceasing devotion to study. Books, however,

did not engross her attention to the exclusion of other duties, for she loved domestic employments; and was as industrious in her attention to them, as in her favourite studies. She was particularly fond of spinning on the great wheel, and constructed in this way many fabrics of enduring benefit to the family; among others, a whole suit of broad-cloth for her father, which he long wore with peculiar satisfaction. To those who have read Mrs. Sigourney's most admirable and instructive *Letters to Young Ladies*, it will be pleasant to learn, that in her own case, precept and practice, as it regards diligence in domestic life, were not divided. Her prevailing desire from childhood was to be fitted for the task of a teacher. Beginning with two young ladies as day-scholars, in her own room, she afterward shared with a dear friend the charge of a large school, two miles from her home. In summer time she was accustomed to walk this distance, morning and evening; the exercise giving her a perpetual elasticity of spirits, and vigour of health. Her chief object in teaching now was to assist her parents, whose income was small, and to add various comforts to their home and persons, which their own prudence denied. That this filial desire might be better accomplished, her kind friend, Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., of Hartford, obtained for her, in that city, a school after her own heart, over which she presided for five years. To this same benevolent friend she was indebted for the first encouragement her literary efforts received; and through his persuasions she published her first volume, called *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*, being then only eighteen. At twenty, she was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford; a merchant of distinction, and a gentleman of wealth and education. In 1822, Mrs. Sigourney published a poem called *Traits of the Aborigines of America*, the proceeds of which were wholly devoted to religious charities. The *Sketch of Connecticut Forty years since*, a prose legend, in which the history of New England, and its romantic and varied scenery, are set forth in glowing colours, appeared in 1824. From that time, until the present, she has never wearied in her endeavours to entertain and benefit the public mind, by her numerous writings in prose and verse. Her pen is ever as ready as it is skilful, for charitable purposes; and the cause of missions, temperance, and every philanthropic society, have again and again been indebted to her genius. The one great aim of her soul, is — *to do good*. Mrs. Sigourney visited England and France in 1840, and spent a year in travelling among the cities and haunts most interesting to the mind of a poet, and most likely to yield, not only for herself,

but for the public, *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*. An interesting volume under this title, was published soon after her return from England. She resides still at Hartford, Connecticut. Her *Select Poems*, from which some of the following have been taken, have passed through five or six editions, which tells plainly the wide admiration they have won, by their mild dignity and harmony, good sense, and pure religion. *Memory*, and *Dew-drops*, have been kindly sent us by the authoress, as an express contribution for this volume.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

I WAS a pensive pilgrim at the foot  
Of the crown'd Alleghany, when he wrapp'd  
His purple mantle gloriously around,  
And took the homage of the princely hills,  
And ancient forests, as they bow'd them down,  
Each in his order of nobility.  
— And then in glorious pomp, the sun retired  
Behind that solemn shadow. And his train  
Of crimson, and of azure and of gold,  
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,  
And ray on ray, till all the concave caught  
His parting benediction.

But the glow  
Faded to twilight, and dim evening sank  
In deeper shade, and there that mountain stood  
In awful state, like dread ambassador  
'Tween earth and heaven. Methought it frown'd severe  
Upon the world beneath, and lifted up  
The accusing forehead sternly toward the sky,  
To witness 'gainst its sins. And is it meet  
For thee, swoln out in cloud-capp'd pinnacle,  
To scorn thine own original, the dust  
That, feebly eddying on the angry winds,



Doth sweep thy base? Say, is it meet for thee,  
Robing thyself in mystery, to impeach  
This nether sphere, from whence thy rocky root  
Draws depth and nutriment?

But lo! a star,  
The first meek herald of advancing night,  
Doth peer above thy summit, as some babe  
Might gaze with brow of timid innocence  
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!  
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,  
Thine uncondemning glance doth aptly teach  
Of that untiring mercy, which vouchsafes  
*Thee* light, and *man* salvation.

Not to mark  
And treasure up his follies, or recount  
Their secret record in the court of Heaven,  
Thou com'st. Methinks thy tenderness would shroud,  
With trembling mantle, his infirmities.  
The purest natures are most pitiful.  
But they who feel corruption strong within,  
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the trace  
Of their own image, in another's breast.  
—So the wild bull, that in some mirror spies  
His own mad visage, furiously destroys  
The frail reflector. But thou, stainless star!  
Shalt stand a watchman on Creation's walls,  
While race on race their little circles mark,  
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all,  
Who through this evening scene may wander on,  
And from yon mountain's cold magnificence  
Turn to thy milder beauty, point to all,  
The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth,  
A silent teacher of its boundless love.

## FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE

How beautiful it stands,  
    Behind its elm-tree's screen,  
With simple attic cornice crown'd,  
    All graceful and serene!  
Most sweet, yet sad, it is,  
    Upon yon scene to gaze,  
And list its inborn melody,  
    The voice of other days:

For there, as many a year  
    Its varied chart unroll'd,  
I hid me in those quiet shades,  
    And call'd the joys of old;  
I call'd them, and they came  
    When vernal buds appear'd,  
Or where the vine-clad summer bower  
    Its temple-roof uprear'd;

Or where the o'er-arching grove  
    Spread forth its copses green,  
While eye-bright and asclepias rear'd  
    Their untrain'd stalks between;  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
    His broken nuts let fall,  
And the merry, merry little birds  
    Sang at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests  
    Returning spring shall cheer,  
And thence the unfledged robin breathe  
    His greeting wild and clear;  
And from yon clustering vine,  
    That wreathes the casement round,  
The humming-bird's unresting wings  
    Send forth a whirring sound;

And where alternate springs  
The lilac's purple spire  
Fast by its snowy sister's side;  
Or where, with wing of fire,  
The kingly oriole glancing went  
Amid the foliage rare,  
Shall many a group of children tread,  
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms  
The mastery here shall keep,  
What mother in yon nursery fair  
Rocks her young babes to sleep:  
Yet blessings on the hallow'd spot,  
Though here no more I stray;  
And blessings on the stranger-babes,  
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you, too, my plants,  
And every parent bird,  
That here, among the woven boughs,  
Above its young hath stirr'd.  
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,  
That often, o'er my head,  
The blossoms of your flowery spring  
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of changeful mood,  
I thank thee, sounding stream,  
That blent thine echo with my thought,  
Or woke my musing dream.  
I kneel upon the verdant turf,  
For sure my thanks are due  
To moss-cup and to clover-leaf,  
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,  
 Old tenants of the spot,  
 The broad-leaf'd lily of the vale,  
 And the meek forget-me-not;  
 To every daisy's dappled brow,  
 To every violet blue,  
 Thanks! thanks! may each returning year  
 Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father-God,  
 High praise, in solemn lay,  
 Alike for what his hand hath given,  
 And what it takes away:  
 And to some other loving heart  
 May all this beauty be  
 The dear retreat, the Eden-home,  
 That it hath been to me.

## N I A G A R A .

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
 Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set  
 His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud  
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give  
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him  
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
 Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour  
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift  
 The insect-trump, that tells her trifling joys  
 Or fleeting triumphs 'mid the peal sublime.  
 Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks  
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves



Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep,  
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home  
His boisterous billows from their vexing play,  
To a long, dreary calm: but thy strong tide  
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets  
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day  
The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,  
Heard thy hoarse anthem, mixing with their song  
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,  
That wait the mandate of the day of doom  
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed  
Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees

That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore  
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves  
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,  
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,  
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing  
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet  
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir  
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud,  
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven  
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems  
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk  
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace  
Thine awful features, with our pencil's point,  
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak

Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop  
From his right hand,—bidding the soul that looks  
Upon thy fearful majesty, be still,  
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,  
And lose itself in Him.

## AUTUMN.

HAs it come, the time to fade?  
And with a murmur'd sigh,  
The Maple, in his scarlet robe,  
Was the first to make reply;  
And the queenly Dahlias droop'd  
Upon their thrones of state,  
The frost-king, with his baleful kiss,  
Had well forestall'd their fate.

Hydrangia, on her telegraph  
A hurried signal traced  
Of dire and dark conspiracy,  
That Summer's realm menaced;  
Then quick the proud exotic peers  
In consternation fled,  
And refuge in their green-house sought  
Before the day of dread.

The vine that o'er my casement climb'd  
And cluster'd day by day,  
I count its leaflets every morn,  
See, how they fade away;  
And, as they withering one by one  
Forsake their parent tree,  
I call each sere and yellow leaf  
A buried friend to me.

Put on thy mourning, said my soul,  
And, with a tearful eye,  
Walk softly 'mid the many graves  
Where thy companions lie.  
The violet, like a loving babe,  
When vernal suns were new,  
That met thee with a soft, blue eye,  
And lips all bathed in dew;

The lily, as a timid bride,  
 While summer suns were fair,  
 That put her snowy hand in thine,  
 To bless thee for thy care;  
 The trim and proud anemone,  
 The daisy from the vale,  
 The purple lilac towering high  
 To guard his sister pale;  
 The ripen'd rose, where are they now?  
 But from the rifled bower  
 A voice came forth, "take heed to note  
 Thine own receding hour,  
 And let the strange and silver hair  
 That o'er thy forehead strays,  
 Be as a monitor, to tell  
 The autumn of thy days."

TO AN ABSENT DAUGHTER.

WHERE art thou, bird of song?  
 Brightest one and dearest?  
 Other groves among,  
 Other nests thou cheerest;  
 Sweet thy warbling skill  
 To each ear that heard thee,  
 But 't was sweetest still  
 To the heart that rear'd thee.  
 Lamb, where dost thou rest?  
 On stranger-bosoms lying?  
 Flowers, thy path that drest,  
 All uncropp'd are dying;  
 Streams where thou didst roam  
 Murmur on without thee,  
 Lov'st thou still thy home?  
 Can thy mother doubt thee?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,  
 To his blest fold going,  
 Seek that smitten rock  
 Whence our peace is flowing;  
 Still should Love rejoice,  
 Whatsoe'er betide thee,  
 If that Shepherd's voice  
 Evermore might guide thee.

## WILD FLOWERS GATHERED FOR A SICK FRIEND.

Rise from the dells where ye first were born,  
 From the tangled beds of the weed and thorn,  
 Rise, for the dews of the morn are bright,  
 And haste away, with your eyes of light.

— Should the green-house patricians, with withering frown,  
 On your simple vestments look haughtily down,  
 Shrink not, for His finger your heads hath bow'd,  
 Who heeds the lowly, and humbles the proud.

— The tardy spring, and the chilling sky,  
 Hath meted your robes with a miser's eye,  
 And check'd the blush of your blossoms free;  
 With a gentler friend your home shall be,  
 To a kinder ear you may tell your tale  
 Of the zephyr's kiss, and the scented vale:  
 Ye are charm'd! ye are charm'd! and your fragrant sigh  
 Is health to the bosom on which ye die.

## SOLITUDE.

DEEP Solitude I sought. There was a dell  
 Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,  
 While, towering near, the rugged mountains made  
 Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.



Thither I went,  
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount,  
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife  
And fever of the world.—I thought to be  
There without witness.—But the violet's eye  
Look'd up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,  
And the young pendent vine-flower kiss'd my cheek.  
There were glad voices too.—The garrulous brook,  
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told  
Its history.—Up came the singing breeze,  
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake  
Responsive, every one.—Even busy life  
Woke in that dell. The dexterous spider threw  
From spray to spray the silver-tissued snare.  
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced  
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.  
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,  
While, from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird  
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought  
To be alone and silent in thy realm,  
Spirit of life and love!—It might not be!—  
There is no solitude in thy domains,  
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast  
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.  
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world  
Without a witness. Even the desert place  
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams  
Are social and benevolent, and he  
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,  
Roaming among them at the cool of day,  
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,  
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

## THE HAPPY FARMER.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough,  
As you were riding by?  
Or wearied 'neath his noon-day toil,  
When summer suns were high?  
And thought you that his lot was hard?  
And did you thank your God  
That you, and yours, were not condemn'd  
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest-home,  
When garden, field, and tree,  
Conspire with flowing stores to fill  
His barn and granary.  
His healthful children gaily sport  
Amid the new-mown hay,  
Or proudly aid, with vigorous arm,  
His task, as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,  
And guards the loaded wain,  
The feathery people clap their wings,  
And lead their youngling train.  
Perchance, the hoary grandsire's eye  
The glowing scene surveys,  
And breathes a blessing on his race,  
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest-Giver is their friend,  
The Maker of the soil,  
And Earth, the Mother, gives them bread  
And cheers their patient toil.  
Come, join them round their wintry hearth,  
Their heartfelt pleasures see,  
And you can better judge how blest  
The farmer's life may be.

## THE LONELY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts, its white spire  
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart  
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,  
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,  
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,  
That just beyond in deep sequester'd vale  
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs  
And varying sounds of village industry  
Swell'd from its margin, while the busy loom,  
Replete with radiant fabrics, told the skill  
Of the prompt artisan.

But all around  
The solitary dell, where meekly rose  
That consecrated church, there was no voice  
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,  
And that unspoken lore with which the dead  
Do commune with the living. There they lay,  
Each in his grassy tenement, the sire  
Of many winters, and the noteless babe  
Over whose empty cradle, night by night,  
Sat the poor mother mourning, in her tears  
Forgetting what a little span of time  
Did hold her from her darling. And methought  
How sweet it were, so near the sacred house  
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,  
And Sabbath after Sabbath gathered strength  
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,  
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;  
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up  
Our simple tomb-stone witness to that faith  
Which cannot die.

Heaven bless thee, Lonely Church,  
And daily mayst thou warn a pilgrim-band,

From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,  
And drink the waters of eternal life:  
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,  
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand  
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

## NO CONCEALMENT.

THINK'ST thou to be conceal'd, thou little stream,  
That through the lonely vale dost wend thy way,  
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide  
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gray?  
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course  
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green  
Tinting thy marge, and the white flocks that haste  
At summer noon to taste thy crystal sheen,  
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day.  
And then, thy smiling answer to the moon,  
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,  
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon—  
How couldst thou hope, in such a world as this,  
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss?

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little seed,  
That in the bosom of the earth art cast,  
And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st awhile,  
Unmoved by trampling storm or thunder blast?  
Thou bid'st thy time; for herald Spring shall come  
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,  
Unhood thy eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,  
And stir the languid pulses of thy heart;  
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews  
Weep o'er thy bed, and, ere thou art aware,  
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,  
The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air;



And soon, to all, thy ripen'd fruitage tells  
The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little thought,  
That in the curtain'd chamber of the soul  
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do  
A secret work? Look to the hues that roll  
O'er the changed brow — the moving lips behold —  
Linking thee unto speech — the feet that run  
Upon thy errands, and the deeds that stamp  
Thy lineage plain before the noonday sun;  
Look to the pen that writes thy history down  
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose  
Until the day of doom, and blush to see  
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,  
Where all things tend to judgment. So, beware,  
Oh! erring human heart! what thoughts thou lodgest there.

THE BENEFACTRESS.

Who asks if I remember thee? or speak thy treasured name?  
Doth the frail rush forget the stream from whence its green-  
ness came?

Doth the wild, lonely flower that sprang within some rocky  
dell

Forget the first awakening smile that on its bosom fell?

Did Israel's exiled sons, when far from Zion's hill away,  
Forget the high and holy house, where first they learn'd to  
pray?

Forget around their Temple's wreck to roam in mute despair,  
And o'er its hallow'd ashes pour a grief that none might share?

Remember thee? Remember thee? — though many a year hath  
fled,

Since o'er thy pillow cold and low, the uprooted turf was spread,

Yet oft doth twilight's musing hour thy graceful form restore,  
And morning breathe the music-tone, like Memnon's harp of  
yore.

The simple cap that deck'd thy brow is 'still to Memory  
dear,

Her echoes keep thy cherish'd song that lull'd my infant ear;  
The book, from which my lisping tongue was by thy kind-  
ness taught,

Gleams forth, with all its letter'd lines, still fresh with hues  
of thought.

The flowers, the dear, familiar flowers, that in thy garden grew,  
From which thy mantel-vase was fill'd — methinks, they breathe  
anew;

Again, the whispering lily bends, and ope those lips of rose,  
As if some message of thy love, they linger'd to disclose.

'Tis true, that more than fourscore years had bow'd thy beauty  
low,

And mingled, with thy cup of life, full many a dreg of woe,  
But yet thou hadst a better charm than youthful bloom hath  
found,

A balm within thy chasten'd heart, to heal another's wound.

Remember thee? Remember thee? though with the blest on high  
Thou hast a mansion of delight, unseen by mortal eye,  
Comes not thy wing to visit me, in the deep watch of night,  
When visions of unutter'd things do make my sleep so bright?

I feel thy love within my breast, it nerves me strong and high,  
As cheers the wanderer o'er the deep the pole-star in the sky,  
And when my weary spirit quails, or friendship's smile is cold,  
I feel thine arm around me thrown, as oft it was of old.

Remember thee! Remember thee! while flows this purple tide,  
I'll keep thy precepts in my heart, thy pattern for my guide,  
And, when life's little journey ends, and light forsakes my eye,  
Come, hovering o'er my bed of pain, and teach me how to die.

THE LITTLE HAND.

THOU wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,  
 And through its silken fringe  
 Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,  
 Gleams forth with azure tinge.

With what a smile of gladness meek  
 Thy radiant brow is drest,  
 While fondly to a mother's cheek  
 Thy lip and hand are prest!

That little hand! what prescient wit  
 Its history may discern,  
 When time its tiny bones hath knit  
 With manhood's sinews stern?

The artist's pencil shall it guide?  
 Or spread the adventurous sail?  
 Or guide the plough with rustic pride,  
 And ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthine maze,  
 With dexterous ardour rove,  
 And weave those tender, tuneful lays  
 That beauty wins from love?

Old Coke's or Blackstone's mighty tome  
 With patient toil turn o'er?  
 Or trim the lamp in classic dome,  
 Till midnight's watch be o'er?

Well skilled, the pulse of sickness press?  
 Or such high honour gain  
 As, o'er the pulpit raised, to bless  
 A pious listening train?

Say, shall it find the cherish'd grasp  
 Of friendship's fervour cold?  
 Or, shuddering, feel the envenom'd clasp  
 Of treachery's serpent-fold?

Yet, oh! may that Almighty Friend,  
 From whom existence came,  
 That dear and powerless hand defend  
 From deeds of guilt and shame.

Grant it to dry the tear of woe,  
 Bold folly's course restrain,  
 The alms of sympathy bestow,  
 The righteous cause maintain—

Write wisdom on the wing of time,  
 Even 'mid the morn of youth,  
 And with benevolence sublime  
 Dispense the light of truth—

Discharge a just, an useful part  
 Through life's uncertain maze,  
 Till coupled with an angel's heart,  
 It strike the lyre of praise.

#### SILENT DEVOTION.

"The Lord is in his holy temple;—let all the Earth *keep silence* before him."

THE Lord is on his holy throne,  
 He sits in kingly state;  
 Let those who for his favour seek,  
 In humble silence wait.

Your sorrows to his eye are known,  
 Your secret motives clear,  
 It needeth not the pomp of words  
 To pour them on his ear.



Doth Death thy bosom's cell invade?  
 Yield up thy flower of grass:  
 Swells the world's wrathful billow high?  
 Bow down, and let it pass.

Press not thy purpose on thy God,  
 Urge not thine erring will,  
 Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,  
 Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

True prayer is not the noisy sound  
 That clamorous lips repeat,  
 But the *deep silence* of a soul  
 That clasps Jehovah's feet.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Go to thy rest, my child!  
 Go to thy dreamless bed,  
 Gentle and undefiled,  
 With blessings on thy head;  
 Fresh roses in thy hand,  
 Buds on thy pillow laid,  
 Haste from this fearful land,  
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn  
 In waywardness to stray,  
 Before thy foot could turn  
 The dark and downward way;  
 Ere sin might wound the breast,  
 Or sorrow wake the tear,  
 Rise to thy home of rest,  
 In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,  
Thy lip and eye so bright,  
Because thy cradle-care  
Was such a fond delight,  
Shall Love, with weak embrace,  
Thy heavenward flight detain?  
No! Angel, seek thy place  
Amid yon cherub-train.

## LINES.

FROM a bright hearth-stone of our land.  
A beam hath pass'd away,  
A smile, whose cheering influence seem'd  
Like morning to the day;  
A sacrificing spirit  
With innate goodness fraught,  
That ever for another's weal  
Employ'd its fervid thought.  
  
That beam is gather'd back again  
To the Pure Fount of flame,  
That smile the Blessed Source hath found,  
From whence its radiance came,—  
That spirit hath a genial clime;  
And yet, methinks, 't will bend  
Sometimes, amid familiar haunts,  
Beside the mourning friend.  
  
Yet better 't were to pass away,  
Ere evening shadows fell,  
To wrap in chillness, and decay,  
What here was loved so well;  
And strew unwither'd flowers around,  
When the last footsteps part,  
And leave in every nook of home,  
Sweet memories for the heart.

## ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graved in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeful as the light.

Lost— where the thoughtless throng  
In fashion's mazes wind,  
Where trilleth folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 't was given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again;  
I offer no reward,  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift  
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scroll have fled,  
I'll see it in His hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead,  
And when of scathe and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?

## MEMORY.

THE past she ruleth. At her wand  
Its temple-valves unfold,  
And from their glorious shrines descend  
The mighty forms of old;  
To her deep voice the dead reply,  
Dry bones are clothed and live,  
Long-perish'd garlands bloom anew,  
And buried joys revive.

When o'er the future many a shade  
Like saddening twilight steals,  
Or the dimm'd present to the heart  
Its vapidness reveals,  
She opes her casket, and a cloud  
Of treasured incense steams,  
Till with a lifted heart we tread  
The pleasant land of dreams.

Make friends of potent Memory,  
Oh young man, in thy prime,  
And store with jewels rich and rare  
Her hoard for hoary time;  
For if thou mockest her with weeds,—  
A trifle 'mid her bowers,—  
She'll drop their poison on thy soul  
'Mid life's disastrous hours.

Make friends of potent Memory  
Oh Maiden in thy bloom,  
And bind her closely to thy heart  
Before the days of gloom;  
For sorrow softeneth into joy  
Beneath her touch sublime,  
And she celestial robes can weave  
From the frail threads of time.



DEW-DROPS.

"FATHER, there are no dew-drops on my rose :  
 I thought to find them, but they all are gone.  
 Was Night a niggard? Or did cunning Dawn  
 Steal those bright diamonds from the slumbering Day?"  
 —The father answer'd not, but waved his hand,  
 For the soft falling of a summer shower  
 Made quiet music 'mid the quivering leaves,  
 And through the hollows of the freshen'd turf  
 Drew lines like silver.

Then a bow sprang forth,  
 Spanning the skies.

"Seest thou yon glorious hues,  
 Violet and gold? The dew-drops tremble there,  
 That from the bosom of thy rose had fled,  
 My precious child. Read thou the lesson well,  
 That what is pure and beautiful on earth,  
 Shall glow in Heaven."

He knew not that he spake  
 Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon  
 Swell'd to a perfect orb its crescent pale,  
 That gentle soul which on the parent's breast  
 Had sparkled as a dew-drop, was exhaled,  
 To mingle 'mid the brightness of the skies.

## ANNA MARIA WELLS.

MISS FOSTER, now Mrs. Wells, was born about the year 1794, in Gloucester, Massachusetts; but was educated in Boston, and has lived there ever since. She is a highly accomplished woman; possesses a well-furnished mind, and as admirable a talent for drawing and music as for poetry. She was also, when young, no less distinguished for her exquisite beauty, than for her genius and accomplishments. Her poems were published in a volume in 1831, but are not so generally known as they deserve to be. The specimens we subjoin are delightful for their touching simplicity, purity of thought, and fervour of feeling. Mrs. Wells is a sister of Mrs. Frances S. Osgood; who, when a child, was her loved and loving pupil, as we gather from a verse in the following sweet strain of pleasant but half-mournful memory.

### MY CLOSET.

WITHIN my chamber's bounds it lay;  
For years it was my haunt by day;  
There half the summer night I'd stay,

With lingering pleasure.

I loved it chiefly that 't was mine;  
There first my fancy learn'd to twine  
Poetic flowers,—not quite divine,—

A hidden treasure.

It was the quietest of nooks;—  
How well I can recall its looks!  
One side just held my hoard of books,  
A dear deposit;

One window, veil'd by curtains fair,  
Gave entrance to the summer air;  
Beside it stood my desk and chair:  
My pretty closet.

When memory's harp had ceased to ring,  
And vainly I essay'd the string,  
There thought could oft its music bring,  
With sweet revealing.  
And there at lonely hour of night,  
I used to watch the moonbeams bright,  
Throwing their wreaths of silver light  
Along the ceiling.

In summer, when the fields were green,  
And bending boughs my window-screen,  
Ah me! how happy I have been,  
Free from intrusion;  
While oft of flattery's pleasing snare,  
And oft of hope's delusions fair,  
Reflection taught me to beware,  
In that seclusion.

There, with one friend, delightful flew  
Hours of sweet converse not a few;  
The snug retreat, 't would hold but two,  
So narrow was it;  
And yet a cozy place to sit,  
Though leaning back the shelves we hit,  
And forward scarce avoided it;  
My little closet.

It was the homestead of my mind;  
For there its thoughts were first combined,  
And elsewhere I shall never find  
Just such another!

'T was there I ran and closed the door  
 'Gainst one who ill such usage bore,  
 A playful child,—ah! now no more —  
     My petted brother!

And there with mingled joy and pain,  
 To con their tasks and con again,  
 I taught my little sisters twain,  
     For ever busy;  
 Just out the closet door they sat,  
 And mischief oft they would be at;  
 I loved them dearly for all that,  
     Fanny and Lizzie!

There, when my heart was sick with grief,  
 Finding its youthful joys so brief,  
 In prayer I sought a sure relief,  
     Denied me never.  
 Ah! sad to my young heart the day,  
 When, lingering still with fond delay,  
 I wept, and turn'd me thence away,  
     Alas! for ever.

## MORNING.

OF all his starry honours shorn,  
     Away old night is stealing;  
 And upward springs the laughing morn,  
     A joyous life revealing.  
 Blue-eyed she comes with tresses spread,  
     And breath than incense sweeter;  
 The mountains glow beneath her tread,  
     Light clouds float on to meet her.  
 The tall corn briskly stirs its sheaves;  
     A thousand buds have burst  
 The soft green calyx, that their leaves  
     To greet her may be first.



The flowers, that lay all night in tears,  
Look upward one by one;  
And pearls each tiny petal bears,  
An offering to the sun.

With beads the trembling grass is dress'd,—  
Each thin spire hath its string,  
Scatter'd in mist, as from her nest  
The ground-bird flaps her wing.

The lake obeys the zephyr's will,  
While, as by fingers press'd,  
The bending locust-buds distil  
Their sweetness o'er its breast.

With busy sounds the valley rings;  
The ploughman yokes his team;  
The fisher trims his light boat's wings,  
And skims the brightening stream.

The gentle kine forsake the shed,  
And wait the milk-maid's call;  
The frightened squirrel hears her tread,  
And scuds along the wall.

Scattering the night-clouds as in scorning,  
Bright pour the new-born rays;  
There's more of life in one sweet morning,  
Than in a thousand days.

TO MARY, SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, sleep on! while yet thy sleep is sweet,  
Nor scared by phantoms of world-weary care,  
False pleasure, fear, or still delusive hope!  
Sweeter the slumber that, perchance, for thee  
Thy guardian angel tints with dreamy bliss.  
That cherub-smile speaks not of gross delight;

And haply on thy sinless vision now  
Celestial forms may gleam, like morning mists  
That yet shall brighten into perfect day;  
Or to thy tender organs suited, soft  
As breath of angels, music floats around;—  
Melodious whisperings, that half unfold  
The harmonies enfranchised spirits know.  
Then, if such visions do thy slumbers bless,  
Sleep on, dear, sinless, happy dreamer, sleep;  
For I would not the short-lived charm disturb,  
Not e'en to meet thine eye's sad earnestness;  
Those eyes that shed upon thy baby face  
A tender, holy, melancholy light,—  
Like seraph Pity guarding Innocence.  
And yet more radiant shall their lustre be  
When strong by struggle, eloquent by thought,  
The mind shall dart its deeper meanings thence;  
Or pure devotion's wrapt intensity  
Look through their upward light.

How soft the touch  
Of thy dark silky hair! May vanity,  
That feasts upon, and saps the fairest flowers,  
Blight not thy spirit's sweet development.  
But may thy heart be artless as thy smile;  
Like those clear eyes thy soul be luminous;  
And when, at last, upspringing to its God,  
Be freed from earthly stain, and rise to Heaven  
Sweet as the balmy breath of infant sleep.

“WE'LL NEVER PART AGAIN.”

AND say'st thou so? And canst thou lift  
That veil in mercy cast  
Between thy destiny and thee,  
The future and the past?

Say, is it Passion's breathing vow?

Or Friendship's promise given?

Or utterance of paternal love,

The purest under heaven?

Oh! if thy other self be now

Beside thee,—if thy own

That one loved hand may clasp; thy ear

Drink in that one loved tone;

Enjoy the fleeting hour,—forget

That earth has change or pain;—

But *dare* not whisper in thy bliss,

“We'll never part again.”

Love's roses droop ere morn hath fled;

The violet smiles through tears;

The tall tree scatters to the blast

The brightest leaf it bears.

Each day, each hour, love's nearest ties

The hand of death may sever;

And they who live and love the best,

Fate oft divides for ever.

The friend so closely link'd to thee,

By faith so fondly plighted,—

The world's cold cautions intervene,

And ye are disunited.

The most impassion'd love that warms

The purest, truest heart,

Or time, or grief, or wrong may change,

Aud break the links apart.

Thy children—o'er their opening minds

Watch, watch with heart untired;

The ceaseless vigil keep, by hope,

By love, by Heaven inspired.

Oh! beautiful the daily toil  
To work that priceless mine!  
But deemest thou its golden ore  
Refined shall still be thine?

Dreamer! Those laughing boys that round  
Thy hearth unconscious play,—  
Voices already in their hearts  
Are whispering, "Come away!"

Though warmly smile beam back to smile,  
And answering heart to heart,  
They meet in gladness who too oft  
Have only met to part.

Then bind not earthly ties too close,  
But hope let Heaven sustain;  
There and there only mayst thou say,  
"We'll never part again!"

#### THE SEA-BIRD.

SEA-BIRD! haunter of the wave,  
Happy o'er its crest to hover;  
Half-engulph'd where yawns the cave  
Billows form in rolling over.

Sea-bird! seeker of the storm,  
In its shriek thou dost rejoice;  
Sending from thy bosom warm,  
Answer shriller than its voice.

Bird of nervous wing and bright,  
Flashing silvery to the sun,  
Sporting with the sea-foam white,  
When will thy wild course be done?



Whither tends it? Has the shore  
No alluring haunt for thee?  
Nook with tangled vines run o'er,  
Scented shrub, or leafy tree?

Is the purple sea-weed rarer  
Than the violet of spring?  
Is the snowy foam-wreath fairer  
Than the apple's blossoming?

Shady grove and sunny slope,  
Seek but these, and thou shalt meet  
Birds not born with storm to cope,  
Hermits of retirement sweet.

Where no winds too rudely swell,  
But, in whispers as they pass,  
Of the fragrant flow'ret tell,  
Hidden in the tender grass.

There, the mock-bird sings of love;  
There, the robin builds his nest;  
There, the gentle-hearted dove,  
Brooding, takes her blissful rest.

Sea-bird, stay thy rapid flight:—  
Gone!—where dark waves foam and dash,  
Like a lone star on the night  
From afar his white wings flash!

He obeyeth God's behest:  
Each and all some mission fill;  
Some, the tempest born to breast,  
Some, to worship and be still.

If to struggle with the storm  
On life's ever-changing sea,  
Where cold mists enwrap the form,  
My harsh destiny must be;

Sea-bird! thus may I abide  
Cheerful the allotment given;  
And above the ruffled tide  
Soar at last, like thee, to Heaven!

## THE WHITE HARE.

It was the Sabbath eve—we went,  
My little girl and I, intent  
The twilight hour to pass,  
Where we might hear the waters flow,  
And scent the freighted winds that blow  
Athwart the vernal grass.

In darker grandeur, as the day  
Stole scarce perceptibly away,  
The purple mountain stood,  
Wearing the young moon as a crest:  
The sun, half sunk in the far west,  
Seem'd mingling with the flood.

The cooling dews their balm distill'd;  
A holy joy our bosoms thrill'd;  
Our thoughts were free as air;  
And by one impulse moved, did we  
Together pour, instinctively,  
Our songs of gladness there.

The green-wood waved its shade hard by,  
While thus we wove our harmony:  
Lured by the mystic strain,  
A snow-white hare, that long had been  
Peering from forth her covert green,  
Came bounding o'er the plain.

Her beauty 't was a joy to note,  
The pureness of her downy coat,  
Her wild, yet gentle eye,

The pleasure that, despite her fear,  
Had led the timid thing so near,  
To list our minstrelsy!

All motionless, with head inclined,  
She stood, as if her heart divined  
The impulses of ours,—  
Till the last note had died, and then  
Turn'd half-reluctantly again,  
Back to her green-wood bowers.

Once more the magic sounds we tried—  
Again the hare was seen to glide  
From out her sylvan shade;  
Again—as joy had given her wings,  
Fleet as a bird she forward springs  
Along the dewy glade.

Go, happy thing! disport at will,—  
Take thy delight o'er vale and hill,  
Or rest in leafy bower:  
The harrier may beset thy way,  
The cruel snare thy feet betray!  
Enjoy thy little hour!

We know not, and we ne'er may know,  
The hidden springs of joy and woe  
That deep within thee lie.  
The silent workings of thy heart—  
They almost seem to have a part  
With our humanity!

## THE FUTURE.

THE flowers, the many flowers  
That all along the smiling valley grew,  
While the sun lay for hours,  
Kissing from off their drooping lids the dew;

They, to the summer air  
No longer prodigal, their sweet breath yield;  
Vainly, to bind her hair,  
The village maiden seeks them in the field.

The breeze, the gentle breeze  
That wander'd like a frolic child at play,  
Loitering 'mid blossom'd trees,  
Trailing their stolen sweets along its way,  
No more adventuresome,  
Its whisper'd love is to the violet given;  
The boisterous North has come,  
And scared the sportive trifer back to heaven.

The brook, the limpid brook  
That prattled of its coolness as it went  
Forth from its rocky nook,  
Leaping with joy to be no longer pent,—  
Its pleasant song is hush'd;—  
The sun no more looks down upon its play;—  
Freely, where once it gush'd,  
The mountain torrent drives its noisy way.

The hours, the youthful hours,  
When in the cool shade we were wont to lie,  
Idling with fresh cull'd flowers,  
In dreams that ne'er could know reality;—  
Fond hours, but half enjoy'd,  
Like the sweet summer breeze they pass'd away,  
And dear hopes were destroy'd,  
Like buds that die before the noon of day.

Young life, young turbulent life,  
If, like the stream, it take a wayward course,  
'T is lost 'mid folly's strife,—  
O'erwhelm'd, at length, by passion's curbless force.



Nor deem youth's buoyant hours  
For idle hopes or useless musings given:  
Who dreams away his powers,  
The reckless slumberer shall not wake to heaven.

## TO THE WHIPPOORWILL.

THE shades of eve are gathering slowly round,  
And silence hangs o'er meadow, grove, and hill,  
Save one lone voice, that, with continuous sound,  
Calls through the deep'ning twilight — *Whippoorwill*.

Faintly is heard the whispering mountain breeze;  
Faintly the rushing brook that turn'd the mill;  
Hush'd is the song of birds — the hum of bees; —  
The hour is all thine own, sad *Whippoorwill*!

No more the woodman's axe is heard to fall;  
No more the ploughman sings with rustic skill;  
As if earth's echoes woke no other call,  
Again, and yet again, comes *Whippoorwill*.

Alas! enough! before, my heart was sad;  
Sweet bird! thou mak'st it sadder, sadder still.  
Enough of mourning has my spirit had;  
I would not hear *thee* mourn, poor *Whippoorwill*.

Thoughts of my distant home upon me press,  
And thronging doubts, and fears of coming ill;  
My lone heart feels a deeper loneliness,  
Touch'd with that plaintive burthen — *Whippoorwill*.

Sing to the village lass, whose happy home  
Lies in yon quiet vale, behind the hill;  
But, doom'd far, far from all I love to roam,  
Sing not to me, oh gentle *Whippoorwill*.

Loved ones! my children! Ah, they cannot hear  
My voice that calls to them! An answer shrill,  
A shrill, unconscious answer, rises near,  
Repeating, still repeating *Whippoorwill!*

*Another* name my lips would breathe;—but then  
Such tender memories all my bosom fill,  
Back to my sorrowing breast it sinks again!  
Hush, or thou'lt break my heart, sad *Whippoorwill*

## HOPE.

THERE sits a woman on the brow  
Of yonder rocky height;  
There, gazing o'er the waves below,  
She sits from morn till night.

She heeds not how the mad waves leap  
Along the rugged shore;  
She looks for one upon the deep,  
She never may see more.

As morning twilight faintly gleams,  
Her shadowy form I trace;  
Wrapt in the silvery mist, she seems  
The Genius of the place!

Far other once was Rosalie;  
Her smile was glad, her voice,  
Like music o'er a summer sea,  
Said to the heart,—“rejoice!”

O'er her pure thoughts did sorrow fling  
Perchance a shade, 't would pass,  
Lightly as glides the breath of Spring  
Along the bending grass.

A sailor's bride 't was hers to be:—  
Wo to the faithless main!  
Nine summers since he went to sea,  
And ne'er returned again.

But long, where all is wreck'd beside,  
And every joy is chased,  
Long, long will lingering Hope abide  
Amid the dreary waste!

Nine years—though all had given him o'er,  
*Her* spirit doth not fail;  
And still she waits along the shore  
The never-coming sail.

On that high rock, abrupt and bare,  
Ever she sits, as now;  
The dews have damp'd her flowing hair,  
The sun has scorch'd her brow.

And every far-off sail she sees,  
And every passing cloud,  
Or white-wing'd sea-bird, on the breeze.  
She calls to it aloud.

The sea-bird answers to her cry;  
The cloud, the sail, float on;  
The hoarse wave mocks her misery,  
Yet is her hope not gone.

It cannot go;—with that to part,  
So long, so fondly nursed,  
So mingled with her faithful heart;  
That heart itself would burst.

When falling dews the clover steep,  
And birds are in their nest,  
And flower-buds folded up to sleep,  
And ploughmen gone to rest;

Down the rude track her feet have worn,—  
There scarce the goat may go,—  
Poor Rosalie, with look forlorn,  
Is seen descending slow.

But when the gray morn tints the sky.  
And lights that lofty peak,—  
With a strange lustre in her eye,  
A fever in her cheek,

Again she goes, untired, to sit  
And watch the livelong day;  
Nor till the star of eve is lit,  
E'er turns her steps away.

Hidden, and deep, and never dry,  
Or flowing, or at rest,  
A living spring of hope doth lie  
In every human breast.

All else may fail that soothes the heart,  
All, save that fount alone;  
With that and life at once we part,  
For life and hope are one!



## CAROLINE GILMAN.

Who, that has ever read the *Recollections of a Southern Matron*, with its wise clear thought, its delicate wit, its unaffected pathos, its fresh descriptions, and its vividly-drawn characters, but loves the name of Mrs. Caroline Gilman? Not we, assuredly. We must therefore be permitted to pay a warm tribute of gratitude for that most charming book. Mrs. Gilman, formerly Miss Howard, was born in Boston, in the year 1794. She married Dr. Samuel Gilman, a minister of a Unitarian church in Charleston, S. C., in 1819; and has resided ever since in that city, where both are distinguished for their high intellectual attainments, and venerated for their moral excellencies. For seven years Mrs. Gilman edited a literary gazette, called *The Southern Rose*. Her published works are, *Recollections of a New-England House-keeper*; *Recollections of a Southern Matron*; *Tales and Ballads*; *Love's Progress*; *Letters of Eliza Wilkinson*; *Stories and Poems for Children*; *Poetry of Travelling in the United States*; *Oracles from the Poets*; *The Sibyl*; and a volume of poetry now in the press, called, *Verses of a Life-time*. Her poems are unaffected and sprightly; inspired by warm domestic affection, and pure religious feeling.

### MY PIAZZA.

My piazza, my piazza! some boast their lordly halls,  
Where soften'd gleams of curtain'd light on golden treasure  
falls,

Where pictures in ancestral rank look stately side by side,  
And forms of beauty and of grace move on in living pride!

I envy not the gorgeousness that decks the crowded room,  
Where vases with exotic flowers throw out their sick perfume,  
With carpets where the slipper'd foot sinks soft in downy swell,  
And mirror'd walls reflect the cheek where dimpled beauties  
dwell.

My fresh and cool piazza! I seek the healthy breeze  
That circles round thy shading vines, and softly-waving trees,  
With step on step monotonous, I tread thy level floor,  
And muse upon the sacred past, or calmly look before.

My bright and gay piazza! I love thee in the hour,  
When morning decks with dewy gems the wavy blade and  
    flow'r,  
When the bird alights, and sings his song, upon the neigh-  
    bouring tree,  
As if his notes were only made to cheer himself and me.

My cool and fresh piazza! I love thee when the sun  
His long and fervid circuit o'er the burning earth has run;  
I joy to watch his parting light loom upward to the eye,  
And view the pencil-touch shade off, and then in softness die.

My sociable piazza! I prize thy quiet talk;  
When arm in arm with one I love, I tread the accustomed walk;  
Or loll within our rocking-chairs, not over nice or wise,  
And yield the careless confidence, where heart to heart replies.

My piazza, my piazza! my spirit oft rejoices,  
When from thy distant nooks I hear the sound of youthful  
    voices;  
The careless jest, the bursting laugh, the carol wildly gay,  
Or cheerful step, with exercise that crowns the studious day.

My beautiful piazza! thou hast thy nightly boast,  
When brightly in the darken'd sky appear the heavenly host;  
Arcturus glows more brilliantly than monarchs' blazing gem,  
And fair Corona sits enshrined, like angels' diadem.

My loved and lone piazza! the dear ones have departed,  
And each their nightly pillow seek, the young and happy-  
    hearted,  
I linger still, a solemn hush is brooding o'er the skies,  
A solemn hush upon the earth in tender silence lies.

I feel as if a spirit's wing came near and brush'd my heart,  
And bade, before I yield to sleep, earth's heavy cares depart;  
Father, in all simplicity, I breathe the prayer I love,  
Oh! watch around my slumbering form, or take my soul above!

## A SKETCH.

THE gay saloon was throng'd with grace and beauty,  
While astral rays shone out on lovely eyes,  
And lovely eyes look'd forth a clearer beam.

Fashion was there—not in her flaunting robes,  
Lavish of charms—but that fair sprite who moulds  
All to her touch, yet leaves it nature still.

The light young laugh came reed-like on the ear,  
Touching the cord of joy, electrical;  
And smiles too graceful for a sound passed out  
From ruby lips, like perfume from a flower.

Catching the gracious word of courtesy,  
The listening maid turn'd to the speaker's eye;  
And bowing in his honour'd lowliness,  
His manly head inclined to her slight form.

There was a hum of social harmony,  
“Like the soft south” upon the rushing seas.  
Between its pauses burst the harp's rich tone,  
Pour'd out by one who fill'd the poet's eye  
With fond fruition of his classic dream.

A voice was there—clear and distinct it rose,  
Like evening's star when other stars are dim;  
Clear, sweet and lonely, as that southern bird's  
Who on far turrets trills his midnight lay.  
In the heart's cavern, deep that voice went down,  
Waking up echoes of the silent past.

O woman! lovely in thy beauty's power!  
Thrice lovely, when we know that thou canst turn  
To duty's path, and tread it with a smile.



"HE FOR GOD ONLY, SHE FOR GOD IN HIM."

When Pleasure gilds thy passing hours,  
And Hope enwreaths her fairy flowers,  
And Love appears with playful hand  
To steal from Time his falling sand,  
Oh, then I'll smile with thee.

When nature's beauties bless thy sight,  
And yield a thrill of soft delight;  
When morning glories greet thy gaze,  
Or veiling twilight still delays,  
Then I'll admire with thee.

When the far-clustering stars unroll  
Their banner'd lights from pole to pole,  
Or when the moon glides queenly by,  
Looking in silence on thine eye,  
I'll gaze on Heaven with thee.

When music with her unsought lay  
Awakes the household holiday,  
Or Sabbath notes in concert strong  
Lift up the sacred wings of song,  
I'll sing those strains with thee.

But should misfortune hovering nigh  
Wrest from thy aching heart a sigh,  
Or, with an aspect chill and drear,  
Despondence draw the unbidden tear,  
Oh, then, I'll weep with thee.

Should poverty with withering hand  
Wave o'er thy head his care-wrought wand,  
And ope within thy soul the void  
That haunts a mind with hopes destroy'd,  
I'll share that pang with thee.



When youth and youthful pleasures fly,  
And earth is fading on thine eye,  
When life has lost its early charm,  
And all thy wish is holy calm,  
I'll love that calm with thee.

And when unerring death, at last,  
Comes rushing on time's fatal blast,  
And naught (not e'en my love) can save  
Thy form from the encroaching grave,  
I'll share that grave with thee.

And when thy spirit soars above,  
Wrapt in the foldings of God's love,  
Is it too much to ask of Heaven,  
That some low seat may there be given,  
Where I can bow near thee?

## MY GARDEN.

My garden, fresh and beautiful!—the spell of frost is o'er,  
And earth sends out its varied leaves, a rich and lavish store;  
My heart too breaks its wintry chain, with stem and leaf and  
flower,  
And glows in hope and happiness amid the spring-tide hour.

'Tis sunset in my garden—the flowers and buds have caught  
Bright revelations from the skies in wondrous changes  
wrought;  
And as the twilight hastens on, a spiritual calm  
Seems resting on the quiet leaves which evening dew em-  
balm.

'Tis moonlight in my garden; like some fair babe at rest,  
The day-flower folds its silky wing upon its pulseless breast;  
Nor is it vain philosophy to think that plants may keep  
A holiday of airy dreams beneath their graceful sleep.

'Tis morning in my garden; each leaf of crisped green  
Hangs tremulous in diamond gems with emerald rays between.  
It is the birth of nature; baptized in early dew,  
The plants look meekly up and smile as if their God they  
knew.

My garden — fair and brilliant! — the butterfly outspread  
Alights with gentle fluttering on the wall-flower's golden head,  
Then darting to the lily-bed floats o'er its sheeted white,  
And settles on the violet's cup with fanciful delight.

My quiet little garden! — I hear the rolling wheel  
Of the city's busy multitude along the highway peal,  
I tread thy paths more fondly, and inhale the circling air  
That glads and cools me on its way from that wide mart of  
care.

My friendly little garden! few worldly goods have I  
To tender with o'erflowing heart in blessed charity,  
But, like the cup of water by a pure disciple given,  
An herb or flower may tell its tale of kindness in heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

My faith-inspiring garden! thy seeds so dark and cold  
Late slept in utter loneliness amid earth's senseless mould;  
No sunbeams fell upon them, nor west-wind's gentle breath,  
But there they lay in nothingness, an image meet of death.

Now, lo! they rise in gorgeous ranks, and glad the eager eye,  
And on the wooing summer-breeze their odour passes by;  
The flower-grave cannot chain them; the spirit-life upsprings  
And scatters beauty in its path from thousand unseen wings.

My garden! may the morning dew rest lightly on thy bowers,  
And summer clouds distil around their most refreshing showers,  
And when the daily sun withdraws his golden tent above,  
May moon and stars look watchful down and bless thee with  
their love.

## OLD AGE.

WHY should old age escape unnoticed here,  
That sacred era to reflection dear?  
That peaceful shore where passion dies away,  
Like the last wave that ripples o'er the bay?  
Oh, if old age were cancell'd from our lot,  
Full soon would man deplore the unhallow'd blot!  
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,  
And earth would lose her stepping-stone to heaven.

## THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,  
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.  
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie  
Languidly under the bright blue sky.  
See, how slowly the streamlet glides;  
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;  
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,  
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.  
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,  
And the flies go about him one by one;  
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,  
Without ever thinking of washing her face.  
There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,  
But very lazily flieth he,  
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,  
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear  
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,  
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,  
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,  
That sails about with its misty shroud;  
Books and work I no more should see,  
And I'd come and float, 'dear mother, o'er thee.

THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE CITY.

BIRD of the south! is this a scene to waken  
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone?  
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken—  
Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending  
Joy to the happy, soothings to the sad;  
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending,  
And I am glad.

And I will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,  
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home;  
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving,  
Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding  
Still swell the note of human joy aloud;  
Nor, with untrusting soul, kind Heaven upbraiding,  
Sigh 'mid the crowd.



## SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

THIS excellent lady, whose maiden name was Buell, was born at Newport, New Hampshire. Her mother was a woman of remarkably clear and cultivated mind, and to her intelligent conversation, and happy talent of communicating knowledge, Mrs. Hale traces her own delight in learning, and desire for intellectual advancement. She was married when very young to David Hale, Esq., who was a lawyer by profession, and a man whose tastes and feelings were in every way congenial with her own. It was not until his death, in 1822, that she first seriously thought of becoming an authoress; then, her straitened circumstances, and her affectionate anxiety to procure for her children the advantages of a good education, determined her to put her talents out at interest, and seek in literature the means of gratifying her warm maternal desires. Her first published work was a small volume of *Poems*; selected from articles written when a girl for her own amusement. The next, *Northwood*, a novel in two volumes, (chiefly descriptive of New England life,) which was favourably received, and at that time much admired. In 1828, she undertook the editorship of *The American Ladies' Magazine*, established in Boston. During her residence in that city, she published *Sketches of American Character*, *Flora's Interpreter*, *Traits of American Life*, *The Ladies' Wreath*, and several books for children.

Mrs. Hale has lived in Philadelphia a number of years past, and is respected there no less for her many virtues and social excellencies, than for her taste and skill as an author and an editor. The numerous readers of that popular magazine, *The Lady's Book*, are indebted to her for the discriminating judgment with which she gathers, and arranges for their mental refreshment, the fruits and flowers of genius. She also edits *The Opal*, a religious annual of much attraction. *Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love; and other Poems*, published in January, 1848, is the largest and latest collection of her poetry. Many of these poems, besides the first, are entirely new, though some we recognize as old friends; *Alice Ray*, for instance, a simple story of every-day life, clad in graceful rhymes; which contains several exquisite touches of nature, and has been a universal favourite since its first appearance, in 1845. The smaller poems in this volume are marked by that chasteness and

simplicity which invariably characterize Mrs. Hale's writings; while *Iron*, and a few others, display much strength of expression, and originality of thought. In all, there is some good lesson inculcated; showing a healthiness of sentiment, and a soundness of heart, more valuable than the most brilliant imagination. *Harry Guy, a Story of the Sea*, has recently appeared from her pen. It is a poem printed in pamphlet form, and was written with the kind intention (which we trust will be fully realized) of doing something in the cause of the much-neglected sailor, "making his condition better understood, his character more highly appreciated." This is another proof that in all the efforts of her industrious mind, the chief object in view is usefulness, the main-spring, benevolence.

## IRON.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—PSALMS, lxxxv. 11.

As, in lonely thought, I ponder'd  
 On the marv'lous things of earth,  
 And, in fancy's dreaming, wonder'd  
 At their beauty, power, and worth,  
 Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—  
 Oh! that God would make me know,  
 Through the spirit's clear revealing—  
 What, of all his works below  
 Is to man a boon the greatest,  
 Brightening on from age to age,  
 Serving truest, earliest, latest,  
 Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,  
 Shaggy, desolate and lone,  
 Their scarr'd heads were threat'ning o'er me,  
 Their dark shadows round me thrown;  
 Then a voice, from out the mountains,  
 As an earthquake shook the ground,  
 And like frighten'd fawns the fountains,  
 Leaping, fled before the sound;

And the Anak oaks bow'd lowly,  
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—  
While the deep response came slowly,  
Or it must have crush'd mine ear!

“Iron! Iron! Iron!”—crashing,  
Like the battle-axe and shield;  
Or the sword on helmet clashing,  
Through a bloody battle-field:  
“Iron! Iron! Iron!”—rolling,  
Like the far-off cannon's boom;  
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,  
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom  
“Iron! Iron! Iron!”—swinging,  
Like the summer winds at play;  
Or as bells of Time were ringing  
In the blest Millennial Day!

Then the clouds of ancient fable  
Clear'd away before mine eyes;  
Truth could tread a footing stable,  
O'er the gulf of mysteries!  
Words, the prophet bards had utter'd,  
Signs, the oracle foretold,  
Spells, the weird-like Sibyl mutter'd,  
Through the twilight days of old,  
Rightly read, beneath the splendour,  
Shining now on history's page,  
All their faithful witness render—  
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus, for ever toiling,  
Was the type of toiling men,  
While the stone of power, recoiling,  
Crush'd them back to earth again!

Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,  
Imaged man in mental chain,  
While the vultures, on him feeding,  
Were the passions' vengeful reign;  
Still a ray of mercy tarried  
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,  
For this mystic faith had married  
Vulcan to the Queen of love!

Rugged strength and radiant beauty —  
These were one in nature's plan;  
Humble toil and heavenward duty —  
These will form the perfect man!  
Darkly was this doctrine taught us  
By the gods of heathendom;  
But the living light was brought us,  
When the gospel morn had come!  
How the glorious change, expected,  
Could be wrought, was then made free;  
Of the earthly, when perfected,  
Rugged Iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"  
This the word of God makes known,—  
Thence are harvests men to nourish —  
There let Iron's power be shown.  
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,  
Ploughshares forge to break the soil;—  
Then will Mind attain its glory,  
Then will Labour reap the spoil,—  
Error cease the soul to wilder,  
Crime be check'd by simple good,  
As the little coral builder  
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,  
Means of greater good increase;



Iron, slave of war no longer,  
Leads the onward march of peace;  
Still new modes of service finding,  
Ocean, earth, and air it moves,  
And the distant nations binding,  
Like the kindred tie it proves;  
With its Atlas-shoulder sharing  
Loads of human toil and care;  
On its wing of lightning bearing  
Thought's swift mission through the air!

As the rivers, farthest flowing,  
In the highest hills have birth;  
As the banyan, broadest growing,  
Oftenest bows its head to earth,—  
So the noblest minds press onward,  
Channels far of good to trace;  
So the largest hearts bend downward,  
Circling all the human race;  
Thus, by Iron's aid, pursuing  
Through the earth their plans of love,  
Men our Father's will are doing,  
Here, as angels do above.

## THE CHASE OF PLEASURE.

We all are children in our strife to seize  
Each petty pleasure, as it lures the sight:  
And like the tall tree, swaying in the breeze,  
Our lofty wishes stoop their towering flight,  
Till, when the aim is won, it seems no more  
Than gather'd shell from ocean's countless store.

Or, like the boy, whose eager hand is raised  
To seize the shining fly that folds its wings,  
We grasp the pleasure, and then stand amazed  
To find how small the real good it brings!

The joy is in the chase—so finds the boy—  
When seized, then he must lose it, or destroy.

And yet the child will have enjoyment true,  
The sweet and simple pleasure of success;  
He reasons not, as older minds would do,  
How he shall show the world his happiness:  
And, wiser than the crowds who seek display,  
His own glad earnest purpose makes him gay.

And ever those who would enjoyment gain,  
Must find it in the purpose they pursue;  
The sting of falsehood loses half its pain  
If our own soul bear witness—we are true!  
What matter though the scorn of fools be given,  
If the path followed lead us on to heaven!

#### THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

“There’s wisdom in the grass, its teachings would we heed.”

THERE knelt beneath the tulip tree  
A maiden fair and young;  
The flowers o’erhead bloom’d gorgeously,  
As though by rainbows flung,  
And all around were daisies bright,  
And pansies with their eyes of light,  
Like gold the sun-kiss’d crocus shone,  
With beauty’s smiles the earth seem’d strown,  
And Love’s warm incense fill’d the air,  
While the fair girl was kneeling there.

In vain the flowers may woo around,—  
Their charms she does not see,  
For she a dearer prize has found  
Beneath the tulip tree;—

A little *four-leaved clover*, green  
As robes that grace the fairy queen,  
And fresh as hopes of early youth,  
When life is love, and love is truth;  
— A talisman of constant love,  
This humble clover sure will prove!

And on her heart, that gentle maid  
The sever'd leaves has press'd,  
Which through the coming night's dark shade  
Beneath her cheek will rest;  
Then precious dreams of *one* will rise,  
Like Love's own star in morning skies,  
So sweetly bright, we would the day  
His glowing chariot might delay; —  
What tomes of pure and tender thought  
Those simple leaves to her have taught!

Of old the sacred mistletoe  
The Druid's altar bound;  
The Roman hero's haughty brow  
The fadeless laurel crown'd.  
Dark superstition's sway is past,  
And war's red star is waning fast,  
Nor mistletoe, nor laurel hold  
The mystic language breathed of old;  
For nature's life no power can give,  
To bid the false and selfish live.

But still the olive-leaf imparts,  
As when, dove-borne, at first,  
It taught heaven's lore to human hearts,  
Its hope, and joy, and trust;  
Nor deem the faith from folly springs,  
Which innocent enjoyment brings;  
Better from earth root every flower,  
Than crush imagination's power,

In true and loving minds, to raise  
An Eden for their coming days.

As on each rock, where plants can cling,  
The sunshine will be shed;  
As from the tiniest star-lit spring,  
The ocean's depths are fed;  
Thus hopes will rise, if love's clear ray  
Keep warm and bright life's rock-strewn way;  
And from small, daily joys, distill'd,  
The heart's deep fount of peace is fill'd; —  
Oh! blest when Fancy's ray is given,  
Like the ethereal spark, from heaven!

#### THE WATCHER.

THE night was dark and fearful,  
The blast swept wailing by;  
A Watcher, pale and tearful,  
Look'd forth with anxious eye;  
How wistfully she gazes —  
No gleam of morn is there!  
And then her heart upraises  
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,  
Where want and darkness reign,  
Her precious child, her only,  
Lay moaning in his pain;  
And death alone can free him —  
She feels that this must be:  
"But oh! for morn to see him  
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing  
In yonder mansion fair,



And merry feet are dancing —  
They heed not morning there:  
Oh! young and lovely creatures,  
One lamp, from out your store,  
Would give that poor boy's features  
To her fond gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining —  
She heedeth not its ray;  
Beside her dead, reclining,  
That pale, dead mother lay!  
A smile her lip was wreathing,  
A smile of hope and love,  
As though she still were breathing —  
"There's light for us above!"

## I SING TO HIM.

I SING to *him*! I dream he hears  
The song he used to love,  
And oft that blessed fancy cheers  
And bears my thoughts above.  
Ye say, 'tis idle thus to dream —  
But why believe it so?  
It is the spirit's meteor gleam,  
To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to nature's voice a tone  
That true hearts understand;—  
The sky, the earth, the forest lone  
Are peopled by his wand;  
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill  
While gazing on a flower,  
And from the gently whisp'ring rill  
Are heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherish'd name,  
And long-lost scenes arise;  
Life's, glowing landscape spreads the same;  
The same Hope's kindling skies;—  
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat  
Beneath the drooping tree,  
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,  
My buried love, with thee;—

O, these are all before me, when  
In fancy's realms I rove;  
Why urge me to the world again?  
Why say the ties of love,  
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,  
Unite no more below?  
I'll sing to him,—for though in heaven,  
He surely heeds my wo!

## DESCRIPTION OF ALICE RAY.

(FROM ALICE RAY.)

THE birds their love-notes warble  
Among the blossom'd trees;  
The flowers are sighing forth their sweets  
To wooing honey-bees;  
The glad brook o'er a pebbly floor  
Goes dancing on its way;—  
But not a thing is so like spring  
As happy Alice Ray.

An only child was Alice,  
And, like the blest above,  
The gentle maid had ever breathed  
An atmosphere of love;

Her father's smile like sunshine came,  
Like dew her mother's kiss,  
Their love and goodness made her home,  
Like heaven, the place of bliss.

Beneath such tender training,  
The joyous child had sprung,  
Like one bright flower, in wild-wood bower,  
And gladness round her flung;  
And all who met her bless'd her,  
And turned again to pray,  
That grief and care might ever spare  
The happy Alice Ray.

The gift that made her charming  
Was not from Venus caught;  
Nor was it, Pallas-like, derived  
From majesty of thought;—  
Her healthful cheek was tinged with brown,  
Her hair without a curl;  
But then her eyes were love-lit stars,  
Her teeth as pure as pearl.

And when in merry laughter  
Her sweet, clear voice was heard,  
It well'd from out her happy heart  
Like carol of a bird;  
And all who heard were moved to smiles,  
As at some mirthful lay,  
And, to the stranger's look, replied —  
“'Tis that dear Alice Ray.”

And so she came, like sunbeams  
That bring the April green;  
As type of nature's royalty,  
They call'd her “Woodburn's Queen!”

A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness,  
Like spring-time of the year,  
Seem'd ever on her steps to wait,—  
No wonder she was dear.

## THE MISSISSIPPI.

MONARCH of Rivers in the wide domain  
Where Freedom writes her signature in stars,  
And bids her Eagle bear the blazing scroll  
To usher in the reign of peace and love,  
Thou mighty Mississippi!—may my song  
Swell with thy power, and though an humble rill,  
Roll, like thy current, through the sea of Time,  
Bearing thy name, as tribute from my soul  
Of fervent gratitude and holy praise,  
To Him who pour'd thy multitude of waves.

Shadow'd beneath those awful piles of stone,  
Where Liberty has found a Pisgah height,  
O'erlooking all the land she loves to bless,  
The jagged rocks and icy towers her guard,  
Whose splinter'd summits seize the warring clouds,  
And roll them, broken, like a host o'erthrown,  
Adown the Mountain's side, scattering their wealth  
Of powder'd pearl and liquid diamond drops,—  
THERE is thy Source,—great River of the West!

Slowly, like youthful Titan gathering strength  
To war with heaven and win himself a name,  
The stream moves onward through the dark ravines,  
Rending the roots of over-arching trees,  
To form its narrow channel, where the star,  
That fain would bathe its beauty in the wave,  
Like lover's glance steals, trembling, through the leaves



That veil the waters with a vestal's care;—  
And few of human form have ventured there,  
Save the swart savage in his bark canoe.

But now it deepens, struggles, rushes on;  
Like goaded war-horse, bounding o'er the foe,  
It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,  
Leaping, as Curtius leap'd adown the gulf,  
And rising, like Antæus from the fall,  
Its course majestic through the Land pursues,  
And the broad River o'er the Valley reigns!

It reigns alone. The tributary streams  
Are humble vassals, yielding to its sway.  
And when the wild Missouri fain would join  
A rival in the race—as Jacob seized  
On his red brother's birth-right, even so  
The swelling Mississippi grasps that wave,  
And, rebaptizing, makes the waters one.

It reigns alone—and Earth the sceptre feels:—  
Her ancient trees are bow'd beneath the wave,  
Or, rent like reeds before the whirlwind's swoop,  
Toss on the bosom of the madden'd flood,  
A floating forest, till the waters, calm'd,  
Like slumbering anaconda gorged with prey,  
Open a haven to the moving mass,  
Or form an island in the dark abyss.

It reigns alone. Old Nile would ne'er bedew  
The Lands it blesses with its fertile tide.  
Even sacred Ganges, joined with Egypt's flood,  
Would shrink beside this wonder of the West!  
Ay, gather Europe's royal Rivers all—  
The snow-swell'd Neva, with an Empire's weight  
On her broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;  
Dark Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursued,

Through shaggy forests and from palace walls,  
To hide its terrors in a sea of gloom;  
The castled Rhine, whose vine-crown'd waters flow,  
The fount of fable and the source of song;  
The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths  
The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;  
The yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,  
A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;  
And Seine, where Fashion glasses fairest forms;  
And Thames, that bears the riches of the world;  
Gather their waters in one ocean mass,  
—Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,  
Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,  
Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song!

And thus the Peoples, from the many Lands,  
Where these old streams are household memories,  
Mingle beside our River, and are one;  
And join to swell the strength of Freedom's tide,  
That from the fount of Truth is flowing on,  
To sweep Earth's thousand tyrannies away.

How wise—how wonderful the works of God!  
And, hallow'd by his goodness, all are good.  
The creeping glow-worm—the careering sun  
Are kindled from the effluence of his light.  
The ocean and the acorn-cup are fill'd  
By gushings from the fountain of his love.  
He pour'd the Mississippi's torrent forth,  
And heaved its tide above the trembling land,—  
Grand type how Freedom lifts the Citizen  
Above the *subject* masses of the world—  
And mark'd the limits it may never pass.  
Trust in His promises, and bless His power,  
Ye dwellers on its banks, and be at peace.

And ye, whose way is on this warrior wave,  
When the swoln waters heave with ocean's might,  
And storms and darkness close the gate of heaven,  
And the frail bark, fire-driven, bounds quivering on,  
As though it rent the iron shroud of night,  
And struggled with the demons of the flood—  
Fear nothing! He who shields the folded flower,  
When tempests rage, is ever present here.  
Lean on "Our Father's" breast in faith and prayer,  
And Sleep,—His arm of love is strong to save.

Great Source of Being, Beauty, Light and Love!  
Creator! Lord! the waters worship thee!  
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers;  
Ere the glad hills leap'd upward, or the earth,  
With swelling bosom, waited for her child;  
Before eternal Love had lit the sun,  
Or Time had traced his dial-plate in stars,  
The joyful anthem of the waters flow'd;—  
And Chaos like a frighten'd felon fled,  
While on the Deep the Holy Spirit moved.

And evermore the Deep has worshipp'd God;  
And Bards and Prophets tune their mystic lyres,  
While listening to the music of the floods.  
Oh! could I catch this harmony of sounds,  
As borne on dewy wings they float to heaven,  
And blend their meaning with my closing strain!

Hark! as a reed-harp thrill'd by whispering winds,  
Or Naiad murmurs from a pearl-lipp'd shell,  
It comes—the melody of many waves!  
And loud, with Freedom's world-awaking note,  
The deep-toned Mississippi leads the choir.  
—The pure sweet Fountains chant of heavenly hope,  
The chorus of the Rills is household love;

The Rivers roll their song of social joy;  
And Ocean's organ voice is sounding forth  
The Hymn of Universal Brotherhood!

## THE FIRST SWALLOW.

"One swallow does not make a summer."—OLD PROVERB.

Out on the wisdom frozen  
By ice-cold doubts and fears!  
Why should life's path be chosen  
Through sorrow's vale of tears?  
A child, how I detested  
The "ifs" and "buts" to hear,  
When, with Hope's charm invested,  
Some promised joy was near:  
Still in my heart is shining  
The light divine, which lends  
Each cloud a silver lining,  
O'er storms a rainbow bends.

Then welcome little swallow,  
Thou'lt bring the summer fair—  
With pleasant thoughts I follow  
Thy waltzing through the air;  
What though bright flowers have faded,  
That once my pathway bless'd,  
What though green bowers are shaded,  
Where sunshine used to rest:  
Yet still my soul rejoices,  
And every shadow flies,  
When nature's thousand voices,  
In summer gladness rise.

There's not a plant that springeth,  
But bears some good to earth—



There's not a life but bringeth  
Its store of harmless mirth —  
The dusty way-side clover  
Has honey in its cells,  
The wild bee, humming over,  
Her tale of pleasure tells;  
The osiers, o'er the fountain,  
Keep cool the water's breast,  
And on the roughest mountain  
The softest moss is press'd.

Thus holy Wisdom teaches  
The worth of blessings small,  
That Love pervades, and reaches,  
And forms the bliss of all;  
The trusting eye, joy-seeking,  
Some Eden finds or makes,  
The glad voice, kindly speaking,  
Some kindred tone awakes:  
Nor need we power or splendour,  
Wide hall or lordly dome;  
The good, the true, the tender,  
These form the wealth of home.

The pilgrim swallow cometh  
To her forsaken nest —  
So must the heart that roameth  
Return, to find its rest,  
Where Love sheds summer's lustre, —  
And wheresoe'er 't is found,  
There sweetest flowers will cluster,  
And dearest joys abound;  
Thus Heaven to all doth render  
The prize of happiness;  
The good, the true, the tender,  
Earth's lowliest lot may bless.

## BONDS.

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside."

COWPER.

YE may place the trusty guard,  
Bolt the dark and narrow room,  
Bind the heavy fetter hard,  
Till the links the flesh consume;  
Never, never, thus confined,  
Will enslaved the prisoner be —  
There 's no fetter on his mind;  
And the spirit will be free,—  
If stern memory's thrilling tone  
Wake no terrors in his heart;  
In the vision'd future, shown,  
If he act the lofty part.

YE may bar him from the air,  
And the light of heaven forbid,—  
There 's a region fresh and fair,  
And its smile can ne'er be hid  
From the meek and trusting eyes,  
Looking upward steadily;  
And his thoughts will thus arise,  
Till he triumphs with the free,—  
If his soul have never bow'd  
When a golden Image shone —  
If among the servile crowd,  
He would follow Truth alone;

YE may deck the lofty hall  
With the wealth of earth and sea,  
And, in splendour over all  
Wave the banners of the free —

Ye may crown the conqueror there,  
With the laurels of the brave;  
'Mid the honours ye prepare,  
He shall feel himself a slave,—  
If ambition rule his thought,  
And the highest place he ask,  
All the labours he has wrought  
Are but scourges to his task.

Ye may twine the living flowers  
Where the living fountains glide,  
And beneath the rosy bowers  
Let the selfish man abide,  
And the birds upon the wing,  
And the barks upon the wave,  
Shall no sense of freedom bring;  
All is slavery to the slave!  
Mammon's close-link'd bonds have bound him,  
Self-imposed, and seldom burst;  
Though heaven's waters gush around him,  
He would pine with earth's poor thirst.

## THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,  
And cheek like opening blossom,  
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,  
And glitter'd on her bosom,  
And pearls and costly diamonds deck  
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,  
The jewell'd robe around her,  
And dazzling as the noon-tide light  
The radiant zone that bound her,—  
And pride and joy were in her eye,  
And mortals bow'd as she pass'd by.

Another came — o'er her sweet face  
 A pensive shade was stealing;  
 Yet there no grief of earth we trace,  
 But heaven-hallow'd feeling,  
 Which mourns the heart should ever stray  
 From the pure fount of Truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,  
 The glossy tresses cluster,  
 Nor pearl, nor ornament was there,  
 Save the meek spirit's lustre; —  
 And faith and hope beam'd in her eye,  
 And angels bow'd as she pass'd by.

#### IS CHINA OUR NEIGHBOUR?

And Jesus said, Which was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? — And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise. — *St. Luke.*

CAN China be our neighbour,  
 And yet receive no care?  
 Shall Christians cease their labour,  
 And leave her to despair?  
 Her children, sunk in sorrow,  
 Are sick with many ills,  
 To-day is sad — to-morrow  
 A deeper shadow fills.

And bow'd in tribulation,  
 No light athwart the gloom,  
 That old and haughty nation  
 Seems hastening to her doom;  
 The cup of woe is tasted, —  
 And must she, 'neath war's frown,  
 Like Babylon be wasted?  
 Like Egypt trodden down?



Oh! when those nations perish'd,  
No Saviour's name was known,  
No brother's love was cherish'd —  
No Christian kindness shown;  
Now, where's the heart so frozen  
But feels the Gospel ray?  
And we, as Freedom's chosen,  
Should lead in Mercy's way.

As gentle dews, distilling,  
Cause wither'd plants to live,  
So Love, her work fulfilling,  
Her alms and prayers must give;  
Till China's millions, breaking  
From sin's dark bonds, arise,  
Like death to life awaking,  
When Christ descends the skies!

As early flowers, upspringing,  
Proclaim the opening year,  
So love and hope are bringing  
The day of promise near; —  
Each tear by pity given,  
Each mite in faith bestow'd,  
Makes earth more like to heaven,  
Where all is done for God.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

WHEN Orpheus struck his burning lyre,  
Mute Nature caught creative fire,  
Rough stones obey'd the swelling sound,  
In mystic measure moved around,  
Till, polish'd by the harmony,  
The finish'd structure, grand and free,  
Rose like the star that heralds day,  
To show Man's Mind its work and way!

The sword may sever slavery's chain,  
The strong arm crush the tyrant's reign,  
As lightning from the lurid sky  
Shatters and scathes the Temple high;—  
But 'tis the sweet-voiced Spring that calls  
The ivy o'er the broken walls,  
And gently swaying in the blasts,  
The fragile plant the Pile outlasts.

And thus the power of Music's breath  
Re-clothes the wastes of Time and Death.  
The "blind old man" begins his strain,  
And Greece is "living Greece" again!  
The Songs that flow'd on Zion's Hill  
Are chanted in God's Temple still,  
And to the eye of faith unfold  
The glories of His House of old!

Each Prophet-Bard of ancient days  
Still breathes for us his lofty lays;  
The words that bear a mission high,  
If Music-hallow'd, never die;—  
And thus Religion, Law and Art,  
Sow their choice seeds in every heart;  
From age to age the Song flows on,  
And blends fresh life with glories gone.

A mystery this—but who can see  
The soft south wind that sways the tree,  
And warms its vital flood to flow,  
And wakes its folded buds to blow?—  
Even thus the Power of Music, felt.  
The soul is sway'd, the heart will melt,  
Till Love and Hope so bless the Hours,  
Life's dial-plate is mark'd by flowers.

And every Temple Art has rear'd  
Some truth has taught, some error clear'd;  
But only Music's voice leads on,  
When Time is o'er and Heaven is won;  
The Angel-Art to mortals taught —  
The golden chord of human thought,  
When pure, and tuned by Faith and Love,  
Link'd with the golden harps above!

## IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the School-boy — "hurrah!" and his shout  
Is ringing through parlour and hall,  
While swift, as the wing of a swallow, he's out,  
And his playmates have answer'd his call:  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;  
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,  
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,  
As he gathers his treasures of snow.  
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,  
While health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile — "Ah!" and his breath  
Comes heavy, as clogg'd with a weight;  
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,  
He turns to the blaze of his grate;  
And nearer, and nearer, his soft cushion'd chair  
Is wheel'd toward the life-giving flame —  
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burden'd air,  
Lest it wither his delicate frame:  
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveller — "Ho!" and the word  
Has quicken'd his steed's lagging pace;



The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;  
For bright through the tempest his own home appear'd—  
Ay, though leagues interven'd, he can see;  
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
And his wife with their babes at her knee.  
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,  
That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

"It snows!" cries the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns  
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;  
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,  
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:  
There are visions of conquests, of splendour, and mirth,  
Floating over each drear winter's day;  
But the tintings of Hope, on this snow-beaten earth,  
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away:  
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,  
That world has a pure fount ne'er open'd in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sighs  
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;  
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.  
'T is night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—  
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"  
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,  
And she lays on her last chip of wood.  
Poor suff'rer! that sorrow thy God only knows—  
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!



## MARIA JAMES

WAS born in Wales, about the year 1795, and accompanied her parents to this country when she was seven years old. They were a poor but pious and industrious couple, and took pains to implant in Maria's mind that fear of God and love to man, which made her the conscientious, modest, and trustworthy person she really was. They settled near the state quarries of Clinton, New York, which were worked chiefly by Welsh people. After two years of schooling, Maria entered the family of Mrs. Garretson, of Rhinebeck, (widow of the late Rev. Freeborn Garretson, and sister to the Hon. Edward Livingston,) to be trained as a domestic, where she had many opportunities of improving herself, and was treated with the utmost kindness and attention. Here she first attempted to give expression to the poetical thoughts that were awakened within; but shrank with instinctive modesty from the name of poet, which was bestowed on her by the family. She remained until her seventeenth year with Mrs. Garretson, when she was sent to New York, to learn dress-making. This did not agree with her, however; so she sought and filled for some time the situation of nurse in the family of Clement C. Moore, LL. D., of New York. After an absence of eight or nine years, she returned to Rhinebeck, and proved "the dignity of serving" by her faithfulness and quiet zeal in the family of her beloved mistress. Her taste for intellectual pleasures never interfered with or spoiled the performance of her humble domestic duties; but while occupied in her daily housework, she composed her best pieces, though weeks would sometimes elapse before she committed them to paper. Nearly all have been collected into a volume, called *Wales and other Poems*, which was published in 1839, with an able introduction by Dr. Potter; who says, "Some of these pieces will be found, I trust, to breathe the true spirit of poetry; none will question that they breathe a yet nobler spirit, the spirit of true piety." Maria James is a striking illustration of the fact that true genius, refinement, and real worth, are often found in stations where we least expect them.

## THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

THE hues of parting day  
Are fading in the west,  
And now the twilight gray  
Invites the swain to rest;  
A welcome pause, a moment given  
To lift the thoughts from earth to heaven.

Now memory wakes the grief,  
The joys long, long gone by;  
Nor heeds the rustling leaf  
The breeze's gentle sigh:  
Dreams of the past, that come with power,  
To haunt us at the twilight hour.

Rise, grov'ler! stay no more,  
But stretch thy feeble wings,  
And strive by faith to soar  
Above terrestrial things;  
Where morn, and noon, and twilight gray,  
Are lost in one eternal day.

## CHRISTMAS.

LET us chaunt the solemn lay,  
Let us celebrate the day,  
Hail with joy the auspicious morn,  
When the Son of Man was born.

Eastern sages, journeying far,  
Saw ye not that beauteous star  
Shed its brightest, purest ray,  
Where the King of Glory lay?

Shepherds on Judea's plain,  
Heard ye not the blissful strain,  
When the messengers of light  
Broke the silence of the night?

Babe of Beth'lem, lowly laid!  
Angels hover round thy bed,  
Pausing o'er the tuneful lyre,  
As they wonder and admire.

Hope of Israel! welcome thou!  
Every tribe to thee shall bow,  
Every tongue thy right proclaim,  
Every land adore thy name.

Prince of Peace! thy reign shall be  
Wide as earth from sea to sea;  
Where is now nor love nor fear,  
There thy glorious standard rear.

Where the western wilds have lain,  
Ages bound in error's chain,  
There, thy saving power they prove,  
There, they chaunt redeeming love.

Ethiopia's vail is riven;  
Lo, she lifts her hands to heaven:  
See her raise the imploring eye!  
Hear her sable offspring cry:—

“Pour, oh pour the matchless strain,  
Sounded once on Judah's plain!  
Sweetest song since time began:  
‘Peace on earth,—good-will to man!’”

## GOOD-FRIDAY.

THE scene is fresh before us,  
When Jesus drain'd the cup,  
As new the day comes o'er us,  
When He was offer'd up:

The veil in sunder rending,  
The types and shadows flee,  
While heaven and earth are bending  
Their gaze on Calvary.

Should mortal dare in numbers,  
Where angels trembling stand?  
Or wake the harp that slumbers  
In flaming seraph's hand?

Then tell the wond'rous story  
Where rolls salvation's wave,  
And give him all the glory,  
Who came the lost to save.

## THE PICTURE.

These lines were suggested by the writer's calling to see a very aged and venerable lady, (widow of the late Benjamin Moore,) whom she found sitting for her picture. New York, June 4th, 1838.

ERE dissolves the house of clay,  
Ere the vision melts away,  
Ere descend the tottering walls,  
Ere the sacred mantle falls,  
Lay the colouring,—mingle there  
Mary's love and Martha's care:  
Hers an ear for others' woe,  
Hers the hand, the heart to do;  
But in serving had she rest,  
But in blessing was she bless'd.



## WHAT IS POETRY?

A LAMBENT flame within the breast;  
A thought harmoniously express'd;  
A distant meteor's glimmering ray;  
A light that often leads astray;  
A harp, whose ever-varying tone  
Might waken to the breeze's moan  
A lake, in whose transparent face  
Fair nature's lovely form we trace;  
A blooming flower, in gardens rare,  
Yet found in deserts bleak and bare;  
A charm o'er every object thrown;  
A bright creation of its own;  
A burst of feeling, warm and wild,  
From nature's own impassion'd child.

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## JESSIE G. M'CARTEE.

ALTHOUGH the subject of this notice is entirely unknown to the literary world, never having written a book, or contributed to the magazines of the day, or imprinted her poetry anywhere except in the hearts of her family, and now and then in the pages of a country newspaper; yet we are gratified by the permission so kindly granted us, to place her pure and pious lays among those of the acknowledged American poetesses. Mrs. M'Cartee is the wife of the Rev. Dr. M'Cartee, of Goshen, Orange county, N. Y., where she has lived for a number of years, quietly and meekly fulfilling her responsible duties as a minister's wife, and the mother of a very large family. Her father, Mr. Divie Bethune, came from Scotland at an early age, and settled as a merchant in New York; where his active philanthropy, and unostentatious benevolence, made him known to all classes, rich and poor;

while, in a smaller circle, he was held up as a pattern of those virtues and graces which made him a perfect Christian gentleman. He died in 1824. Her mother is a daughter of the celebrated Isabella Graham, (whose name is too universally loved and honoured to need a word in passing, pleasant though it would be to render a tribute of grateful reverence to her memory,) and is herself distinguished in the religious world, for her unwearying energy and unfailing zeal in the cause of suffering humanity. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy;" while multitudes of orphan "children rise up and call her blessed." Dr. Bethune of Philadelphia, the poet, orator, and divine, is the only brother of Mrs. M'Cartee. She has written much, (though not for publication,) having felt all her life the joy and consolation of poetry, and that nothing was sweeter than to sit in her quiet parsonage, while her fingers were busy with her needle, and weave her peaceful thoughts into pleasant rhymes or holy hymns.

#### HOW BEAUTIFUL IS SLEEP.

How beautiful is sleep!  
Upon its mother's breast,  
How sweet the infant's rest!  
And who but she can tell how dear  
Her first-born's breathings 'tis to hear.

Gentle babe, prolong thy slumbers!  
When the moon her light doth shed;  
Still she rocks thy cradle bed,  
Singing in melodious numbers,  
Lulling thee with prayer or hymn,  
When all other eyes are dim.

How beautiful is sleep!  
Behold the merry boy!  
His dreams are full of joy,  
He breaks the stillness of the night  
With tuneful laugh of wild delight.

E'en in sleep, his sports pursuing,  
Through the woodland's leafy wild,  
Now he roams a happy child,  
Flow'rets all his pathway strewing;  
And the morning's balmy air  
Brings to him no toil or care.

How beautiful is sleep!  
Where youthful Jacob slept,  
Angels their bright watch kept,  
And visions to his soul were given,  
That led him to the gate of Heaven.

Exiled Pilgrim! many a morrow,  
When thine earthly schemes were cross'd,  
Mourning o'er thy loved and lost,  
Thou didst sigh with holy sorrow  
For that blessed hour of prayer,  
And exclaim, God met me there!

How blessed was that sleep  
The sinless Saviour knew!  
In vain the storm winds blew,  
Till he awoke to others' woes,  
And hush'd the billows to repose.

Why did ye the master waken?  
Faithless ones! there came an hour,  
When, alone in mountain bower,  
By his loved ones all forsaken,  
He was left to pray and weep,  
When ye all were wrapp'd in sleep.

How beautiful is sleep!  
The sleep that Christians know:  
Ye mourners! cease your woe,  
While soft upon his Saviour's breast  
The Righteous sinks to endless rest.

Let him go! the day is breaking,  
Watch no more around his bed,  
For his parted soul hath fled.  
Bright will be his heavenly waking!  
And the morn that greets his sight,  
Never ends in death or night.

## THE STREAM IN THE DESERT.

"The Lord spake unto Moses, Gather the people together, and I will give them water. Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well: sing ye unto it."—*Numbers* xxi. 16, 17.

FROM the parch'd bosom of the desert bursting,  
Spring forth, oh stream, to bless us on our way;  
Revive our fainting spirits, cheer the thirsting,  
Spring forth! and let thy crystal waters play.

Flow on rejoicing, through the deep wilds wending,  
Till the green herb shall blossom on thy brink,  
And wild gazelles o'er thy bright bosom bending,  
Shall quaff from thee their cool refreshing drink.

Roll on! not long we pitch our tents beside thee,  
Pure fountain for our fainting spirits made!  
Yet He who bade thee flow can fill and guide thee,  
When far from thee our pilgrim feet have stray'd.

Still on thy waters may the sunbeams quiver,  
And the mild moon shed down her silver light,  
Till with the billows of some ancient river  
Thy sparkling treasures mingle and unite.

Thus spake the Hebrews, in the desert singing,  
Asking in faith what God design'd to give,  
And the glad water from the dry sands springing,  
Burst forth, and bade the dying pilgrim live.



## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LED by his God, on Pisgah's height  
The pilgrim-prophet stood;  
When first fair Canaan bless'd his sight,  
And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground  
His weary feet had trod;  
While Israel's host encamp'd around,  
Still guarded by their God.

With joy the aged Moses smiled  
On all his wanderings past,  
While thus he pour'd his accents mild  
Upon the mountain blast:—

“I see them all before me now,—  
The city and the plain,  
From where bright Jordan's waters flow,  
To yonder boundless main.

“Oh! there, the lovely promised land  
With milk and honey flows;  
Now, now, my weary murm'ring band  
Shall find their sweet repose.

“There groves of palm and myrtle spread  
O'er valleys fair and wide;  
The lofty cedar rears its head  
On every mountain side.

“For them the rose of Sharon flings  
Her fragrance on the gale;  
And there the golden lily springs,  
The lily of the vale.

"Amid the olive's fruitful boughs  
Is heard a song of love,  
For there doth build and breathe her vows  
The gentle turtle-dove.

"For them shall bloom the clustering vine,  
The fig-tree shed her flowers,  
The citron's golden treasures shine  
From out her greenest bowers.

"For them, for them, but not for me,  
Their fruits I may not eat;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor yon bright sea,  
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my task is done,  
Since Israel's sons are blest;  
Father, receive thy dying one  
To thy eternal rest!"

Alone he bade the world farewell,  
To God his spirit fled.  
Now to your tents, oh! Israel,  
And mourn your prophet dead!

#### THE HEAVENLY SONG.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." — *Rev. v. 22.*

ALL hail to thee! All hail to thee!  
Thou Lamb enthroned in glory;  
We'll praise thee through eternity,  
And cast our crowns before thee.

No more the helpless babe who slept  
In Bethlehem's lowly manger,  
Nor Man of sorrows, he who wept,  
On earth a lonely stranger.

No thorny crown is round thy brow,  
No more in anguish bleeding,  
Angelic hosts before thee bow,  
But not for mercy pleading.

Thy blood-bought flock all safely rest  
Within thy fold in heaven;  
Their happy souls for ever blest,  
Their many sins forgiven.

All hail to thee! All hail to thee!  
Thou Lamb enthroned in glory,  
We'll praise thee through eternity,  
And cast our crowns before thee!



## MRS. GRAY

Is a native of the north of Ireland, but came in early youth to this country. The modest and beautiful flower of her poetical genius, (which might be called a sensitive plant, so shrinkingly fearful it is of being brought into notice,) belongs therefore to America, though the seeds of it were sown in "the green isle" of her childhood. Her father's name was William Lewers; he resided in Castle-blayney, where she was born about the year 1800. On her mother's side, she is connected with Sir Thomas Browne, a Major-General in the Honourable East India Company, and other distinguished officers in the British army. On her father's side, she claims relationship with several of the warrior-patriots of the American Revolution. Her husband, Dr. John Gray, is, and has been for more than twenty-five years, pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Easton, Pennsylvania. Their residence is situated among the beautiful and romantic scenes that surround the "Forks of the Delaware;" scenes well calculated to inspire poetry, and foster devotional feeling in those who look "through Nature up to Nature's God."

Mrs. Gray's effusions are all of a serious cast. Her *Sabbath Reminiscences* is a vivid and truthful picture of persons and places embalmed in her affectionate memory. It has been published in an English periodical, as presenting a favourable specimen of American poetry. We will not trust ourselves to speak the fervent praises its heart-melting simplicity awakes; but to us it is far more useful than the most learned and eloquent sermon could be, upon the fourth commandment. *Two hundred years ago* kindles enthusiasm as one reads it, for it is full of holy fire, and has moreover a sound like a far-reaching trumpet, full of exultation and triumph. *Morn* was published, without the writer's knowledge, in England, where it was so highly appreciated as to be translated into other languages. James Montgomery, of Sheffield, says, in a letter to Dr. Gray, "The critics who have mistaken the beautiful stanzas, 'Morn,' for mine, have done me honour; but I willingly forego the claim, and am happy to recognise a sister-poet in the writer." As a writer of strictly religious poetry, Mrs. Gray is, in our estimation, almost unrivalled.

#### SABBATH REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember, when Sabbath morning rose,  
 We changed, for garments neat and clean, our soiled and  
     week-day clothes;  
 And yet no gaud nor finery, no brooch nor jewel rare,  
 But hands and faces polish'd bright, and smoothly-parted hair.  
 'T was not the decking of the head, my father used to say,  
 But careful clothing of the heart, that graced that holy day;  
 'T was not the bonnet nor the dress; — and I believed it true,  
 But those were very simple times, and I was simple too.

I remember, I remember, the parlour where we met;  
 Its paper'd walls, its polish'd floor, and mantel black as jet;  
 'T was there we raised the morning hymn, melodious, sweet,  
     and clear,  
 And join'd in prayer with that loved voice which we no more  
     may hear.



Our morning sacrifice thus made, then to the house of God,  
How solemnly, and silently, and cheerfully we trod!  
I see e'en now its low-thatch'd roof, its floor of trodden clay,  
And our old Pastor's time-worn face, and wig of silver gray.

I remember, I remember, how hush'd and mute we were,  
While he led our spirits up to God, in heartfelt, melting  
prayer;

To grace his action or his voice no studied charm was lent,  
Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to the heart it went.  
Then came the sermon long and quaint, but full of gospel  
truth,—

Ah me! I was no judge of that, for I was then a youth;  
But I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,  
In it was meat for full-grown men, and milk for children too.

I remember, I remember, as 'twere but yesterday,  
The Psalms in Rouse's version sung, a rude but lovely lay;  
Nor yet, though fashion's hand has tried to train my way-  
ward ear,

Can I find aught in modern verse so holy or so dear!  
And well do I remember too our old precentor's face,  
As he read out and sung the line with patriarchal grace;  
Though rudely rustic was the sound, I'm sure that God was  
praised,  
When David's words to David's\* tune, five hundred voices  
raised.

I remember, I remember, the morning sermon done,  
And hour of intermission come, we wander'd in the sun;—  
How hoary farmers sat them down upon the daisy sod,  
And talk'd of bounteous nature's stores, and nature's bounteous  
God;

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\* St. David's was one of the few tunes used by the congregation alluded to.

And matrons talk'd, as matrons will, of sickness and of health,  
Of births, and deaths, and marriages, of poverty and wealth;  
And youths and maidens stole apart, within the shady grove,  
And whisper'd 'neath its spreading boughs, perchance some  
tale of love.

I remember, I remember, how to the church-yard lone  
I've stolen away, and sat me down beside the rude grave-  
stone,

Or read the names of those who slept beneath the clay-cold  
clod,

And thought of spirits glittering bright before the throne of  
God;

Or where the little rivulet danced sportively and bright,  
Receiving on its limpid breast the sun's meridian light,  
I've wander'd forth, and thought if hearts were pure like this  
sweet stream,

How fair to heaven they might reflect heaven's uncreated beam.

I remember, I remember, the second sermon o'er,  
We turn'd our faces once again to our paternal door;  
And round the well-fill'd, ample board, sat no reluctant guest,  
For exercise gave appetite, and loved ones shared the feast.  
Then ere the sunset hour arrived, as we were wont to do,  
The Catechism's well-conn'd page, we said it through and  
through,

And childhood's faltering tongue was heard to lisp the holy  
word,

And older voices read aloud the message of the Lord.

Away back in those days of yore, perhaps the fault was mine,  
I used to think the Sabbath-day, dear Lord, was wholly  
thine;

When it behoved to keep the heart, and bridle fast the  
tongue,

But those were very simple times, and I was very young;—

The world has grown much older since those sun-bright Sabbath days,

The world has grown much older since, and she has changed her ways;

Some say that she has wiser grown,—ah me! it may be true,  
As wisdom comes by length of days—but so does dotage too.

Oh! happy, happy days of youth, how beautiful, how fair,  
To memory's retrospective eye, your trodden pathways are!  
The thorns forgot, remember'd still the fragrance and the flowers,

The loved companions of my youth, and sunny Sabbath hours!  
And onward, onward, onward still successive Sabbaths come,  
As guides to lead us on the road to our eternal home,  
Or like the vision'd ladder once to slumbering Jacob given,  
From heaven descending to the earth, led back from earth to heaven!

#### TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Written for the bi-centennial celebration of the theological standards by the illustrious Westminster assembly of divines.

Two hundred years, two hundred years, our bark o'er billowy seas,

Has onward kept her steady course, through hurricane and breeze;

Her Captain was the mighty One, she braved the stormy foe,  
And still He guides who guided her, two hundred years ago.

Her chart was God's unerring word, by which her course to steer,

Her helmsman was the risen Lord, a helper ever near;  
Though many a beauteous boat has sunk the treacherous wave below,

Yet ours is sound as she was built, two hundred years ago.

The wind that fill'd her swelling sheet from many a point  
has blown,  
Still urging her unchanging course through shoals and break-  
ers on,  
Her fluttering pennon still the same whatever breeze might  
blow,  
It pointed, as it does to heaven, two hundred years ago.

When first our gallant ship was launch'd, although her hands  
were few,  
Yet dauntless was each bosom found, and every heart was  
true!  
And still, though in her mighty hull unnumber'd bosoms  
glow,  
Her crew is faithful, as it was two hundred years ago!

True, some have left this noble craft, to sail the seas alone,  
And made them in their hour of pride a vessel of their own;  
Ah me! when clouds portentous rise, when threatening tem-  
pests blow,  
They'll wish for that old vessel built two hundred years ago!

For onward rides our gallant bark, with all her canvass set,  
In many a nation still unknown, to plant her standard yet;  
Her flag shall float where'er the breeze of freedom's breath  
shall blow,  
And millions bless the boat that sail'd two hundred years  
ago!

On Scotia's coast, in days of yore, she lay almost a wreck,  
Her mainmast gone, her rigging torn, the boarders on the  
deck,  
There Cameron, Cargill, Cochran fell, there Renwick's blood  
did flow,  
Defending our good vessel built two hundred years ago!



Ah! many a martyr's blood was shed, we may not name  
them all;

They tore the peasant from his hut, the noble from his hall;  
Then, brave Argyle, thy father's blood for faith did freely flow,  
And pure the stream as was the fount two hundred years  
ago!

Yet onward still our vessel press'd, and weather'd out the gale;  
She clear'd the wreck, and spliced the mast, and mended every  
sail;

And swifter, stauncher, mightier far, upon her cruise did go;  
Strong hands and gallant hearts had she two hundred years  
ago!

And see her now on beam-ends cast, beneath a north-west  
storm,

Heave overboard the very bread to save the ship from harm;  
She rights! she rides! hark how they cheer, All's well! above,  
below!

She's tight as when she left the stocks two hundred years  
ago.

True to that guiding star which led to Israel's cradled hope,  
Her steady needle pointeth yet to Calvary's bloody top!

Yes, there she floats, that good old ship, from mast to keel  
below

Sea-worthy still, as erst she was two hundred years ago!

Not unto us, not unto us, be praise or glory given,  
But unto Him who watch and ward hath kept for us in  
heaven;

Who quell'd the whirlwind in its wrath, bade tempests cease  
to blow,

That God who launch'd our vessel forth two hundred years  
ago!

Then onward speed thee, brave old bark, speed onward in  
thy pride,  
O'er sunny seas and billows dark, Jehovah still thy guide;  
And sacred be each plank and spar, unchanged by friend or foe,  
Just as she left Old Westminster, two hundred years ago!

## MORN.

IN IMITATION OF "NIGHT," BY MONTGOMERY.

MORN is the time to wake,  
The eyelids to uncloze;  
Spring from the arms of sleep, and break  
The fetters of repose;  
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,  
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray;  
How lovely and how meet,  
To send our earliest thoughts away  
Up to the mercy-seat!  
Ambassadors for us, to claim  
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing;  
How charming 'tis to hear  
The mingling notes of nature ring  
In the delighted ear!  
And with that swelling anthem raise  
The soul's fresh matin-song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow  
The seeds of heavenly truth,  
While balmy breezes softly blow  
Upon the soil of youth;  
And look to thee, nor look in vain,  
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love ;  
As tendrils of the vine,  
The young affections fondly rove  
And seek them where to twine.  
Around thyself, in thine embrace,  
Lord, let them find their resting-place !

Morn is the time to shine ;  
When skies are clear and blue,  
Reflect the rays of light divine,  
As morning dew-drops do ;  
Like early stars, be early bright,  
And melt away like them, in light !

Morn is the time to weep  
O'er morning hours misspent ;  
Alas ! how oft from peaceful sleep,  
On folly madly bent,  
We've left the strait and narrow road,  
And wander'd from our guardian God.

Morn is the time to think,  
While thoughts are fresh and free,  
Of life, just balanced on the brink  
Of vast eternity !  
To ask our souls if they are meet .  
To stand before the judgment-seat.

Morn is the time to die ;  
Just at the dawn of day,  
When stars are fading in the sky,  
To fade like them away ;  
But lost in light more brilliant far  
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise —  
The resurrection morn!  
Upspringing from the glorious skies  
On new-found pinions borne,  
To meet my Saviour's smile divine;  
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

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## ELIZA FOLLEN

WAS born in Boston, but now resides in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was married in September, 1828, to Professor Charles Follen, who perished in the conflagration of the steamer Lexington, in the winter of 1839. Her chief work is the *Memoir* of her husband, published in five volumes; but several other interesting books in prose have appeared from her pen: *Sketches of Married Life*, *The Skeptic*, *The Well-spent Hour*, *Selections from Fenelon*, *The Warning*, &c. In poetry, she has written *Hymns, Songs, and Fables* for children; and another little book called *Nursery Songs*. A volume of *Poems* was published in Boston in 1839; from which we select the following pieces, as a fair specimen of her sweet and serious style.

### WINTER SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

THE short, dull, rainy day drew to a close;  
No gleam burst forth upon the western hills,  
With smiling promise of a brighter day,  
Dressing the leafless woods with golden light;  
But the dense fog hung its dark curtain round,  
And the unceasing rain pour'd like a torrent on.  
The wearied inmates of the house draw near  
The cheerful fire; the shutters all are closed;



A brightening look spreads round, that seems to say,  
Now let the darkness and the rain prevail;  
Here all is bright! How beautiful is the sound  
Of the descending rain! how soft the wind  
Through the wet branches of the drooping elms!  
But hark! far off, beyond the sheltering hills,  
Is heard the gathering tempest's distant swell,  
Threatening the peaceful valley ere it comes.  
The stream, that glided through its pebbly way  
To its own sweet music, now roars hoarsely on;  
The woods send forth a deep and heavy sigh;  
The gentle south has ceased; the rude northwest,  
Rejoicing in his strength, comes rushing forth.  
The rain is changed into a driving sleet,  
And when the fitful wind a moment lulls,  
The feathery snow, almost inaudible,  
Falls on the window-panes as soft and still  
As the light brushings of an angel's wings,  
Or the sweet visitings of quiet thoughts  
'Midst the wild tumult of this stormy life.  
The tighten'd strings of nature's ceaseless harp  
Send forth a shrill and piercing melody,  
As the full swell returns. The night comes on,  
And sleep upon this little world of ours  
Spreads out her sheltering, healing wings; and man—  
The heaven-inspired soul of this fair earth,  
The bold interpreter of nature's voice,  
Giving a language even to the stars—  
Unconscious of the throbbings of his heart,  
Is still; and all unheeded is the storm,  
Save by the wakeful few who love the night;  
Those pure and active spirits that are placed  
As guards o'er wayward man; they who show forth  
God's holy image on the soul impress'd,  
They listen to the music of the storm,

And hold high converse with the unseen world;  
They wake, and watch, and pray, while others sleep.

The stormy night has pass'd; the eastern clouds  
Glow with the morning's ray; but who shall tell  
The peerless glories of this winter day?  
Nature has put her jewels on; one blaze  
Of sparkling light and ever-varying hues  
Bursts on the enraptured sight.

The smallest twig with brilliants hangs its head;  
The graceful elm and all the forest trees  
Have on a crystal coat of mail, and seem  
All deck'd and trick'd out for a holiday,  
And every stone shines in its wreath of gems.

The pert, familiar robin, as he flies  
From spray to spray, showers diamonds round,  
And moves in rainbow light where'er he goes.

The universe looks glad; but words are vain,  
To paint the wonders of the splendid show.

The heart exults with uncontroll'd delight.

The glorious pageant slowly moves away,  
As the sun sinks behind the western hills.

So fancy, for a short and fleeting day,  
May shed upon the cold and barren earth  
Her bright enchantments and her dazzling hues;  
And thus they melt and fade away, and leave  
A cold and dull reality behind.

But see where in the clear, unclouded sky,  
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,  
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint.  
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,  
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow  
Upon this world of beauty, and of sin,  
That mingle not with that whereon they rest;—

So should immortal spirits dwell below.  
There is a holy influence in the moon,  
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,  
The heart cannot resist: its passions sleep,  
And all is still; save that which shall awake  
When all this vast and fair creation sleeps.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

THE young, the lovely pass away,  
Ne'er to be seen again;  
Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay;  
Its blasted trees remain.

Full oft we see the brightest thing  
That lifts its head on high,  
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,  
And fade away, and die.

And kindly is the lesson given,  
Then dry the falling tear;  
They came to raise our hearts to heaven,  
They go to call us there.

## "TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?"

WHEN our purest delights are nipt in the blossom,  
When those we love best are laid low,  
When grief plants in secret her thorns in the bosom,  
Deserted, "to whom shall we go?"

When error bewilders, and our path becomes dreary,  
And tears of despondency flow;  
When the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is weary,  
Despairing, "to whom shall we go?"

When the sad, thirsty spirit turns from the springs  
Of enchantment this life can bestow,  
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,  
Impatient, "to whom shall we go?"

O, blest be that light which has parted the clouds,  
A path to the pilgrim to show,  
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,  
And shows us to whom we may go.

TO MY ÆOLIAN HARP,

AS IT WAS PLAYING ON A COLD, STORMY DAY.

SAY, was it, my harp, the invisible wing  
Of a spirit that pass'd o'er thy musical string?  
And comes it in love, with its light, airy hand,  
To play me a song from the heavenly land?

Though chill is the wind, and fitful it blows,  
Yet sweet as in summer thy music still flows;  
But, when rages the blast, and contending winds roar,  
In silence you wait till the tempest is o'er.

And thus, like thy strings, is the virtuous mind,  
Harmonious e'en in adversity's wind;  
But, when by the tempests of life it is driven,  
It remembers, in silence, the storm is from Heaven.

THE LITTLE SPRING.

BENEATH a green and mossy bank  
There flows a clear and fairy stream;  
There the pert squirrel oft has drank,  
And thought, perhaps, 't was made for him.

Their pitchers there the labourers fill,  
As drop by drop the crystals flow,



Singing their silvery welcome still  
To all who to the fountain go.

Then to the river on it glides,  
Its tributary drop to bear;  
Its modest head a moment hides,  
Then rises up and sparkles there.

The touching lesson on my heart  
Falls like the gentle dews of heaven,  
Bids me with humble love impart  
The little treasure God has given.

For from a source as small as this  
Full many a cup of joy may flow,  
And on the stream of human bliss  
Its little ray of gladness throw.



## LOUISA JANE HALL

WAS born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, February 7th, 1802. Her father, Dr. John Park, was a physician; but at that time he had given up the practice of his profession, and was editing the *Repertory*, a well-known federal paper. In 1811, he opened a school for young ladies in Boston, (to which city he had removed several years before,) with a view of giving his daughter a more liberal education than was common at that period, and keeping her at the same time under his own immediate care. She improved her advantages to the utmost; the chaste and correct style of her writings shows that the study and discipline of her early years must have been thorough and unwavering. None of her poems appeared in print until after she was twenty; they were then published anonymously in the *Literary Gazette*, and other periodicals. Dr. Park removed to Worcester, Mass., in 1831, accom-

panied by his daughter, who lived with him until October, 1840, when she married the Rev. E. B. Hall, of Providence, R. I., where she still resides.

*Miriam, a Dramatic Sketch*, the admirable production on which Mrs. Hall's fame as a poet chiefly rests, was begun in the summer of 1826, and finished the following summer. Not believing that it possessed sufficient merit to claim attention from the literary world, she allowed ten years to pass before publishing it; then the commendations it received, which were neither faint nor few, surprised no one so much as its modest author. The story is simple and interesting; the characters are drawn with much spirit and skill; and some passages display no ordinary amount of power and pathos. Her other principal work is in prose, *Joanna of Naples, an Historical Tale*; published in 1838. Ill health, failure of eyesight, and great distrust of her own powers, have prevented her from being a very prolific writer; but her essays and reviews which have occasionally appeared, and her successful efforts in poetry, prove that the deficiency lies, not in the talent, but the will to use it.

#### PRAYER.

(FROM MIRIAM.)

#### THRASENO.

WHERE wouldst thou seek for peace or quietness,  
If not beside the altar of thy God?

#### MIRIAM.

Within these mighty walls of sceptred Rome  
A thousand temples rise unto her gods,  
Bearing their lofty domes unto the skies,  
Graced with the proudest pomp of earth; their shrines  
Glittering with gems, their stately colonnades,  
Their dreams of genius wrought into bright forms,  
Instinct with grace and godlike majesty,  
Their ever-smoking altars, white-robed priests,  
And all the pride of gorgeous sacrifice.  
And yet these things are naught. Rome's prayers ascend  
To greet th' unconscious skies, in the blue void

Lost like the floating breath of frankincense,  
And find no hearing or acceptance there.  
And yet there is an Eye that ever marks  
Where its own people pay their simple vows,  
Though to the rocks, the caves, the wilderness,  
Scourged by a stern and ever-watchful foe!  
There is an Ear that hears the voice of prayer  
Rising from lonely spots where Christians meet,  
Although it stir not more the sleeping air  
Than the soft waterfall, or forest breeze.  
Think'st thou, my father, this benignant God  
Will close his ear, and turn in wrath away  
From the poor sinful creature of his hand,  
Who breathes in solitude her humble prayer?  
Think'st thou He will not hear me, should I kneel  
Here in the dust beneath his starry sky,  
And strive to raise my voiceless thoughts to Him,  
Making an altar of my broken heart?

## MIRIAM EXPLAINS TO PAULUS WHY THEY MUST PART.

(FROM THE SAME.)

PAULUS.

My brain is pierced!

Mine eyes with blindness smitten! and mine ear  
Rings faintly with the echo of thy words!  
Henceforth what man shall ever build his faith  
On woman's love, on woman's constancy?  
Maiden! look up! I would but gaze once more  
Upon that open brow and clear, dark eye,  
To read what aspect Perjury may wear,  
What garb of loveliness may Falsehood use,  
To lure the eye of guileless, manly love!  
Cruel, cold-blooded, fickle that thou art,  
Dost thou not quail beneath thy lover's eye?

How! there is light within thy lofty glance,  
A flush upon thy cheek, a settled calm  
Upon thy lip and brow!

MIRIAM.

Ay, even so.

A light—a flush—a calm—not of this earth!  
For in this hour of bitterness and woe,  
The Grace of God is falling on my soul,  
Like dew upon the with'ring grass which late  
Red scorching flames have sear'd. Again  
The consciousness of faith, of sins forgiven,  
Of wrath appeased, of heavy guilt thrown off,  
Sheds on my breast its long-forgotten peace,  
And shining steadfast as the noonday sun,  
Lights me along the path that duty marks.  
Lover too dearly loved! a long farewell!  
The banner'd field—the glancing spear—the shout  
That bears the victor's name unto the skies,—  
The laurell'd brow—be thine——

PAULUS.

Maid!—now hear *me*!

For by thine own false vows and broken faith,  
By thy deceitful lips, and dark, cold heart——

MIRIAM.

Great God, support me now!—It cannot be  
That from my Paulus' lips such bitter words——

PAULUS.

Such bitter words! nay, maiden, what were thine?

MIRIAM.

Mine were not spoken, love, in heat or wrath,  
But in th' uprightness of a heart that knew  
Its duty both to God and man, and sought  
Peace with its Maker—ere it broke. But thou——

PAULUS.

And I?—thou false one! am not I a man?



A Roman too? and is a Roman's heart  
 A plaything made for girls to toy withal,  
 And then to keep or idly fling away,  
 As the light fancy of the moment prompts?  
 Have I then stoop'd to win thy fickle love  
 From my proud pinnacle of rank and fame.  
 Wasting my youth's best season on a dream,  
 Forgetful of my name, my sire, my gods,  
 To be thus trifled with and scorn'd at last?

MIRIAM.

Canst thou not learn to hate me?

PAULUS.

O ye gods!

With what a look of calm despair——

MIRIAM.

Ay, Paulus!

Never, in all my deep despondency,  
 In all the hours of dark presentiment  
 In which my fancy often conjured up  
 This scene of trial—did my spirit dream  
 Of bitterness like that which now thy hand  
 Is pouring in my cup of life. Alas!  
 Must we then part in anger? shall this hour,  
 With harsh upbraidings marr'd——

PAULUS.

Syren! in vain——

Would I *could* learn to hate thee! trampling down  
 The mem'ry of my fond and foolish love,  
 As I would crush an adder 'neath my heel!  
 But no! the poison rankles in my veins;—  
 It may not be;—each look and tone of thine  
 Tells me that yet thou art my bosom's queen,  
 And each vain, frantic struggle only draws  
 Closer around my heart the woven toils.

[*A pause.*

Miriam! my pride is bow'd — my wrath subdued —  
My heart attuned e'en to thy slightest will,—  
So that thou yet wilt let me linger on,  
Hoping and dreaming that thou hat'st me not,  
Suffer'd to come at times, and sadly gaze  
Upon thy loveliness, as if thou wert  
A Dian shrined within her awful fane,  
Made to be look'd upon and idolized,  
But in whose presence passion's lightest pulse,  
Love's gentlest whisper, were a deadly sin.  
Cast me not from thee, love! send me not forth  
Blasted and wan into a heartless world,  
Amid its cold and glittering pageantry,  
To learn what utter loneliness of soul,  
What wordless, deep, and sick'ning misery,  
Is in the sense of unrequited love!

MIRIAM.

I cannot — must not hear thee. Even now  
A chord is touch'd within my soul. — Great God!  
Where is the strength thou didst vouchsafe of late?  
Anger — reproach — were better borne than this!

PAULUS.

Why should thy gentle nature thus be crush'd?  
Is not the voice within thee far more just  
Than the harsh dictates of thy gloomy faith?  
Thy stern and unrelenting Deity —

MIRIAM.

Youth! thou remindest me — thou dost blaspheme  
The God of Mercy whom I serve; and now  
Courage and strength return at once to nerve  
My trembling limbs, my weak and yielding soul.  
What wouldst thou have? that I should yet drag on  
A life of dark and vile hypocrisy,  
Days full of fear and nights of vain remorse,  
And love, though sinless, yet not innocent?

For well I know that when thy sunny smiles  
 Are on me, sternly frowning doth look down  
 My Maker on our stolen interview!  
 It is a crime of dye too deep and dark  
 To be wash'd out but with a life of tears,  
 And penitence, and utter abstinence.  
 I never will behold thy face again!  
 My soul shall be unlock'd and purified,  
 And there the eyes of those that love me well  
 Shall find no dark and sinful mystery,  
 Shunning a tender father's scrutiny,  
 And weighing down my spirit to the dust.——  
 Paulus!—again—farewell! yet—yet in peace  
 We part!

## PAULUS.

Maiden! by all my perish'd hopes,  
 By the o'erwhelming passion of my soul,  
 By the remembrance of that fatal hour  
 When first I spake to thee of love—and thought  
 That thou——Ay! by the sacred gods, I swear,  
 I will not yield thee thus! In open day,  
 Before my father's eyes—and bearing too  
 Perchance his malediction on my head—  
 Before the face of all assembled Rome,  
 Bann'd though I be by all her priests and gods,—  
 Thee—thee will I lead forth—my Christian bride!

## MIRIAM.

Ay! sayst thou so, my Paulus? thou art bold,  
 And generous. Meet bridal will it be—  
 The stake—the slow red fire—perchance the den  
 Of hungry lions, gnashing with white teeth  
 In savage glee at sight of thy young bride,  
 Their destined prey! for well thou know'st that these  
 Are but the tend'rest mercies of thy sire  
 To the scorn'd sect, whose lofty faith my soul

Holds fast through torments worse than aught that these  
Can offer to the clay wherein it dwells.

PAULUS.

Drive me not mad! — Nay — nay — I have not done;  
The dark cold waters of despair rise fast,  
But have not yet o'ertopp'd each resting-place.  
We will go forth upon the bounding sea,  
We two alone, and chase the god of day  
O'er the broad ocean, where each eve he dips  
His blazing chariot in the western wave,  
And seek some lonely isle of peace and love,  
Where ling'ring summer dwells the livelong year,  
Wasting the music of her happy birds,  
The unpluck'd richness of her golden fruits,  
The fragrance of her blossoms o'er the land.  
And we will be the first to tread the turf,  
And raise our quiet hearth and altars there,  
And thou shalt fearless bow before the Cross,  
Praying unto what unknown God thou wilt,  
While I —

MIRIAM.

No more, my Paulus! it is vain.  
Why should we thus unnerve our souls with dreams,  
With fancies wilder, idler far than dreams?  
Our destiny is fix'd! the hour is come!  
And wilt thou that a frail and trembling girl  
Should meet its anguish with a steadier soul  
Than thine, proud soldier!

MIRIAM APPEALS TO THE HEART OF PISO.

(FROM THE SAME.)

PISO.

Bold maiden!  
While thou art safe, go hence; for in his might  
The tiger wakes within me!



## MIRIAM.

Be it so.

He can but rend me where I stand. And here,  
Living or dying, will I raise my voice  
In a firm hope! The God that brought me here  
Is round me in the silent air. On me  
Falleth the influence of an unseen Eye!  
And in the strength of secret, earnest prayer,  
This awful consciousness doth nerve my frame.  
Thou man of evil and ungovern'd soul!  
My father thou *mayst* slay! Flames will not fall  
From heaven to scorch and wither thee! The earth  
Will gape not underneath thy feet! and peace,  
Mock, hollow, *seeming* peace, may shadow still  
Thy home and hearth! But deep within thy breast  
A fierce, consuming fire shall ever dwell.  
Each night shall ope a gulf of horrid dreams  
To swallow up thy soul. The livelong day  
That soul shall yearn for peace and quietness,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
And know that even in *death*—is no repose!  
And this shall be thy life! Then a dark hour  
Will surely come——

## PISO.

Maiden, be warn'd! All this  
I know. It moves me not.

## MIRIAM.

Nay, one thing more  
Thou knowest not. There is on all this earth—  
Full as it is of young and gentle hearts—  
One man alone that loves a wretch like thee;  
And he, thou say'st, must die! All other eyes  
Do greet thee with a cold or wrathful look,  
Or, in the baseness of their fear, shun thine;  
And he whose loving glance alone spake peace,

Thou say'st must die in youth! Thou know'st not  
yet

The deep and bitter sense of loneliness,  
The throes and achings of a childless heart,  
Which yet will all be thine! Thou know'st not yet  
What 'tis to wander 'mid thy spacious halls,  
And find them desolate! wildly to start  
From thy deep musings at the distant sound  
Of voice or step like his, and sink back sick—  
Ay! sick at heart—with dark remembrances!  
To dream thou seest him as in years gone by,  
When in his bright and joyous infancy,  
His laughing eyes amid thick curls sought thine,  
And his soft arms were twined around thy neck,  
And his twin rosebud lips just lisp'd thy name—  
Yet feel in agony 'tis but a dream!

Thou know'st not yet what 'tis to lead the van  
Of armies hurrying on to victory,  
Yet, in the pomp and glory of that hour,  
Sadly to miss the well-known snowy plume,  
Whereon thine eyes were ever proudly fix'd  
In battle-field!—to sit, at midnight deep,  
Alone within thy tent—all shuddering—  
When, as the curtain'd door lets in the breeze,  
Thy fancy conjures up the gleaming arms  
And bright young hero-face of him who once  
Had been most welcome there!—and worst of all——

## P I S O.

It is enough! The gift of prophecy  
Is on thee, maid! A power that is not thine  
Looks out from that dilated, awful form—  
Those eyes deep flashing with unearthly light—  
And stills my soul.—My Paulus must not die!  
And yet—to give up thus the boon!——

## MRS. SWIFT

Is a Philadelphian by birth; the daughter of Mr. John Lorrain, a merchant of that city. She now resides in Easton, Pennsylvania, where, for many years past, she has been confined to one house, almost to one room, by the illness of her husband. Her poems frequently appear in Neal's Saturday Gazette; but they are written less for the public than for a circle of warmly-attached friends. A vein of tenderness runs through them all.

### STANZAS.

"Friends who by practice of some envious skill  
Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from mind,  
She did unite again with visions dear  
Of fond affection, and of truth sincere."

SHELLEY.

Not on this earth, beloved, shall we meet;  
Not in this weary world of sighs and tears,  
Where life is meted out by days and years,  
Shall we again our plighted faith repeat;  
    But in some mansion blest,  
    Where happy spirits rest,  
Some star perchance in space, whose far-off light  
Gleam'd on thy upturn'd brow, when first you swore  
To love me always, love me evermore,  
Passion's bright dawn, that set in darkest night.

In loneliness and silence oft I gaze  
Upon the midnight glories of the skies,  
When world on world man's feeble sense defies;  
Till overwhelm'd by the refulgent blaze

Of Deity reveal'd, my soul is still'd,  
And with its immortality is fill'd.  
Ah! then for thee, in deep but wordless prayer,  
My spirit, as if borne on angel-wings,  
Pleads for thee with the mighty King of kings,  
To guide and guard thee safe through every snare.

For both, the sorrow that makes desolate,  
Hath brimm'd a cup whose anguish and dismay  
Wither'd the spring-buds of life's early day;  
Dreamers upon the brink of adverse fate,  
With childlike trust its stormy billows greeting,  
At morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;  
Love threw his rainbow on the coming cloud,  
And Faith, the angel of this world of tears,  
Pointed with radiant brow to future years.  
Alas! for us the Future wove Love's shroud!

TO THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

(WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.)

Oh, glorious flower!  
As thus at midnight hour  
With eager gaze I watch thy full revealing,  
The spirit of the past  
Is o'er my senses cast,  
In the rich incense from thy petals stealing.

Flower of a century,  
The dead have gazed on thee;  
Hast thou no message from the olden time?  
Where are the living eyes,  
That look'd in glad surprise,  
When last thy blossoms open'd in their prime?



I see a multitude,  
The gentle and the rude,  
The gay, the sad, the young, the weary-hearted,  
They stand before me now,  
Each with an upturned brow,  
O tell me, when, and where, have they departed?

Thou answerest with death!  
E'en as I speak, his breath  
Is bowing thy bright head with swift decay;  
And when again ye bloom,  
A tenant of the tomb  
Like them, sweet flower, I shall have pass'd away!

## MEMORY.

'T WAS but a word, a single word  
A stranger's lip exprest,  
And yet my spirit's depths were stirr'd  
With feelings long repress.

Unbidden tear-drops dimm'd my eyes,  
My lip still wore a smile;  
O how the heart can grief disguise,  
And learn deception's wile.

Thoughts, rushing thoughts, came wild and fast,  
The present, it was not,  
I only saw the long—long past,  
How could it be forgot?

Young voices murmur'd in mine ear,  
With radiant mirth and glee,  
But I, alas! could only hear  
The heart that spoke of thee.

Again that hand was clasp'd in mine,  
Once more thou wert mine own,  
And 'neath the crescent moon's pale shine,  
On the hill-side, alone,

We wander'd forth, too blest to be  
Creatures of earth and care;  
A rude voice broke the reverie,  
The vision it was — air!

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(ADDRESSED TO MRS. E. F. ELLET.)

SUMMER has gone with its bloom and its fountains,  
Hush'd is the music from valley and hill;  
The frost-king now reigns on the snow-cover'd mountains,  
And ice-fetters prison the river and rill.

But, Lady-bird, still thy sweet strains are awaking  
The sunshine that dwelt in the long-perish'd bowers,  
And the soft-wooing zephyrs are playfully shaking  
The rich gushing perfume from many-hued flowers.

Enchanted we turn from the cold and the real,  
To wander with thee in thy fancy's rich dream;  
And in the far land of the Poet's ideal,  
To watch the bright sparkle of Helicon's stream.

What matters it, if on the face of creation,  
The snow-drift lies deep, and the stormy winds shriek,  
Undisturbed by the dreary and wide desolation,  
We shut out its darkness, thy pages to seek.

But May will return, with her garland of roses,  
The woods be all vocal with carol and lay;  
The forget-me-not bank, where the wild bee reposes,  
Will twine with star-flowers each delicate spray.

From earth, air, and water, sweet sounds shall come stealing,  
And in one joyous pæan ascend to the skies,  
And nature—in leaf, bud and blossom—revealing  
Her mystical workmanship, gladden our eyes.

Then, dearest one, come to our Eden; no pinion  
That flies by our groves shall be welcome as thine;  
All true hearts shall bow to thy gentle dominion,  
And worshippers throng to thy laurel-wreathed shrine.

Now to her who has poured forth her mind's choicest treasure,  
To cheer the dark season of torpor and care,  
From the type of herself, in a full crystal measure,  
We will toast "our sweet Ellet,—the joyous, and fair!"



## MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

MRS. KINNEY, whose maiden name was Dodge, was born and educated in the city of New York, where her father was for many years engaged in mercantile pursuits. The love of nature was always one of her strongest characteristics, and on removing to her father's country home near Plainfield, N. J., this poetic feeling began to find utterance in verse.

Her first productions appeared in the Knickerbocker, under the name of Stedman, but for a number of years she has been an occasional contributor to Graham's Magazine, and other periodicals. In 1841, she was married to Mr. William B. Kinney, the talented editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser, and has resided at Newark ever since. There is much genuine feeling, a delicate perception of the beautiful, and an honest love for the simple and true, in her effusions, which cannot fail to please.

## THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

OH! not in the halls of the noble and proud,  
Where Fashion assembles her glittering crowd,  
Where all is in beauty and splendour arrayed,  
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,  
By the altar, the mitre-crowned bishop, and book;  
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,  
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to ONE  
Who heeds the deep worship that utters no tone;  
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,  
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveiled, save by modesty, stood  
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;  
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,  
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,  
And her bosom half-uttered a tremulous sigh,  
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,  
And the low murmured accents recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,  
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was poured,  
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,  
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of gray,  
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away,  
While he brushed the big tear from his deep-furrowed cheek,  
And bowed the assent which his lips might not speak;



But in all the array of the costlier scene,  
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,  
No language so fully the heart to resign,  
As the Quakeress bride's—"UNTIL DEATH I AM THINE."

## FADING AUTUMN.

TH' autumnal glories all have passed away!  
The forest-leaves no more in hectic red  
Give glowing tokens of their brief decay,  
But scattered lie, or rustle at the tread,  
Like whispered warnings from the mouldering dead;  
The naked trees stretch out their arms all day,  
And each bald hill-top lifts its reverend head  
As if for some new covering to pray.  
Come, WINTER, then, and spread thy robe of white  
Above the desolation of this scene;  
And when the sun 'with gems shall make it bright,  
Or, when its snowy folds by midnight's queen  
Are silvered o'er with a serener light,  
We'll cease to sigh for summer's living green.

## A WINTER NIGHT.

How calm, how solemn, how sublime the scene!  
The moon in full-orbed glory sails above,  
And stars in myriads around her move,  
Each looking down with watchful eye serene  
On earth, which, in a snowy shroud arrayed,  
And still, as if in death's embrace 'twere laid,  
Saddens the spirit with its corpse-like mien:  
Yet doth it charm the eye—its gaze still hold;  
Just as the face of one we loved, when cold—  
And pale and lovely e'en in death 'tis seen,

Will fix the mourner's eye, tho' trembling fears  
Fill all his heart, and thickly fall his tears:  
O, I could watch till morn should change the sight,  
This cold, this beautiful, this mournful Winter night!

## CULTIVATION.

WEEDS grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers  
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,  
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere—  
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers—  
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!  
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,  
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;  
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.  
So, flowers of Genius that will longest live  
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,  
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,  
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:  
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;  
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHEN first peeps out from earth the modest vine,  
Asking but little space to live and grow,  
How easily some step, without design,  
May crush the being from a thing so low!  
But let the hand that doth delight to show  
Support to feebleness, the tendril twine  
Around some lattice-work, and 'twill bestow  
Its thanks in fragrance, and with blossoms shine.  
And thus, when Genius first puts forth its shoot—  
So timid that it scarce dare ask to live—

The tender germ, if trodden under foot,  
Shrinks back again to its undying root;  
While kindly training bids it upward strive,  
And to the future flowers immortal give.

## THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

ETERNAL Fame! thy great rewards,  
Throughout all time, shall be  
The right of those old master-bards  
Of Greece and Italy;  
And of fair Albion's favoured isle,  
Where Poesy's celestial smile  
Hath shone for ages, gilding bright  
Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,  
And cheering this new world of ours  
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod  
By that immortal race—  
Who walked with Nature as with God,  
And saw her face to face—  
No living truth by them unsung—  
No thought that hath not found a tongue  
In some strong lyre of olden time;  
Must every tuneful lute be still—  
That may not give a world the thrill  
Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice  
In Music's simplest tone,  
And hear in Nature's every voice  
An echo to their own!  
Not till these scorn the little rill  
That runs rejoicing down the hill,

Or the soft melancholy glide  
Of some deep stream through glen and glade,  
Because 'tis not the thunder made  
By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field  
In glory are arrayed,  
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield  
Their fragrance to the shade;  
Nor do the way-side flowers conceal  
Those modest charms that sometimes steal  
Upon the weary traveller's eyes  
Like angels, spreading for his feet  
A carpet filled with odours sweet,  
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent Soul of Song—  
That all with flowers adorns—  
Strew life's uneven path along,  
And hide its thousand thorns:  
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,  
That treads a noiseless way apart,  
Has blessed the humble poet's name,  
For fellowship refined and free,  
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,  
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the water-fall  
To one by deserts bound—  
Making the air all musical  
With cool, inviting sound—  
Is oft some unpretending strain  
Of rural song, to him whose brain  
Is fevered in the sordid strife



That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,  
While moving on in caravan  
Across the sands of Life.

Yet not for these alone he sings;  
The poet's breast is stirred  
As by the spirit that takes wings  
And carols in the bird!  
He thinks not of a future name,  
Nor whence his inspiration came,  
Nor whither goes his warbled song;  
As Joy itself delights in joy—  
His soul finds life in its employ,  
And grows by utterance strong.

MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER.

COME hither, ye who fear the grave, and call it lone and drear,  
Who deem the burial-place a spot to waken grief and fear;  
Oh! come and climb with me this mount where sleep the silent  
dead,  
And through these winding gravel-walks with noiseless footsteps  
tread.

Stoop down and pluck the fragrant bud, just opening fresh  
above  
The peaceful bed where slumbers one who died in youth and  
love;  
Smell the pure air, so redolent with breath of summer flowers,  
And take this sprig of evergreen, a pledge for future hours.  
See yonder river sparkling through the foliage of the grove,  
How gracefully its course doth bend — how still its waters move!  
Sit 'neath the branches of this tree which spread their grateful  
shade  
To screen a spot for musing thought, or holy converse made.

Look round this garden of the dead, where creep green myrtle vines,

Where box surrounds the sleeper's home, and scented sweet-brier twines;

Where lowly violets ope to heaven, their tiny eyes of blue,  
Fill'd oft at morn with glittering tears, the drops of early dew

And now, bend upward still your steps to gain the highest peak,

And let your eyes the view beneath, and distant prospect seek;  
O, beautiful! thrice beautiful! there, blended hill and dale,  
And here, the lofty mansion with the cottage of the vale.

The city spires, which look to Heaven, in whose high cause  
they stand

As guides to point the pilgrim's eye toward the far promised land;

The distant villages that speck with white the wavy green,  
And farther still, the deep blue lake, with many a sail, is seen.

Descend again, and pause beside this vine-encircled tomb;  
And tell me, is there aught around to fill the mind with gloom?  
List to the feather'd songsters' notes that warble from the trees,  
And hear the music soft that steals upon the whispering breeze!

Oh, say, do not fair Nature's tones awake the soul to bliss?  
And does not thought ascend to heaven, from such a spot as  
this?

And even the grave, does not its voice, amid such flowery  
ground,

Say to the weary sons of earth, "Here sweet repose is found?"

MOUNT HOPE! thy consecrated walks I never more may tread,  
And learn to die by conning here the lessons of the dead;  
Yet sweet 't would be to "rest my flesh in hope" beneath thy  
sod,

Till the last trump should bid 't rise, to see a FATHER, GOD!

## MARGUERITE ST. LEON LOUD.

Mrs. LOUD, formerly Miss Barstow, was born in Bradford County, Pennsylvania; and passed the early part of her life in the beautiful retirement of her native home, enjoying unrestrained intercourse with the wildest scenes of wood and valley that are to be found among the windings of the Susquehannah. Although when a child she committed whole volumes of poetry to memory, and studied with fond devotion the best poets, (as well as nature, one of the best teachers a poet can have,) it was not until the time of her marriage in 1824, that her own talent began to develope itself. She is now quite an accomplished writer, and contributes to various magazines and daily journals; her poems often possess much melody of language, graceful thought, and tender feeling.

### THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

THERE is a lonely homestead  
In a green and quiet vale,  
With its tall trees sighing mournfully  
To every passing gale;  
There are many mansions round it,  
In the sunlight gleaming fair;  
But moss-grown is that ancient roof,  
Its walls are grey and bare.  
  
Where once glad voices sounded  
Of children in their mirth,  
No whisper breaks the solitude  
By that deserted hearth.  
The swallow from her dwelling  
In the low caves, hath flown;  
And all night long, the whip-poor-will  
Sings by the threshold stone.

No hand above the window  
Ties up the trailing vines;  
And through the broken casement-panes  
The moon at midnight shines.  
And many a solemn shadow  
Seems starting from the gloom;  
Like forms of long departed ones  
Peopling that dim old room.

No furrow for the harvest  
Is drawn upon the plain;  
And in the pastures green and fair,  
No herds or flocks remain.  
Why is that beauteous homestead  
Thus standing bare and lone?  
While all the worshipp'd household gods  
In dust lie overthrown.

And where are they whose voices  
Rang out o'er hill and dale?  
Gone;—and their mournful history  
Is but an oft-told tale.  
There smiles no lovelier valley  
Beneath the summer sun,  
Yet they who dwelt together there,  
Departed one by one.

Some to the quiet churchyard,  
And some beyond the sea;  
To meet no more, as once they met,  
Beneath that old roof-tree.  
Like forest-birds forsaking  
Their shelt'ring native nest,  
The young—to life's wild scenes went forth,  
The aged—to their rest.



Fame and ambition lured them,  
From that green vale to roam,  
But as their dazzling dreams depart,  
Regretful memories come  
Of the valley, and the homestead,  
Of their childhood pure and free;  
Till each world-weary spirit pines,  
That spot once more to see.

Oh! blest are they who linger  
'Mid old familiar things,  
Where every object o'er the heart  
A hallow'd influence flings.  
Though won are wealth and honours,—  
Though reach'd fame's lofty dome,—  
There are no joys like those which dwell  
Within our childhood's home.

“JESUS WEPT.”

*John xi. 35.*

DRAW near, ye weary, bow'd, and broken-hearted,  
Ye onward trav'lers to a peaceful bourne;  
Ye, from whose path the light hath all departed,  
Ye, who are left in solitude to mourn;  
Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,  
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since “Jesus wept.”

The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory,  
Wept o'er the woes of those He came to save;  
And angels wondered when they heard the story,  
That He who conquered death, wept o'er the grave;  
For 't was not when his lonely watch He kept  
In dark Gethsemane, that “Jesus wept.”

But with the friends He loved whose hope had perished,  
 The Saviour stood, while through his bosom rush'd  
 A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,  
 And from his eyes the burning tear-drops gushed,  
 And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,  
 In agony of spirit, "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,  
 And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye!  
 Look up, ye mourners, hear what he hath spoken,  
 "He that believes on me shall never die."  
 Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept;  
 Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

FATHER in Heaven!

Behold, he whom I love is daily treading  
 The path of life in heaviness of soul.  
 With the thick darkness now around him spreading  
 He long hath striven —  
 Oh, Thou most kind! break not the golden bowl.

Father in Heaven!

Thou who so oft hast healed the broken-hearted,  
 And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,  
 Let him not say his joy hath all departed,  
 Lest he be driven  
 Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.

Father in Heaven!

Oh, grant to his most cherished hopes a blessing, —  
 Let peace and rest descend upon his head,  
 That his torn heart, Thy holy love possessing,  
 May not be riven, —  
 Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.

Father in Heaven!

Oh, may his heart be stayed on Thee! each feeling  
Still lifted up in gratitude and love;  
And may that faith the joys of heaven revealing  
To him be given,  
Till he shall praise Thy name in realms above.

THE AGED.

I LOVE the aged;—every silver hair  
On their time-honoured brows, speaks to my heart  
In language of the past; each furrow there,  
In all my best affections claims a part;  
Next to our God and Scripture's holy page,  
Is deepest rev'rence due to virtuous age.

The aged Christian stands upon the shore  
Of Time, a storehouse of experience,  
Fill'd with the treasures of rich heav'nly lore;  
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence  
Sweet recollections of his journey past,  
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

Lovely the aged! when like shocks of corn,  
Full ripe and ready for the reaper's hand,  
Which garners for the resurrection morn—  
The bodies of the just,—in hope they stand.  
And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,  
Which warms not with affection for the old.

## LUELLA J. CASE.

THE writings of this lady, both in prose and verse, have chiefly appeared in *The Rose of Sharon*, a religious annual, and *The Flower Vase*, a small volume of selected poetry;—both of which were edited by her friend, the late Mrs. Edgarton Mayo. The extracts we give, show an easy and earnest mode of expression, and a cheerful heart, fitted by wisdom and love to give useful advice in a poetical form. She is a daughter of the late Hon. Levi Bartlett, of Kingston, N. H., where she was born. Since her marriage she has lived at Portland, Maine, and Cincinnati, Ohio; she now resides at the former place.

### ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

ONWARD! Hath earth's ceaseless change  
Trampled on thy heart?

Faint not, for that restless range  
Soon will heal the smart.

Trust the future; time will prove  
Earth hath stronger, truer love.

Bless thy God, the heart is not  
An abandoned urn,

Where, all lonely and forgot,

Dust and ashes mourn;

Bless Him, that his mercy brings  
Joy from out its withered things.

Onward, for the truths of God!

Onward, for the right!

Firmly let the field be trod,

In life's coming fight;

Heaven's own hand will lead thee on,

Guard thee till thy task is done!



Then will brighter, sweeter flowers  
Blossom round thy way,  
Than e'er sprung in Hope's glad bowers,  
In thine early day;  
And the rolling years shall bring  
Strength and healing on their wing.

## CHARITY.

SPEAK kindly, oh speak soothingly  
To him whose hopes are crossed,  
Whose blessed trust in human love  
Was early, early lost;  
For wearily — how wearily!  
Drags life, if love depart;  
Oh! let the balm of gentle words  
Fall on the smitten heart!

Go gladly, with true sympathy,  
Where want's pale victims pine,  
And bid life's sweetest smiles again  
Along their pathway shine.  
Oh, heavily doth poverty  
Man's nobler instincts bind;  
Yet sever not that chain, to cast  
A sadder on the mind.

## THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

I COME! Ye have lighted your festal hall,  
And music is sounding its joyous call,  
And the guests are gathering — the young — the fair,  
With the flower-wreath'd brow, and the braided hair.  
I come, but so noiseless shall be my way  
Through the smiling crowds of the young and gay,

Not a thought shall rise in a careless breast  
Of me, the Unseen, the Unbidden Guest ;  
Not an under-tone on the ear shall swell,  
Smiting your hearts like a funeral knell.

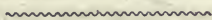
I come! Let the music's echoing note  
Still through the air of your ball-room float,  
Let the 'starry lamps' soft radiance throw  
On the rose-touch'd cheek, and the brow of snow,  
Not a freezing pulse, not a thrill of fear,  
Shall tell that the King of the Grave is near ;  
Not a pallid face, not a rayless eye,  
Shall whisper of me as I hurry by,  
Marking the doom'd I shall summon away  
To their low, dark cells, in the house of clay.

We have met before! Ay, I wander'd here  
In the festal hours of the parted year,  
And many a beautiful form has bow'd  
To the sleep that dwells in the damp white shroud !  
They died when the first spring blossom was seen,  
They faded away when the groves were green,  
When the suns of Autumn were faint and brief,  
On the wither'd grass, and the changing leaf ;  
And here there is many a pulse shall fail,  
Ere the suns of the passing year grow pale.

Then swell the proud strains of your music high,  
As the measured hours of your life flit by ;  
Let the foot of the thoughtless dancer be  
As fleet as it will, it eludes not me!  
I shall come when life's morning ray is bright,  
I shall come in the hush of its waning light,  
I shall come when the ties of earth cling fast,  
When love's sweet voice is a voice of the Past !  
To your homes, and pray ;—for ye wait your doom,  
The shroud, the coffin, the lonely tomb!

Ye would quail, ye tremblers, to see me here;  
Yet the mission I hold is of love, not fear.  
A healing I bear to the couch of pain,  
I fling from the spirit its cumbering chain,  
And weary old age to my rest shall hie  
With a smiling lip, and a grateful eye.  
When life, like a sorrowful mourner, weeps  
O'er the grave where its early promise sleeps,  
Oh, earth has no balm like the cup I bring!  
Why say ye I come with the dart and sting?

My voice shall be sweet in the maiden's ear,  
As the voice of her lover whispering near;  
And my footstep so soft by the infant's bed,  
He will deem it his mother's anxious tread,  
And his innocent eyes will gently close,  
As I kiss from his bright young lips the rose.  
Oh, the good and the pure have nought to fear,  
When my voice in the gathering gloom they hear!  
Away from the dance, ye revellers gay,  
Fling off the wreath,—to your homes, and pray.



## ELIZABETH BOGART.

Miss Bogart was born in the city of New York. Her father, the Rev. David S. Bogart, was a graduate of Columbia College, where he took the first honours in his class, and a clergyman highly esteemed among his contemporaries, as a fine classical scholar, and an eloquent and effective preacher. To his constant instructions, Miss Bogart was indebted for her education, and under his encouraging care, her love for literary pursuits was cherished and indulged. She wrote for many of the periodicals of the day at an early age, but principally for the

New York Mirror, under the signature of *Estelle*. Her poems have never been collected into a volume; nor has she (being a lady of independent fortune,) ever been compelled to write by any other motive than her own pleasure, or better still, to soothe sorrows not her own. Very often, we doubt not, the tribute of grateful love and praise (dearer than fame to a pious heart) has been gladly rendered to her, for the gentle sympathy of her friendly verses. One of her poems has been so frequently re-published, and so much admired, that Miss Bogart might be specified as the author of *He came too late*; there is so much nature and simple dignity about this general favourite, that it shall be the first we select.

## HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried  
Her constancy too long;  
Her love had yielded to her pride,  
And the deep sense of wrong.  
She scorned the offering of a heart  
Which lingered on its way,  
Till it could no delight impart,  
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late!—At once he felt  
That all his power was o'er!  
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,  
She thought of him no more.  
Anger and grief had passed away,  
Her heart and thoughts were free;  
She met him and her words were gay,  
No spell had memory.

He came too late!—the subtle chords  
Of love were all unbound,  
Not by offence of spoken words,  
But by the slights that wound.



She knew that life held nothing now  
That could the past repay,  
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,  
And coldly turned away.

He came too late!—Her countless dreams  
Of hope had long since flown;  
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,  
Nor in his whispered tone.  
And when, with word and smile, he tried  
Affection still to prove,  
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,  
And spurned his fickle love.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND WHO DIED ON  
SABBATH MORNING.

OH, it was meet, beloved friend!  
That on the Sabbath morn,  
Thy soul should wing its flight to heaven,  
On angel pinions borne.  
And brightly broke that Sabbath day  
Upon thy raptured sight,  
In mansions of eternal bliss,  
And everlasting light.

And in that City of the Blest,  
Where thou hast found a home,  
Sorrow and sickness are unknown,  
And Death shall never come.  
“And there shall be no night,” nor need  
Of sun or moon to shine;  
The glory of the Lord shall fill  
The place with rays divine.

Why should we weep, beloved friend!  
That thou hast entered now

The gates of pearl, and hast received  
The crown upon thy brow—  
The glorious “crown of righteousness” —  
Ere yet the years drew near,  
In which thy weary heart should feel  
Thou hadst no pleasure here.

Thy spirit left this dying world,  
While Nature's fading bloom  
And falling leaves, spoke mournfully  
Of sadness and the tomb.  
But ah, already has the Spring,  
With flowers and beauty rife,  
Returned to thee—and thou hast drunk  
The crystal stream of life.

Yet must I weep, my much loved-friend!  
In selfish grief, for thee;  
The haunts where we together strayed,  
Are lonely now to me.  
Earth's bright and beauteous scenes no more  
Could former joys impart,  
Without thy pleasant voice and smile,  
Companion of my heart!

Nor I alone shall mourn thy loss;  
The suffering, sick, and poor,  
Will miss the friend who never turned  
Unkindly from their door.  
Oh, thou hast sought the bed of pain,  
To comfort the distressed;  
And many such will join thy friends,  
To call thy memory blessed.

Thy works shall praise thee, more than words,  
For feeble is the lyre,

And cold the language seems to flow,  
Though burning thoughts inspire.  
Farewell, farewell!—I know that thou  
Shalt ne'er return to me;  
My earthly pilgrimage fulfill'd,  
Oh, may I go to thee!

## THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

It was an humble temple; and it stood  
In the enclosure of a quiet wood.  
The forest trees o'ershadow'd all the place,  
And mountains round it, added a rude grace,  
To charm the eye, and bid the thoughts arise  
Amid their towering summits, to the skies.  
The valley lay below, half hid from view  
By clustering bushes on its bank that grew;  
And in its depths a winding streamlet stray'd  
Of crystal water, murmuring through the glade—  
An emblem of that living water, given  
To quench the thirst of spirits bound for heaven.

Sweet was the rural scene of deep repose,  
And bright the sun that o'er the Sabbath rose,  
When we, as strangers, sought that house of prayer,  
And join'd the few who met to worship there.  
We cross'd the open door-way, sure to meet  
A welcome entrance and a willing seat,  
Amid the scant and scatter'd flock that came  
Their own familiar places there to claim.  
Free access to that dome was none denied;  
Nor outward show of fashion or of pride,  
Check'd the devotion of the solemn hour,  
Or took from *Truth* its deep, momentous power.

No studied eloquence was there display'd,  
Nor poetry of language lent its aid,

But plain the words which from the preacher came;  
A preacher young, and all unknown to fame;  
While youth and age a listening ear inclined,  
To learn the way the pearl of price to find.  
The solemn hymn, to ancient music set,  
In many a heart response of memory met.  
To me, it seem'd, departed Sabbaths hung  
Upon those notes, which gave the past a tongue  
To speak again in voices from the dead,  
And wake an echo from their silent bed.

Oh! what a power hath music! how it sinks  
Into the spirit's fountain-depths, and drinks  
Familiar draughts perchance long buried there,  
And blends the scenes that were, with scenes that are.  
All Nature seem'd to hail that Sabbath morn,  
With sight and sound religion to adorn.  
The hills with verdure crown'd, majestic stood,  
The water'd valley, and the vocal wood,  
Whose leaves, stirr'd by the breezes' viewless wings,  
Whisper'd in worship of the King of kings,  
While birds in freedom chanted forth their lays,  
Untaught, unwritten, to their Maker's praise.

So calm, so beautiful, that lonely spot,  
'T were well that there the world should be forgot.  
And every thought attuned to sacred themes,  
Cast off awhile life's vain, distracting schemes.  
I love a country church, where'er it be!  
It brings back happy memories to me.  
It cancels years, and shadows pass away,  
And forms beloved now mingled with the clay,  
By Fancy's touch, recover life and breath,  
And I forget that they are thine, O Death!  
Still tenants of the grave; to rise no more,  
Till the last trump shall sound, and time be o'er



## A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

MISS WOODBRIDGE is a worthy descendant of very worthy ancestors; three of whom were so eminent for their godly and charitable lives, as to be chosen by Mrs. Sigourney, in her Biography of Pious Women, to set forth the brightest examples of religious excellence. They lived at Stockbridge, Massachusetts; and the subject of this brief notice, who was born in Penobscot County, Me., spent the happiest period of her childhood and youth among the hills of Berkshire, "the Switzerland of America." Her first poetical efforts were published in the village paper, and in Mrs. Child's Juvenile Miscellany. Afterwards she contributed to the New York Mirror, and wrote many tales and poems for the annuals, which were then in their palmiest days. In May 1836, she became a teacher in the Albany Female Academy; and in ten years from that time, removed to a similar institution newly established in Brooklyn, where she still pursues with mingled gentleness and energy, her useful and honourable, though often wearisome, vocation. There is much simplicity and religious hopefulness about her effusions, which are mostly inspired by the feelings of friendship and sympathy.

### LIFE'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

How strangely in this life of ours,  
Light falls upon the darkest shade!  
How soon the thorn is hid by flowers!  
How Hope, sweet spirit, comes to aid  
The heart oppressed by care and pain;  
She whispers "all shall yet be well!"  
We listen to her magic strain,  
And yield the spirit to her spell.

How oft, when Love is like a bird  
Whose weary wing droops o'er the sea,

While not an answering tone is heard,  
She spies a verdant olive tree;  
And soon within that shelt'ring bower,  
She pours her very soul in song;  
While other voices wake that hour,  
Her gentle numbers to prolong.

Thus, when this heart is sad and lone,  
As memory wakes her dirge-like hymn,  
When Hope on heavenward wing hath flown,  
And earth seems wrapped in shadows dim—  
O! then a word, a glance, a smile,  
A simple flower, or Childhood's glee,  
Will each sad thought, each care beguile,  
Till joy's bright fountain gushes free.

To-day its waters gladly stirr'd,  
For Peace was nigh—that gentle Dove,  
And sweet as song of forest bird,  
Came the low voice of one I love;  
And flowers, the smile of Heaven, were mine,  
They whisper'd, "Wherefore art thou sad?  
Of love, we are the seal and sign,  
We come to make thy spirit glad."

Thus, ever, in the steps of grief,  
Are sown the precious seeds of joy;  
Each fount of Marah hath a leaf,  
Whose healing balm we may employ.  
Then, 'mid life's fitful, fleeting day,  
Look up! the sky is bright above!  
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way!  
Faint spirit! trust the God of Love!

## TO LILLIE.

WHERE is the lily now?  
Lily, sweet and fair!  
Blossoms it 'neath forest bough,  
Shedding fragrance there?  
Doth the zephyr's softest kiss  
Touch its petals sweet?  
Would that I were woodland bough!  
Or the zephyr fleet!

Doth the lily flourish now?  
Doth it lift its head,  
Joyfully, to meet the morn?  
Are the night-dews shed  
Lovingly, on petals bright?—  
Would I were the dew!  
Or a beam of matin light,  
And I'd bless it too.

Lily! emblem meet art thou  
Of a little child!  
Such as Jesus loved to bless—  
Meek, and undefiled.  
We will trust her to His care,  
To His faithful breast;—  
Lillie dearest! Lillie fair!  
There, with thee, we'll rest.

## ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

ELIZABETH CHANDLER was born at Centre, near Wilmington, Delaware, on the 24th of December, 1807. Her father was a respectable farmer, who had been educated liberally, and had studied medicine; but while he resided in the country devoted himself principally to agriculture. Her mother (whose maiden name was Margaret Evans) died when she was an infant; and soon after this event, the family removed to Philadelphia, where Elizabeth was placed under the care of her grandmother, attended a school established by the society of Friends, and quickly evinced her fondness for literary pursuits, and her genius for poetry.

Before she was sixteen, she had contributed many excellent articles in prose and verse, to some of the most popular magazines of the day; but her retiring habits, and determined resolution to keep back her name from the public, prevented her talents from obtaining the notice they deserved. She became a member of an Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, and laboured with her pen very industriously in its behalf. In the summer of 1830, she removed with an aunt and brother to Michigan. The spot they chose for a dwelling was on the banks of the river Raisin, near the village of Tecumseh. Elizabeth gave it the name of Hazlebank, and enjoyed herself much amidst its wild forest scenes, searching after Indian traditions, and gathering food for poetry and romance from their legendary lore. Here she lived four years, loving and beloved; and here she died, most deeply regretted, and was buried under "her own transplanted forest-vine," in November, 1834.

Her productions show much poetic fervour, and, at the same time, are by no means wanting in correctness, and elegance of expression.

### THE BRANDY WINE.\*

My foot has climb'd the rocky summit's height,  
And in mute rapture, from its lofty brow,  
Mine eye is gazing round me with delight,  
On all of beautiful, above, below:

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\* A beautiful stream, flowing near the author's place of nativity.



The fleecy smoke-wreath upward curling slow,  
 The silvery waves half hid with bowering green,  
 That far beneath in gentle murmurs flow,  
 Or onward dash in foam and sparkling sheen,  
 While rocks and forest-boughs hide half the distant scene.

In sooth, from this bright wilderness 't is sweet  
 To look through loop-holes form'd by forest-boughs,  
 And view the landscape far beneath the feet,  
 Where cultivation all its aid bestows,  
 And o'er the scene an added beauty throws;  
 The busy harvest group, the distant mill,  
 The quiet cattle stretch'd in calm repose,  
 The cot, half seen behind the sloping hill,  
 All mingled in one scene with most enchanting skill.

The very air that breathes around my cheek,  
 The summer fragrance of my native hills,  
 Seems with the voice of other times to speak,  
 And, while it each unquiet feeling stills,  
 My pensive soul with hallow'd memories fills:  
 My fathers' hall is there; their feet have press'd  
 The flower-gemm'd margin of these gushing rills,  
 When lightly on the water's dimpled breast,  
 Their own light bark beside the frail canoe would rest.

Oh! if there is in beautiful and fair,  
 A potency to charm, a power to bless;  
 If bright blue skies and music-breathing air,  
 And nature in her every varied dress  
 Of peaceful beauty and wild loveliness,  
 Can shed across the heart one sunshine ray,  
 Then others, too, sweet stream, with only less  
 Than mine own joy, shall gaze, and bear away  
 Some cherish'd thought of thee for many a coming day.

But yet not utterly obscure thy banks,  
 Nor all unknown to history's page thy name;  
 For there wild war hath pour'd his battle ranks,  
 And stamp'd in characters of blood and flame,  
 Thine annals in the chronicles of fame.  
 The wave that ripples on, so calm and still,  
 Hath trembled at the war-cry's loud acclaim,  
 The cannon's voice hath roll'd from hill to hill,  
 And 'midst thy echoing vales the trump hath sounded shrill.

My country's standard waved on yonder height,  
 Her red cross banner England there display'd,  
 And there the German, who, for foreign fight,  
 Had left his own domestic hearth, and made  
 War, with its horrors and its blood, a trade,  
 Amidst the battle stood; and all the day,  
 The bursting bomb, the furious cannonade,  
 The bugle's martial notes, the musket's play,  
 In mingled uproar wild, resounded far away.

Thick clouds of smoke obscured the clear bright sky,  
 And hung above them like a funeral pall,  
 Shrouding both friend and foe, so soon to lie  
 Like brethren slumbering in one father's hall.  
 The work of death went on, and when the fall  
 Of night came onward silently, and shed  
 A dreary hush, where late was uproar all,  
 How many a brother's heart in anguish bled  
 O'er cherish'd ones, who there lay resting with the dead.

Unshrouded and uncoffin'd they were laid  
 Within the soldier's grave, e'en where they fell;  
 At noon they proudly trod the field — the spade  
 At night dug out their resting-place — and well  
 And calmly did they slumber, though no bell  
 Peal'd over them its solemn music slow;  
 The night-winds sung their only dirge, their knell

Was but the owlet's boding cry of woe,  
The flap of night-hawk's wing, and murmuring waters' flow.

But it is over now,—the plough hath rased  
All trace of where war's wasting hand hath been;  
No vestige of the battle may be traced,  
Save where the share, in passing o'er the scene,  
Turns up some rusted ball; the maize is green  
On what was once the death-bed of the brave;  
The waters have resumed their wonted sheen;  
The wild bird sings in cadence with the wave,  
And nought remains to show the sleeping soldier's grave.

A pebble stone that on the war-field lay,  
And a wild-rose that blossom'd brightly there,  
Were all the relics that I bore away,  
To tell that I had trod the scene of war,  
When I had turn'd my footsteps homeward far.  
These may seem childish things to some; to me  
They shall be treasured ones; and, like the star  
That guides the sailor o'er the pathless sea,  
They shall lead back my thoughts, loved Brandywine, to thee.

#### THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Garden, in his "Anecdotes of the Revolution," when describing the sufferings of the army, mentions the circumstance of a soldier having earnestly entreated permission to visit his family, which was refused, on the ground that the same favour must be granted to others, who could not be spared without weakening the army, whose strength was already reduced by sickness. He acquiesced in the justice of the denial, but added, that to *him* refusal would be death. He was a brave and valuable soldier, and apparently in health at the time;—but his words were verified.

I CARE not for the hurried march through August's burning noon,  
Nor for the long cold ward at night, beneath the dewy moon;  
I've calmly felt the winter's storms, o'er my unshelter'd head,  
And trod the snow with naked foot, till every track was red!

My soldier's fare is poor and scant—'tis what my comrades  
share,

Yon heaven my only canopy—but that I well can bear;  
A dull and feverish weight of pain is pressing on my brow,  
And I am faint with recent wounds—for that I care not now.

But oh, I long once more to view my childhood's dwelling-  
place,

To clasp my mother to my heart—to see my father's face!  
To list each well remember'd tone, to gaze on every eye  
That met my ear, or thrill'd my heart, in moments long gone  
by.

In vain with long and frequent draught of every wave I sip,—  
A quenchless and consuming thirst is ever on my lip!

The very air that fans my cheek no blessed coolness brings,—  
A burning heat or chilling damp is ever on its wings.

Oh! let me seek my home once more—for but a little while—  
But once above my couch to see my mother's gentle smile;  
It haunts me in my waking hours—'tis ever in my dreams,  
With all the pleasant paths of home, rocks, woods, and shaded  
streams.

There is a fount,—I know it well—it springs beneath a  
rock,

Oh, how its coolness and its light, my feverish fancies mock!  
I pine to lay me by its side, and bathe my lips and brow,  
'T would give new fervour to the heart that beats so languid  
now.

I may not—I must linger here—perchance it may be just!  
But well I know this yearning soon will scorch my heart to  
dust!

One breathing of my native air had call'd me back to life—  
But I must die—must waste away beneath this inward strife.



## THE DEVOTED.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had *hidden him*. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that nought but confessing *where* she had hidden him, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety, on that condition." "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

STERN faces were around them bent, and eyes of vengeful ire,  
And fearful were the words they spake of torture, stake, and fire :  
Yet calmly in the midst she stood, with eye undimm'd and  
clear,  
And though her lip and cheek were white, she wore no sign  
of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;—a half-form'd smile  
of scorn,  
That curl'd upon her haughty lip, was back for answer borne;—  
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again, in fiercer notes, they  
said,  
And sternly pointed to the rack, all rusted o'er with red!

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—but in a crimson  
flood,  
O'er pallid lip and cheek and brow, rush'd up the burning  
blood;  
She spake, but proudly rose her tones, as when in hall or bower,  
The haughtiest chief that round her stood had meekly own'd  
their power;

"My noble Lord is placed within a safe and sure retreat"—  
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright, as thou wouldst mercy  
meet,

Nor deem thy life can purchase his—he cannot 'scape our  
wrath,

For many a warrior's watchful eye is placed o'er every path.

“But thou mayest win his broad estates to grace thine infant  
heir,

And life and honour to thyself, so thou his haunts declare.”

She laid her hand upon her heart; her eye flash'd proud and  
clear,

And firmer grew her haughty tread;—“My lord is hidden *here*!

“And if ye seek to view his form, ye first must tear away,  
From round his secret dwelling-place these walls of living  
clay!”

They quail'd beneath her haughty glance, they silent turn'd  
aside,

And left her all unharm'd amidst her loveliness and pride!

#### THE CHINESE SON.

The following lines were suggested by reading a narrative of a Chinese youth, whose mother felt great alarm during the prevalence of a thunder-storm, and whose filial affection always prompted him to be present with his mother on such occasions, and even after her death to visit and remain at her grave, during their continuance.

I COME to thee, my mother! the black sky

Is swollen with its thunder, and the air

Seems palpable with darkness, save when high,

The lurid lightning streams a ruddy glare

Across the heavens, rousing from their lair

The deep-voiced thunders! how the mounting storm

Strides o'er the firmament! yet I can dare

Its fiercest terrors, mother, that my arm

May wind its shield of love around thy sleeping form.

What uproar! raging winds, and smiting hail,

The lightning's blaze, and deaf'ning thunder's crash,

Let loose at once for havoc! I should quail  
 Before the terrors of the forked flash,  
 Did not the thought of thee triumphant dash  
 All selfish fears aside, and bid me fly  
 To kneel beside thy grave; the rain-drops plash  
 Heavily round thee from the rifted sky;  
 Yet I am here, fear not—beside thy couch I lie.

Thou canst not hear me—the storm brings not now  
 One terror to thy bosom—yet 'tis sweet  
 To call to mind the smile, wherewith thy brow  
 Was wont in by-gone days my step to greet,  
 When o'er the earth the summer tempest beat,  
 And the loosed thunder shook the heavens—but when  
 Was there a look of mine that did not meet  
 A smile of love from thee? the world of men  
 A friend, like thou hast been, will never yield again.

Oh! mother, mother, how could love like thine  
 Pass from the earth away! on other eyes,  
 The glances of maternal love will shine,  
 And still on other hearts the blessing lies,  
 That made mine blissful; yet far less they prize  
 That boon of happiness—and in their glee,  
 Around their spirits gather many ties  
 Of joy and tenderness—but all to me  
 That made the earth seem bright, is sepulchred with thee.

They sometimes strive to lead me to the halls  
 Where wine and mirth the fleeting moments wing,  
 But on my clouded spirit sadness falls  
 More darkly then, than when the cave-glooms fling  
 Their shadows round me, and the night-winds sing  
 Through the torn rocks their melancholy dirge,  
 Or when as now the echoing thunder rings  
 O'er the wide heavens, and the mad gales urge  
 Unto an answering cry, the overmastering surge.

The storms of nature pass, and soon no trace  
Is left to mark their ravage—but long years  
Pass lingeringly onward, nor efface  
The deep-cut channel of our burning tears,  
Or aching scars, that wasting sorrow sears  
Upon the breast: lo! even now, a gleam  
Of moonlight through the broken clouds appears,  
To bless the earth again. I fain would dream,  
It was a smile of thine, to bless me with its beam.

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### EMMA C. EMBURY.

THIS gifted lady was born in New York, where her father, Dr. Manly, has been practising as a physician many years. She was married when quite young to Mr. Embury, a gentleman of wealth and education, who himself possesses no small claim to distinction, for his superior talents, and high intellectual attainments. He is considered one of the first mathematicians in the country. Mrs. Embury wrote for the various periodicals at an early age, under the name of *Ianthe*; and in the year 1828, these contributions, with many other pieces, were collected into a volume, called *Guido and other Poems*. Her juvenile productions, however, although in their versification remarkably flowing and sweet, are not to be compared with her after works, which are written with great freshness and vigour, and display as much sound sense as tender sentiment.

In the course of a few years Mrs. Embury became very popular as a prose-writer; published a work on *Female Education*; after that, *Constance Latimer, the Blind Girl*; and several tales of much beauty, and moral excellence. A little book, *Love's Token Flowers*, appeared in 1845, which, she says in the short preface prefixed to it, "differs from other works of floral sentiment, inasmuch as it is not a compilation, but a collection of original poems;" adding, "though they are perhaps but little worthy of appropriation, yet they have that value which the simple



philosophy of Touchstone recognises, *a poor thing, sir, but my own.*" This modest little book contains many of the most exquisite songs that were ever written, the pure melodious accents of music-making love; and a few larger poems, more serious, but not less sweet. Mrs. Embury has recently written a prose work called *Glimpses of Home Life*, which well sustains the reputation which has so long been hers, as one of the most useful and attractive of American authoresses.

Mrs. Embury resides at Brooklyn, where she has lived ever since her marriage. Her many home-bred virtues and capabilities, her well-ordered household, and the happiness, harmony, and content which reign there, prove a delightful contradiction to the vulgar idea, that women of genius cannot be women of domestic worth. But it is certainly true, as a noble writer of great penetration (Hannah More) affirms, that "those women who are so puffed up with the conceit of talents, as to neglect the plain duties of life, will not often be found to be women of the best abilities." No employment of native genius, however lofty and honourable in itself considered, no exertion after the applause, the gratification, or even the improvement of the public, can absolve a wife and mother from her highest, holiest obligation—to make home happy.

"THE NIGHT COMETH."

YE, who in the field of human life

Quickening seeds of wisdom fain would sow,  
Pause not for the angry tempest's strife,

Shrink not from the noontide's fervid glow—  
Labour on, while yet the light of day  
Sheds abroad its pure and blessed ray,  
For the Night cometh!

YE, who at man's mightiest engine stand

Moulding noble thought into opinion,  
Oh, stay not, for weariness, your hand,  
Till ye fix the bounds of truth's dominion;  
Labour on, while yet the light of day  
Sheds upon your toil its blessed ray,  
For the Night cometh!

Ye, to whom a prophet voice is given,  
Stirring men, as by a trumpet's call,  
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven —  
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall:  
Rouse the world's great heart, while yet the day  
Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,  
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who in home's narrow circle dwell,  
Where Love's flame lights up the household hearth,  
Weave the silken bond, and frame the spell,  
Binding heart to heart throughout the earth;  
Pleasant toil is yours; the light of day  
On nought holier sheds its blessed ray,  
Yet the Night cometh!

Diverse though our paths in life may be,  
Each is sent some mission to fulfil;  
Fellow-workers in the world are we,  
While we seek to do our Master's will;  
But our doom is labour, while the day  
Points us to our task, with blessed ray,  
For the Night cometh!

Fellow-workers are we: hour by hour,  
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great schemes,  
Till we see no limit to man's power,  
And reality outstrips old dreams.  
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,  
In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep,  
When the Night cometh!

## CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

ST. MATTHEW, viii. 24—27.

MIDNIGHT was on the mighty deep,  
And darkness filled the boundless sky,  
While 'mid the raging wind was heard  
The sea-bird's mournful cry;  
For tempest clouds were mustering wrath  
Across the seaman's trackless path.

It came at length—one fearful gust  
Rent from the mast the shivering sail,  
And drove the helpless bark along,  
The plaything of the gale,  
While fearfully the lightning's glare  
Fell on the pale brows gathered there.

But there was one o'er whose bright face  
Unmarked the livid lightnings flashed;  
And on whose stirless, prostrate form  
Unfelt the sea-spray dashed;  
For 'mid the tempest fierce and wild,  
He slumbered like a wearied child.

Oh! who could look upon that face,  
And feel the sting of coward fear?  
Though hell's fierce demons-raged around,  
Yet heaven itself was here;  
For who that glorious brow could see,  
Nor own a present Deity?

With hurried fear they press around  
The lowly Saviour's humble bed,  
As if his very touch had power  
To shield their souls from dread;

While, cradled on the raging deep,  
He lay in calm and tranquil sleep.

Vainly they struggled with their fears,  
But wilder still the tempest woke,  
Till from their full and o'erfraught hearts  
The voice of terror broke :  
"Behold! we sink beneath the wave,  
We perish, Lord! but thou canst save."

Slowly he rose; and mild rebuke  
Shone in his soft and heaven-lit eye:  
"Oh ye of little faith," he cried,  
"Is not your master nigh?  
Is not your hope of succour just?  
Why know ye not in whom ye trust?"

He turned away, and conscious power  
Dilated his majestic form,  
As o'er the boiling sea he bent,  
The ruler of the storm;  
Earth to its centre felt the thrill,  
As low he murmured: "Peace! Be still!"

Hark to the burst of meeting waves,  
The roaring of the angry sea!  
A moment more, and all is hushed  
In deep tranquillity;  
While not a breeze is near to break  
The mirrored surface of the lake.

Then on the stricken hearts of all  
Fell anxious doubt and holy awe,  
As timidly they gazed on him  
Whose will was nature's law:  
"What man is this," they cry, "whose word  
E'en by the raging sea is heard?"



## JANE OF FRANCE.

"Jeanne de France étoit fille de Louis XI. et soeur de Charles VIII. On la mari à l'âge de vingt deux ans avec Louis XII., l'an 1476. Elle en usa bien avec lui pendant qu' il étoit disgracié ; et ce fut elle qui, par ses prières, le fit sortir de prison, l'an 1491 ; mais cela ne fut point capable de balancer dans le coeur de son mari l'inclination violente qu' il avoit pour la veuve de Charles VIII. C'étoit Anne de Bretagne, il l'avoit aimée, et en avoit été aimé avant qu' elle epousât Charles. Afin donc de contenter son envie, *il fit rompre son mariage*, et il promit tant de récompense au Pape Alexandre VI. qu' il en obtint tout ce qu' il voulut."—*Bayle—Dictionnaire.*

PALE, cold and statue-like she sate, and her impeded breath  
Came gaspingly, as if her heart was in the grasp of death,  
While listening to the harsh decree that robbed her of a  
throne,  
And left the gentle child of kings in the wide world alone.

And fearful was her look ; in vain her trembling maidens  
moved,  
With all affection's tender care, round her whom well they  
loved ;  
Stirless she sate, as if enchained by some resistless spell,  
Till with one wild, heart-piercing shriek in their embrace she  
fell.

How bitter was the hour she woke from that long dreamless  
trance !  
The veriest wretch might pity then the envied Jane of France ;  
But soon her o'erfraught heart gave way, tears came to her  
relief,  
And thus, in low and plaintive tones, she breathed her hope-  
less grief :

"Oh ! ever have I dreaded this, since at the holy shrine  
My trembling hand first felt the cold, reluctant grasp of thine,  
And yet I hoped — My own beloved, how may I teach my heart  
To gaze upon thy gentle face and know that we must part ?

"Too well I knew thou lovedst me not, but ah! I fondly  
thought

That years of such deep love as mine some change ere this  
had wrought;

I dreamed the hour might yet arrive, when, sick of passion's  
strife,

Thy heart would turn with quiet joy to thy neglected wife.

"Vain, foolish hope! how could I look upon thy glorious  
form,

And think that e'er the time might come when thou wouldst  
cease to charm?

For ne'er till then wilt thou be freed from beauty's magic art,  
Or cease to prize a sunny smile beyond a faithful heart.

"In vain from memory's darkened scroll would other thoughts  
erase

The loathing that was in thine eye, whene'er it met my  
face:

Oh! I would give the fairest realm, beneath the all-seeing sun,  
To win but such a form as thou mightst love to look upon.

"Woe, woe for woman's weary lot, if beauty be not hers;  
Vainly within her gentle breast affection wildly stirs;  
And bitterly will she deplore, amid her sick heart's dearth,  
The hour that fixed her fearful doom—a helot from her  
birth.

"I would thou hadst been cold and stern,—the pride of my  
high race

Had taught me then from my young heart thine image to  
efface;

But surely even love's sweet tones could ne'er have power to  
bless

My bosom with such joy as did thy pitying tenderness.

"Alas! it is a heavy task to curb the haughty soul,  
And bid th' unbending spirit bow that never knew control;  
But harder still when thus the heart against itself must  
    rise,  
And struggle on, while every hope that nerved the warfare  
    dies.

"Yet all this have I borne for thee—ay, for thy sake I  
    learned  
The gentleness of thought and word which once my proud  
    heart spurned;  
The treasures of an untouched heart, the wealth of love's  
    rich mine,  
These are the offerings that I laid upon my idol's shrine.

"In vain I breathed my vows to heaven, 'twas mockery of  
    prayer;  
In vain I knelt before the cross, I saw but Louis there:  
To him I gave the worship that I should have paid my  
    God,  
But oh! should his have been the hand to wield the avenging  
    rod?

## A B S E N C E.

Come to me, Love; forget each sordid duty  
    That chains thy footsteps to the crowded mart,  
Come, look with me upon earth's summer beauty,  
    And let its influence cheer thy weary heart.  
    Come to me, Love!

Come to me, Love; the voice of song is swelling  
    From nature's harp in every varied tone,  
And many a voice of bird and bee is telling  
    A tale of joy amid the forests lone;  
    Come to me, Love!



Come to me, Love; my heart can never doubt thee,  
Yet for thy sweet companionship I pine;  
Oh, never more can joy be joy without thee,  
My pleasures, even as my life, are thine;  
Come to me, Love!

## FAREWELL.

Go, dearest one, nor think my heart  
Will ever breathe a sigh,  
Because it never more may share  
Thy glorious destiny,  
My love has never sought reward,  
'T was joy enough for me  
To dwell within my solitude,  
And cherish thoughts of thee.

While yet a child I freely gave  
Affection's untold wealth,  
Since then I've seen the swift decay  
Of hope, and joy, and health,  
Yet murmured not at Heaven's decree,  
Though thus of all bereft,  
While thou, beloved, wert at my side,  
A world of bliss was left.

Though other ties thy soul may bind,  
Though we are doomed to part,  
Yet still it is no sin to hide  
Thine image in my heart;  
So sweet, so holy was the spell  
By Love around me cast,  
That even now I would not wake,  
Although the charm be past.

Within thy memory by-past days  
Will leave a pleasant trace,



Not all another's happier love  
Those bright tints can efface;  
Her lot must be a joyous one,  
If thou her fate control,  
But I have known that higher bliss —  
A union of the soul.

Farewell, beloved one: when thy brow  
The laurel-crown shall bind,  
When men are taught by thee to own  
The sovereignty of mind,  
Then think of one who looks on thee  
With more than woman's pride,  
And glories in the thought that she  
Has been thy spirit's bride.

## MAIDEN PURITY.

(THE LILY OF THE NILE.)

Be thine the emblem, sweet one — watch and pray,  
Win thy young, stainless heart from earthly things;  
Oh! wait not thou till life's bright morning ray  
Only o'er blighted hopes its radiance flings,  
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit now,  
Ere sorrow's tracery mar thy placid brow.

Sinless and pure thou art, yet is thy soul  
Filled with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams,  
Sweet fantasies that mock at truth's control,  
Like atoms round thee float in fancy's beams;  
But trust them not, young dreamer — bid them flee,  
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy thoughts — thy gentle heart  
(Already woman's in its wish to bless)  
Now longs for one to whom it may impart  
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,

And yearns to know the meaning of the thrill  
That wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou dreamest of love's happiness,—the deep

And placid joy which poets paint so well.

Alas! our passions, even when they sleep,

Like ocean waves, are heaved with secret swell,  
And they who hear the frequent, low-breathed sigh,  
Know 't is the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain, vain are all thy visions; couldst thou know

The secrets of a woman's weary lot,

Oh! couldst thou read upon her pride-veiled brow

Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot,  
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,  
And pray for strength to wear her martyr crown.

#### HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THEE?

How have I thought of thee? as flies

The dove to seek her mate,

Trembling lest some rude hand has made

Her sweet home desolate;

Thus timidly I seek in thine,

The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee? as turns

The flower to meet the sun,

E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,

It be not shone upon:

Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see

The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams

The mariner of home,

When doomed o'er many a weary waste

Of waters yet to roam;

Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,  
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.  
How have I thought of thee? as kneels  
The Persian at the shrine  
Of his resplendent god, to watch  
His earliest glories shine;  
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,  
My soul's own radiant deity.

## CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

It is in vain the weary spirit strives  
With that which doth consume it; — there is born  
A strength from suffering which can laugh to scorn  
The stroke of sorrow, even though it rives  
Our very heart-strings; — but the grief that lives  
For ever in the heart, and day by day  
Wastes the soul's high-wrought energies away,  
And wears the lofty spirit down, and gives  
Its own dark hue to life, oh! who can bear?  
Yet, as the black and threatening tempests bring  
New fragrance to earth's flowers, and tints more fair,  
So beneath sorrow's nurture virtues spring.  
Youth, health, and hope, may fade, but there is left  
A soul that trusts in Heaven, though thus of all bereft.

## REMEMBRANCE.

THOU hast left us, and for ever;  
The light of those sweet eyes  
Will beam upon us never  
Till we meet beyond the skies.  
Life's sunshine was around thee,  
The world looked glad and bright,  
And the ties of love that bound thee  
Might have stayed thy spirit's flight;

But the bonds that earth entwineth  
Are all too weak to stay,  
When the far off Heaven shineth,  
The spirit's upward way.

Thou hast left us, and for ever;  
Thy smile of quiet mirth,  
Thy low sweet voice, shall never  
Soothe our aching hearts on earth;  
The joys thy presence cherished  
Like mourning dreams have fled,  
And many a fair hope perished  
Upon thy narrow bed.  
For the love that we have borne thee  
Thy loss we needs must weep,  
But even while we mourn thee,  
We envy thee thy sleep.

## LOVE ME STILL.

WHEN 'mid the festive scene we meet,  
To joyous bosoms dear,  
Though other voices fall more sweet  
Upon thy listening ear,  
Yet scorn not thou my ruder tone;  
Oh! think my heart is all thine own,  
And love me still.

When o'er young Beauty's cheek of rose  
Thine eye delighted strays,  
Half proud to watch the blush that glows  
Beneath thine ardent gaze,  
Oh! think that but for sorrow's blight  
My faded cheek had yet been bright,  
And love me still.



## POOR, BUT HAPPY.

WE 'LL have a cot  
Upon the banks of some meandering stream,  
Whose ripple, like the murmur of a dream,  
Shall be our music: roses there shall twine  
Around the casement, with the jessamine,  
Whose stárry blossoms shine out from beneath  
Their veiling leaves, like hope, and whose faint breath  
Is sweet as memory's perfume. All the flowers  
That nature in her richest bounty showers  
Shall deck our home: fresh violets, that, like light,  
And love, and hope, dwell everywhere; the bright  
And fragrant honeysuckle, too; our feet  
Shall press the daisy's bloom. Oh! 't will be sweet  
To sit within the porch at eventide,  
And drink the breath of heaven at thy dear side.  
The sky will wear a smile unseen before,  
The sun for me more genial light will pour,  
Earth will give out its treasures rich and rare,  
New health will come in every balmy air.

Then thou wilt ope to me great Nature's book,  
And nightly on the star-gemmed heavens we'll look;  
Thou, with the pride of knowledge, wilt unfold  
The mighty chart where science is enrolled,  
And gaily smile when I recount to thee  
My wild and wayward flights of fantasy;  
For the frail beings of my dreamy heaven  
Shrink from the light by scholiast wisdom given.  
Wilt thou not joy to see the vivid glow  
Of my expanded mind, when I shall owe  
Its treasures all to thee?

Methinks it would be grief for me to bear  
 E'en bliss, beloved, unless thou too might share;  
 But oh! were joy poured forth in such excess,  
 My heart would break from very happiness.

## ERROR.

BECAUSE my heart dwelt not like cloistered nun  
 In lonely cell unquiet silence keeping,  
 Because it went forth 'neath Hope's blessed sun,  
 And freely shared another's joy and weeping,  
 Thou hast mistaken me.

Because my sympathy awoke from sleep,  
 And frankly did uncloze affection's portal  
 To thoughts of tenderness as pure, as deep,  
 As ever proved the human soul immortal,  
 Thou hast mistaken me.

Because thy feebler spirit, lacking power,  
 By generous thought such priceless love to measure,  
 Awoke its base distrust in that sweet hour  
 When my fond heart revealed its hidden treasure,  
 Thou hast mistaken me.

## INQUIETUDE.

METHOUGHT the icy hand of Time had chilled  
 The gushing fount of passion in my breast—  
 Methought that Reason's power, for aye, had stilled  
 The bitter struggles of my heart's unrest.

Cold, calm, and self-possessing, I had deemed  
 In quiet now to view life slip away—  
 Forgetting much that once my soul had dreamed,  
 And lengthening out in peace my little day.

Safe in indifference, I had vainly hoped  
To scorn the sympathy I might not share,  
And little thought mine own hand would have oped  
My bosom's portal to returning care.

How burns the blush of shame upon my cheek—  
How bends to earth in grief my haughty brow,  
When thus I find myself disarmed and weak  
Before the ideal shapes that haunt me now!

Oh God! how long, misled by erring thought,  
Shall I grope darkly on in feeling's maze?  
When shall I be by Time's sad lessons taught,  
And reach my home of rest by quiet ways?

OH! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

OH! tell me not of lofty fate,  
Of glory's deathless name;  
The bosom Love leaves desolate,  
Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar—  
Love's height it may not reach;  
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore  
Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught,  
The altar may be cold,  
But yet the chalice will be quaffed—  
The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away  
To seek ambition's goal;  
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,  
May charm his weary soul;—

But woman knows one only dream —  
 That broken, all is o'er;  
 For on life's dark and sluggish stream  
 Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

## DARK THOUGHTS.

AH! is this, then, the common lot —  
 The end of earthly love and trust?  
 To be by cherished ones forgot,  
 When the frail body sleeps in dust?  
 Shall hearts, which now with love run o'er,  
 Retain for us no deeper trace  
 Than leaves the foot-print on the shore,  
 Which the next wavelet may efface?

Shall those who once could only live  
 Within the sunshine of our smile,  
 To whom existence could not give  
 A joy unshared by us the while:  
 Shall they 'mid other joys live on,  
 And form anew affection's tie,  
 When we from earth's delights are gone,  
 For ever hid from human eye?

Ay, thus it is th' eternal laws  
 That rule our nature are obeyed:  
 Not in mid conflict may we pause  
 To linger long where love is laid;  
 We pile the turf above the breast  
 Which pillowed oft our aching head,  
 Then turn, and leave unto its rest  
 Our buried, half-forgotten dead.

Tears — the heart's desolating rain,  
 Awhile upon our path may fall,



But hope's sweet sunshine smiles again  
On all things save the funeral pall:—  
Anon the dirge's mournful measure  
Is changed to some less saddening strain,  
And soon the echoing voice of pleasure  
Tells Love and Grief alike were vain.

We form new schemes of future bliss,  
New flowers spring up to cheer our way,  
And scarcely from our side we miss  
The partners of life's earlier day;  
Alas! how vain our noblest feelings,  
How idle would affection seem,  
Did not God give us bright revealings  
Of Life, where Love is not a dream!

## HEEDLESSNESS.

WHEN like a fairy scene, in youth,  
The untried world is spread before us,  
When fancy wears the garb of truth,  
And sunny skies are shining o'er us;  
When never yet a dream of woe  
The heart's deep sympathies have stirred,  
How little then our spirits know  
The evils of a thoughtless word!

When one by one our joys depart,  
When hope no more each bright hour measures,  
When, like a Niobe, the heart  
Sits lonely 'mid its perished treasures;  
When far from human aid we turn,  
And human comfort is unheard,  
Oh! then, how bitterly we learn  
The anguish of a thoughtless word!

## SARAH HELENA WHITMAN.

Mrs. WHITMAN, whose maiden name was Power, is a native of Providence, Rhode Island. Her father, a merchant of that city, was descended from Nicholas Power, who, with a few other bold spirits, consorted with Roger Williams after his exile from Salem, "to establish in the wilderness, a community maintaining the entire emancipation of the individual mind from all spiritual jurisdiction and thralldom." For his liberal opinions he was illiberally arraigned before the General Court of Massachusetts, in 1642.

Miss Power was married in 1828 to John Winslow Whitman, a son of the Hon. Kilborn Whitman, of Pembroke, Mass.; and a descendant on the mother's side from Edward Winslow, the first governor of Plymouth. Mr. Whitman passed his childhood at the residence of his grandfather, Careswell farm, Marshfield. We mention this, because it was a spot that possessed many charms for the poetical mind of his gifted wife, who has published an interesting account of a visit made to the old mansion; when it was still graced with many of the antique oaken chairs and massive tables brought to this country in the *May-Flower*, its walls still decorated with the curious old family pictures, which have since been deposited in the Antiquarian and Historical Societies of Massachusetts. Mr. Whitman commenced the practice of law in Boston, and was distinguished for his learning and wit; but, while all things promised him a brilliant and successful career, he was cut off in the midst of his days. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Whitman returned to her native city, and has resided there with her mother ever since. She has, for some years past, contributed to the best of our magazines and reviews; and her skilful pen has won—not a wide popularity, but—an honourable reputation among the most able judges in matters of literary taste. Her prose writings exhibit much clearness of perception, and vigour of thought. Her translations from the German poets have been highly praised for the ability with which the spirit of the original is retained; none of the freshness or bloom being lost in passing through her delicate hands. Her own poems are chiefly records of experience;—the experience of a gentle and refined woman, devoted

to beauty, nature, and truth. Her love for nature has made her a keen observer, and many of her descriptions are most exquisitely painted landscapes. Her ear is fine for the melody of language, and her taste correct in the use of it.

## THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

"A green and silent spot among the hills."

COLERIDGE.

IN the soft gloom of summer's balmy eve,  
When from the lingering glances of the sun  
The sad earth turns away her blushing cheek,  
Mantling its glow in twilight's shadowy veil,—  
Oft 'mid the falling dews I love to stray;  
Onward and onward through the pleasant fields,  
Far up the liliated borders of the stream,  
To this "green silent spot among the hills,"  
Endeared by thronging memories of the past.

Oft have I lingered on this rustic bridge,  
To view the limpid waters, winding on  
Under dim-vaulted woods, whose woven boughs  
Of beech, and maple, and broad sycamore,  
Throw their soft moving shadows o'er the wave,  
While blossomed vines, dropt to the water's brim,  
Hang idly swaying in the summer wind.

The birds that wander thro' the twilight heaven  
Are mirror'd far beneath me;—and young leaves  
That tremble on the birch tree's silver boughs,  
In the cool wave reflected, gleam below  
Like twinkling stars athwart the verdant gloom.

A sound of rippling water rises sweet  
Amid the silence; and the western breeze  
Sighing through sedges, and low meadow blooms,

Comes wafting gentle thoughts from Memory's land,  
And wakes the long hushed music of the heart.

• Oft dewy spring hath brimmed the brook with showers,  
Oft hath the long, bright summer fringed its banks  
With fragrant blossoms, and the autumn sere  
Shed mellow hues on all its wooded shores,  
Since first I trod these paths in youth's sweet prime,  
With loved ones whom time's desolating wave  
Hath wafted now for ever from my side.

The living stream still lingers on its way  
In idle dalliance with the dew-lipped flowers,  
That toss their fairy heads at its caress,  
Or trembling listen to its silver voice;  
While through yon rifted boughs, the evening star  
Is seen above the hill-top, beautiful  
As when on many a balmy summer night,  
Lapp'd in sweet dreams, "in holy passion hush'd,"  
I saw its ray slant through the dusky pines.

Long years have passed, and by the unchanging stream,  
Bereft and sorrow-taught, alone I stand  
Listening the hollow music of the winds.  
Alone,—alone;—the stars are far away,  
And frequent clouds shut out the summer heaven,  
But still the calm earth keeps her constant course,  
And whispers—"Hope," thro' all her breathing bowers!  
Not all in vain the vision of our youth,  
The apocalypse of beauty and of love,  
The stag-like heart of hope;—life's mystic dream  
The soul shall yet interpret, to our prayer  
The Isis veil be lifted! Though we pine  
E'en 'mid the ungather'd roses of our youth,  
Pierced with strange pangs, and longings vague yet sweet,  
As if earth's fairest flowers served but to wake



Sad haunting memories of our Eden home;—  
Not all in vain!

Meantime in patient trust  
Rest we on Nature's bosom; from her eye  
Serene and still, drinking in faith and love;  
To her calm pulse attempering the heart  
That throbs too wildly for ideal bliss.  
Oh! holy mother, heal me, for I faint  
Upon life's arid pathway, and "my feet  
On the dark mountains stumble!" Near thy heart  
Close nestling let me lie, and let thy breath,  
Fragrant and cool, fall on my fever'd cheek,  
As in those unworn ages ere pale thought  
Forestall'd life's patient harvest. Give me strength  
In generous abandonment of heart,  
To follow wheresoe'er o'er the world's waste  
The cloudy pillar moveth, till at last  
It guides to pleasant vales and pastures green,  
By the still waters of eternal life!

A SONG OF SPRING.

In April's dim and showery nights,  
When wandering perfumes, faint and rare,  
Float on the breeze; and phosphor lights  
Glimmer and fade along the air;

When the green turf is white with flowers,  
Where orchards shed their floral wreath,  
And like the fairy-gifted child,  
Drop precious pearls at every breath;

When all night long the boughs are stirr'd  
With fitful warblings from the nest,  
And the heart flutters like a bird,  
With its sweet, passionate unrest;

Oh! then, beloved, I think on thee!  
And on that life, so strangely fair,  
Ere yet one cloud of memory  
Had gather'd in hope's golden air.

I think on thee, and thy lone grave,  
On the green hill-side far away;  
I see the wilding flowers that wave  
Around thee, as the night-winds sway.

Though Hope can ne'er on earth fulfil  
The glory of her morning dream,  
The mystic soul of Nature still  
Resumes her sweet, unfailing theme.

As Proserpine returned once more  
On Enna's flowery fields to rove,  
Still doth the breathing spring restore  
The sorrowing heart to light and love.

And still though only clouds remain  
On life's horizon, cold and drear;  
The dream of youth returns again,  
With the sweet promise of the year.

## DAVID.\*

And he sent and brought him in. Now David was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he."—I. SAM. xvi. 11, 12.

Av, this is he—the bold and gentle boy,  
That in lone pastures by the mountain's side  
Guarded his fold, and through the midnight sky  
Saw on the blast the "God of battles" ride;

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\* Suggested by Hoppin's Statue, representing the young champion of Israel in the act of throwing the sling.

Beheld his bannered armies on the height,  
And heard their clarion sound through all the stormy night.

The valiant boy that o'er the twilight wold  
Tracked the dark lion and ensanguined bear;  
Following their bloody footsteps from the fold  
Far down the gorges to their lonely lair;  
This the stout heart, that from the lion's jaw  
Back o'er the shuddering waste the bleeding victim bore

Though his fair locks lie all unshorn and bare  
To the bold toying of the mountain wind,  
A conscious glory haunts the o'ershadowing air,  
And waits with glittering coil his brows to bind,  
While his proud temples bend superbly down,  
As if they felt e'en now the burden of a crown.

Though a stern sorrow slumbers in his eyes,  
As if his prophet glance foresaw the day  
When the dark waters o'er his soul should rise,  
And friends and lovers wander far away;  
Yet the graced impress of that floral mouth  
Breathes of love's golden dream and the voluptuous South.

Peerless in beauty as the prophet star,  
That in the dewy trances of the dawn  
Floats o'er the solitary hills afar,  
And brings sweet tidings of the lingering morn;  
Or weary at the day-god's loitering wain,  
Strikes on the harp of light a soft prelusive strain.

So his wild harp with psaltery and shawm  
Awoke the nations in thick darkness furled,  
While mystic winds from Gilead's groves of balm  
Wafted its sweet hosannas through the world;  
So when the day-spring from on high he sang,  
With joy the ancient hills and lonely valleys rang.

Ay, this is he—the minstrel, prophet, king,  
 Before whose arm princes and warriors sank;  
 Who dwelt beneath Jehovah's mighty wing,  
 And from the "river of his pleasures" drank;  
 Or through the rent pavilions of the storm  
 Beheld the cloud of fire that veiled his awful form.

And now he stands as when in Elah's vale,  
 Where warriors set the battle in array,  
 He met the Titan in his ponderous mail,  
 Whose haughty challenge many a Summer's day  
 Rang through the border hills, while all the host  
 Of faithless Israel heard and trembled at his boast.

Till the slight stripling from the mountain fold  
 Stood, all unarm'd, amid their sounding shields,  
 And in his youth's first bloom, devoutly bold,  
 Dared the grim champion of a thousand fields;  
 So stands he now, as in Jehovah's might  
 Glorying, he met the foe and won the immortal fight.

#### SHE BLOOMS NO MORE.

O SPRING! youth of the year—fair mother of flowers! Thou returnest, but with thee return not the serene and fortunate days of joy.—  
*Guarina.*

I DREAD to see the Summer sun  
 Come glowing up the sky,  
 And modest flow'rets, one by one,  
 Opening the violet eye;  
 The choral melody of June—  
 The perfumed breath of heaven—  
 The dewy morn—the radiant noon—  
 The lingering light of even;



These, which so charm'd my careless heart  
In happy days gone by,  
A deeper sadness now impart  
To memory's thoughtful eye.  
They speak of one who sleeps in death,  
Her race untimely o'er,  
Who ne'er shall taste Spring's honied breath,  
Nor see her glories more.

Of one who shared with me, in youth,  
Life's sunshine and its flowers,  
And kept unchanged her bosom's truth  
Through all its darkest hours.  
She faded when the leaves were sere,  
And wailed the Autumn blast;  
With all the glories of the year  
From earth her spirit pass'd.

Again the nodding lilac bows  
Beneath its plummy crest;  
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blows,  
The robin builds his nest.  
The floating vines she loved to train  
Around her lattice, rear  
Their snowy coronals again,  
And hang their garlands there.

But she can bloom on earth no more  
Whose early doom I mourn,  
Nor Spring, nor Summer, can restore  
Our flower untimely shorn;  
Her smile is gone, which beamed on me  
With mild and steadfast light;  
Her rosy lips have mournfully  
Breathed out their last good night.

She ne'er will hear again the song  
Of merry birds in spring,  
Nor roam the flowery braes among  
In the year's young blossoming;  
Nor longer in the lingering light  
Of Summer's eve shall we,  
Lock'd hand in hand, together sit  
Beneath the green-wood tree.

'Tis therefore that I dread to see  
The glowing Summer's sun,  
And balmy blossoms on the tree,  
Unfolding one by one.  
They speak of things which once have been,  
But never more can be;  
And earth, all deck'd in smiles again,  
Is still a waste to me.

## ON CARLO DOLCE'S MAGDALEN.

"There  
Seems sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair."  
BYRON.

THOU fairest penitent! how pure the light  
That mantling o'er that pale transparent brow,  
Through sorrow's shade, shines tremulously bright;  
And melts in rose-hues o'er thy cheek of snow.  
As if thy Saviour's smile of pardoning love  
Had o'er thy beauty a soft halo thrown;  
And poured those rays of glory from above,  
Circling thy temples like a silvery crown;  
Flooding with mellow light thy long, fair hair,  
Whose waves of shadowy gold ungathered fall,  
Nor longer, 'mid their wild luxuriance, wear  
The flashing gem, or flowery coronal.

Though every line of that sweet thoughtful face  
Seems touched by sorrow to a softer grace,  
Though o'er thy cheek's young bloom a blight hath pass'd,  
And dimm'd its pensive beauty;—from thine eye,  
With the soft gloom of gathering tears o'ercast,  
Doth love shine forth o'er all triumphantly;  
A light which shame nor sorrow could impair,  
Unquench'd, undimm'd, through years of lone despair.

Yet in that humid mirror trembles still  
A deprecating sweetness;—a fond fear  
That the deep love, which found no answering thrill  
In human hearts, might nought avail thee here.

Poor wanderer! by the world's cold scorn oppress,  
'Mid the wild wreck of happiness and fame,  
Love lingered still within that blighted breast  
As when thy lips first lisp'd a mother's name.

Woe for the hearts, poor prodigal, like thine,  
Wasting their treasures o'er an earthly shrine—  
The full deep treasures of the yearning heart—  
To win what earthly love could ne'er impart;—  
Vainest of life's vain dreams! yet didst thou find  
That rock at last whence living waters burst,  
And 'neath its sheltering canopy reclined,  
Quenched, at that gushing fount, thy lone heart's thirst.

Oh! love—immortal love! not all in vain  
The young heart wastes beneath life's weary chain,  
Filled with thy bright ideal,—whose excess  
Of beauty mocks our utter loneliness!—  
The weary bark long tossing on the shore  
Shall find its haven when the storm is o'er;  
The wandering bee its hive;—the bird its nest;—  
And the lone heart of love, in heaven its home of rest!

## HYMN.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CONSECRATION OF SWAN POINT CEMETERY.)

IN the faith of him who saw  
The Eternal morning rise,  
Through the open gates of pearl,\*  
On the hills of paradise;—  
Saw the blessed company  
Of saints that, evermore,  
Wander by the wells of life,  
Or tread the heavenly shore:  
Looking to the promised land,  
Saw the verdant palms that wave  
In the calm and lustrous air,  
Through the shadows of the grave;—  
In his name, whose deathless love  
With a glory all divine  
Fill'd the garden-sepulchre,  
Far away in Palestine,—  
We would consecrate a place  
Where our loved ones may repose,  
When the storms of life are past  
And the weary eyelids close.  
Fairer than a festal hall  
Bloom the chambers of their rest—  
Sacred to the tears that fall  
O'er the slumbers of the blest—  
Sacred to the hopes that rise  
Heavenward from this vale of tears,  
Soaring with unwearied wing  
Through "the illimitable years."

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\* Revelations, xxi. 24, 25.



Each sweet nursling of the spring  
Here shall weep its fresh'ning dews,  
Here its fragile censer swing,  
And all its fragrant soul diffuse.

The lily, in her white symar,  
Fondly o'er the turf shall wave,  
Asphodels and violets star  
All "the green that folds their grave."

Here the pale anemone  
In the April breeze shall nod,  
And the May-flower weave her blooms  
Through and through the velvet sod.

Where the folding branches close  
In a verdant coronal,  
Through their dim and dreaming boughs  
Faintly shall the sun-beams fall.

Memories, mournful yet how sweet!  
Here shall weave their mystic spell —  
Angels tread with silent feet  
Paths where love and sorrow dwell.

No rude sound of earth shall break  
The dim quiet evermore,  
But the winds and waves shall chant  
A requiem on the lonely shore.

Flitting through the slumb'rous calm,  
The humming-bird shall wander by,  
Winnowing the floral balm,  
From cups of wreathed ivory.

The bee shall wind his fairy horn,  
Faintly murmuring on the ear,  
Sounds that seem of silence born,  
Soothe the soul of sadness here; —

Many a low and mystic word,  
From the realm of shadows sent,  
In the busy throng unheard,  
Makes the silence eloquent.

Words of sweetest promise spoken  
Only where the dirge is sung,  
Where the "golden bowl" is broken,  
And the "silver chord" unstrung.

Faith shall, like an evening star,  
Faintly tremble through the gloom,  
Hope and memory shall sit  
Like Angels by the tomb.



## CYNTHIA TAGGART.

THE history of this sorely afflicted and deeply interesting person, excites in us the most solemn sympathy, admiration and wonder. It has been narrated with touching and beautiful simplicity by the Rev. James C. Richmond, in a little book called "The Rhode-Island Cottage, or A Gift for the Children of Sorrow;" and from this, and a short autobiography prefixed to Miss Taggart's poems, we have obtained all our information concerning her. She is a native of Rhode-Island. Her father, William Taggart, was a revolutionary soldier, and took a very active part in the defence of his country. The property of his family was entirely destroyed while the British troops were on the Island, but after the war he purchased a farm about six miles from Newport, built a cottage on the side of a hill near the sea-shore, and there lived in quiet seclusion until his death. He was an intelligent and pious man, and cheerfully bore the heavy domestic afflictions which were allotted him. Cynthia's education was but trifling; for even in childhood she was subject to debility and pain; and could attend school only in the summer-time, from her sixth to her

ninth year. In the autobiography alluded to, she says: "My favourite amusements were invariably found, when health permitted, in viewing and admiring the varied and soul-filling works of the great Creator; in listening to the music of the winds and waves with an ineffable and indefinable delight; in reading books that were instructive and interesting; in pursuing without interruption a pleasing train of thought; and in the elysian scenes of fancy. My employments were chiefly of a domestic kind, and my inclinations and habits those of activity and industry. I had never the most remote and vague apprehension that my mental capacities, even if cultivated, were competent for productive efforts; with few exceptions, it was not till several years after the commencement of excruciating illness, that my thoughts and feelings were committed to paper in the form of poetry." When she was about nineteen years old, a complication of chronic diseases began to afflict her; and from that time until now, a period of twenty-six years, she has been confined to a bed of agony, without one gleaming hope of ever being relieved from her intense suffering, until the angel of Death sets her free. Her case has baffled all medical skill; sleep has been withheld to an almost unparalleled degree, never appearing, unless forced by the most powerful anodynes. But although in such a hopeless state, although she never loses the sense of pain, she yet sometimes forgets her misery, and finds relief and even consolation in the gift of God within her soul,—the power of expressing thought, feeling, and imagination, in words that glow with true poetic fire. During the restless hours of midnight nearly all her fervent and pathetic strains have been composed, and were written down afterwards, by her father or her friends, at their leisure. She has, however, a more refreshing source of relief than genius. Religion is her comforter and never-failing support, strengthening her to be calm and patient, and clearing her vision to see by faith the land that is afar off—"where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick."

Her father and mother are dead; but she still lives in The Rhode-Island Cottage, nursed by a widowed sister, and companioned by another sister, who, a kindred sufferer in resignation and intelligent piety, has been many years a helpless invalid. Her poems, which were first edited in 1834, are about to be re-published in New York. The editor of the Providence Literary Journal says, "They are the emanations of a mind rich in endowment, embodied in a style of language, the correctness and purity of which, under all these adverse circumstances, is scarcely less remarkable than the thoughts which it contains."

## INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

O HEALTH, thy succouring aid extend  
While low, with bleeding heart, I bend,  
And on thine every means attend,  
And sue with streaming eyes;  
But more remote thou fliest away,  
The humbler I thine influence pray,  
And expectation dies.

Twice three long years of life have gone,  
Since thy loved presence was withdrawn,  
And I to grief resigned;  
Laid on the couch of lingering pain,  
Where stern disease's torturing chain  
Has every limb confined.

And separate from the household band,  
Disconsolate and lone,  
With no sweet converse's social charm  
One pain imperious to disarm,  
Or quell the rising moan;  
I lie in hopeless doom to grieve,  
While no kind office can relieve,  
Nor can I sustenance receive  
But from another's hand.

While anguish veils the body o'er,  
And balmy sleep is known no more,  
And every thought that thrills the brain  
Gives frantic energy to pain,  
And the cold dewdrops copious drain  
Through every opening, rending pore.

Health! wilt thou not, for the black stream  
That bears keen poison through the veins,



A cordial swift prepare?  
Bring back their own bright crimson glow,  
And the true circulating flow,  
And mitigate despair?

Once more my pleadings I renew,  
And with my parting breath I sue,  
Goaded by potent pain,  
By all the pangs of wasting life,  
By gasping nature's chilling strife,  
To gain one lingering view  
Of thy fair aspect, mildly sweet,  
And kiss from off thine airy feet  
The healing drops of dew.

O bathe my burning temples now,  
And cool the scorching of my brow,  
And light the rayless eye;  
My strength revive with thine own might  
And with thy footsteps firm and light,  
O bear me to thy radiant height,  
Where, soft reposing, lie  
Mild peace, and happiness, and joy,  
And Nature's sweets that never cloy,  
Unmixed with direful pain's alloy;  
Leave me not thus to die!

## AUTUMN.

Now Autumn tints the scene  
With fallow hues and dim;  
And, o'er the sky  
Fast hurrying, fly  
Dark sombre clouds, that pour  
From far the roaring din;

The rattling rain and hail,  
 With the deep sounding wail  
 Of wild and warring melodies, begin.

The wind flies fitful through the forest trees  
 With hollow howlings, and in wrathful mood;  
 As when some maniac fierce, disdaining ease,  
     Tears with convulsive power,  
     In horrid fury's hour,  
 His locks dishevelled; and a chilling moan  
 Breathes from his tortured breast, with dread and dismal tone.

Thus, the impetuous blast  
 Doth from the woodlands tear  
 The leaves, when Summer's reign is past,  
 And sings aloud the requiem of despair;  
 Pours ceaseless the reverberated sigh,  
 While past the honours of the forest fly,  
 Kiss the low ground, and flutter, shrink, and die.

#### ODE TO THE POPPY.

THOUGH varied wreaths of myriad hues,  
     As beams of mingling light,  
 Sparkle replete with pearly dews,  
 Waving their tinted leaves profuse,  
     To captivate the sight;  
 Though fragrance, sweet exhaling, blend  
     With the soft balmy air,  
 And gentle zephyrs, wafting wide  
     Their spicy odours bear;  
     While to the eye,  
     Delightingly,  
 Each floweret laughing blooms,  
     And o'er the fields  
 Prolific, yields

Its increase of perfumes;  
Yet one alone o'er all the plain,  
With lingering eye, I view;  
Hasty, I pass the brightest bower,  
Heedless of each attractive flower,  
*Its* brilliance to pursue.

No odours sweet proclaim the spot  
Where its soft leaves unfold;  
Nor mingled hues of beauty bright  
Charm and allure the captive sight,  
With forms and tints untold.

One simple hue the plant portrays  
Of glowing radiance rare,  
Fresh as the roseate morn displays,  
And seeming sweet and fair.

But closer prest, an odorous breath  
Repels the rover gay;  
And from her hand, with eager haste,  
'Tis careless thrown away;  
And thoughtless that in evil hour  
Disease may happiness devour,  
And her fair form, elastic now,  
To misery's wand may helpless bow.

Then Reason leads wan Sorrow forth  
To seek the lonely flower;  
And blest experience kindly proves  
Its mitigating power.

Then, its bright hue the sight can trace,  
The brilliance of its bloom;  
Though misery veil the weeping eyes,  
Though sorrow choke the breath with sighs,  
And life deplore its doom.

This magic flower  
In desperate hour  
A balsam mild shall yield,  
When the sad, sinking heart  
Feels every aid depart,  
And every gate of hope for ever seal'd.

Then still its potent charm  
Each agony disarm,  
And its all-healing power shall respite give.  
The frantic sufferer, then,  
Convulsed and wild with pain,  
Shall own the sovereign remedy, and live.

The dews of slumber, now,  
Rest on her aching brow,  
And o'er the languid lids balsamic fall;  
While fainting nature hears,  
With dissipated fears,  
The lowly accents of soft Somnus' call.

Then will affection twine  
Around this kindly flower;  
And grateful memory keep  
How, in the arms of sleep,  
Affliction lost its power.



## ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

MRS. EAMES is a native of New York, but lived till her seventeenth year in a secluded village on the banks of the Hudson. In 1836, she was married to Mr. W. S. Eames, and removed to New Hartford, where she now resides. She was a regular contributor to the New-Yorker for some years before her marriage (under the signature of *Stella*); and since that period her writings have frequently appeared in Graham's Magazine, The Southern Literary Messenger, and more recently still in The Columbian.

Mrs. Eames is a student, and has suffered much from ill-health. Her mind is of a serious, generally of a pensive mood; yet not desponding or downcast—"gazing upon the ground with thoughts that dare not glow." Her strains exhibit much chastened fervour, an uplifting of the soul to a lofty purpose, and a steadfast desire to attain it, even though it be through pain. A volume of her poetry, which has never yet been collected, will shortly appear, and meet, we doubt not, the kind welcome it deserves.

### "THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

ONWARD and upward, O my soul!

Let thy endeavour be—

Though dark the cloud-mist 'bove thee roll,

Light shall be given to thee;

Though stormiest waves and billows rock

Thy human bark at will,

Thou shalt have strength to bear the shock—

Be Hope thy anchor still.

Alas! thou shrinkest with lonely fear,

Thou tremblest with the cold,

Thy inner life shows pale and drear,

And languidly unfold

The feeble wings that fain would find  
The source of mental day;  
Still unrevealed the path—and blind  
Doth the immortal stray!

Oh, pining soul! my heart is faint—  
My hand grows timorous, weak;  
Why, *why* that half-reproachful plaint?  
And wherefore dost thou speak  
So mournful, and despondingly,  
Imploring my poor aid?  
What can I do, dear soul, for thee,  
Ere I am lowlier laid?

Seest thou my cheek is thin and pale,  
Mine eyes with vigils dim?  
Daily my strength and courage fail,  
And through each faltering limb  
Quivers the arrow of disease;  
Still, for the wasting clay,  
Cometh no hours of calm and ease  
To soften its decay!

Oh! not in such imperfect state  
Can thy full wakening be;  
Yet, yet my soul in patience wait—  
The morn must break for thee.  
Not vainly dost thou thirst for more  
Than this poor world can give—  
Where gleam the waves of yon bright shore,  
There shalt thou drink and live.

Freed from those bonds of mortal flesh,  
Thou shalt go forth, my soul,  
Rejoicing in a nobler birth,  
With powers beyond control.

Then onward! 'tis not always night,  
 Though clouds dim now thy way:  
 Oh! soul of mine! there will be light  
 To show the perfect day!

## DIEM PERDIDI.

"When the Emperor Titus remembered at night that he had done nothing beneficial during the day, he used to exclaim—"I have lost a day!"

O GREATLY wise! thou of the crown and rod,  
 Robed in the purple majesty of kings —  
 Power was thine own, where'er thy footsteps trod,  
 Yet didst thou mourn if Time on idle wings  
 Went by for thee! Deep sunk in thought wert thou —  
 And sadness rested on thy noble brow,  
 If, when the dying day closed o'er thy head,  
 Thou hadst no knowledge gain'd — no good conferr'd:  
 "Diem Perdidi" was the thought that stirr'd  
 Thy conscious soul, when night her curtain spread.  
 Oh Emperor, greatly wise! could we so deal  
 With misspent hours, and win thy faith sublime,  
 We should not be ('mid the soul's mute appeal)  
 Such triflers with the solemn trust of Time!

## CHARITY.

ALL stainless in the holy white  
 Of her broad mantle — lo! the maiden cometh.  
 Lip, cheek and brow serenely bright  
 With that calm look of deep delight.  
 Beautiful, — on the mountain top she roameth.

"The soft gray of the brooding dove"  
 With melting radiance in her eye she weareth;

Her heart is full of trust and love ;  
For an angel mission from above,  
In tranquil beauty, o'er the earth she beareth.

The music of Humanity  
Flows from her tuneful lips in sweetest numbers :  
Of all life's pleasant ministries —  
Of universal harmonies —  
She sings: no care her mind encumbers.

Glad tidings doth she ever sound ;  
Good will to man throughout the world is sending ;  
Blessings and gifts she scatters round ;  
Peace to her name, with whom is found  
The olive branch, in holy beauty bending.

## LINES.

"Of making many books there is no end ; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."—*Solomon.*

"Of making many books there is no end,"  
Said the wise monarch of the olden time ;  
Yet, through all ages, and in every clime  
Doth the pale seeker o'er his studies bend  
The intellectual Numen to obey,  
Eager and anxious still. Still doth he toil  
(Making the night familiar as the day,)  
To find the clew to loose the ravell'd coil —  
To pierce the depth of things that hidden lie  
The oil of life consumeth ! this he knoweth —  
Yet with a feverish brow and streaming eye,  
He seeks to find ; — and patiently bestoweth  
His midnight labourings in Wisdom's mine,  
To win for Earth the gems that midst its darkness shine.



"Much study is a weariness." The sage  
 Who gave his mind, to seek and search until  
 He knew all Wisdom, found that on the page  
 Knowledge and grief were vow'd companions still:  
 And so the students of a later day  
 Sit down among the records of old time  
 To hold high commune with the thoughts sublime  
 Of minds long gone; so they too pass away,  
 And leave us what? their course, to toil — reflect —  
 To feel the thorn pierce through our gather'd flowers —  
 Still midst the leaves the earth-worm to detect.  
 And this is Knowledge;— Wisdom is not ours.  
 Oh! well the Preacher bids his son admonish'd be,  
 That all the days of man's short life are Vanity!

## ON THE PICTURE OF A DEPARTED POETESS.

THIS still, clear, radiant face! doth it resemble  
 In each fair, faultless lineament thine own?  
 Methinks on that enchanting lip doth tremble  
 The soul that breathes thy lyre's melodious tone.  
 The soul of music, O! ethereal spirit,  
 Fills the dream-haunted sadness of thine eyes;  
 Sweet Poetess! thou surely didst inherit  
 Thy gifts celestial from the upper skies.

Clear on the expansion of that snow-white forehead  
 Sits intellectual beauty, meekly throned;—  
 Yet, O! the expression tells that thou hast sorrow'd,  
 And in thy yearning, human heart atoned  
 For thy soul's lofty gifts!—on earth, O, never  
 Was the deep thirsting of thy bosom still'd!—  
 The "aching void" followed thee here forever,  
 The Better Land thy DREAM OF LOVE fulfilled.

## ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE rural and beautiful village of Cumberland, about twelve miles from Portland, Maine, is the birthplace of Elizabeth Smith. Her family name was Prince. Precocity indeed is not always a sign of genius,—for sometimes those minds which are ripe the soonest, the soonest decay,—yet the little Elizabeth (like many of her sister-poetesses) was a most precocious child. She used to improvise as soon as she could talk, but finding that people stared at her, and that some checked her, she grew nervous at three or four, and repeated her rhymes only in secret.

She began to write from the time she could imitate printed letters, and continued for a long time to write in this way. Possessing acute sensibilities, a quiet thoughtfulness, a loving disposition; and a marked dislike of pretension, the attributes of a true poet might have been discerned in her at a very early age; and perhaps were, by that father and grandfather at whose feet she loved to sit, hearing and asking them questions, when other children were out at play. As she grew up she devoted herself to study; choosing philosophy both natural and moral, and abstruse subjects which required much close and steady thought, on which to feed her love for knowledge. But liberal nature gave her a very strong mind, capable of bearing intense application, and as capacious as it was strong, fit apartment for the wealthy stores that native thought and foreign learning brought in. She was married at sixteen to Seba Smith, Esq., of Portland, well-known as the author of the humorous *Jack Downing Letters*. Since her marriage Mrs. Smith has been a constant contributor to the magazines of the day. When she first wrote, she did so merely from the impulse within; afterwards, necessity lorded it over her genius; and often, when her social and womanly nature would have been content with the pleasures of friendly intercourse, this stern master, she dared not disobey, has driven her to her pen, to coin her thoughts of purest gold, for gold “of a baser sort.” About eight years ago she left Portland to reside in New York; lately she has removed to Brooklyn.

In 1842, Mrs. Smith published “*The Sinless Child, and other Poems.*”

a little volume which has been much praised by able critics, and widely circulated. *The Acorn*, one of her most imaginative and faultless productions, is contained in this book. We give the whole of it: for though the growing oak spreads out far and wide, we could not find it in our hearts to cut off a single bough. Within a short time, she has completed a tragedy, called *The Roman Tribute*, which is to be acted in the coming autumn; and a prose romance, now in the press. Many of her smaller poems indicate genius of a high order; they vary in their style of thought and expression, however, very considerably. Sometimes, as in *The April Rain*, there is a fresh simplicity in them, as if a little child were singing out her pure and happy feelings in musical rhyme; and then again, as in the two sonnets we have quoted, there is a sublimity, a deep, solemn calmness of thought, as if breathed from the heart of one made patient by experience, and wise by inward suffering. Some of Mrs. Smith's best poems and essays have been published under the name of *Ernest Helfenstein*. We have often wondered who this quaint, but deep-souled, mellow-voiced writer was; our delight and surprise were equal, on finding, not long ago, that the original and instructive articles we had read from the pen of the poet-philosopher, *Ernest Helfenstein*, sprang from the fertile mind of the philosophical poetess, Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

## THE ACORN.

AN acorn fell from an old oak tree,  
And lay on the frosty ground —  
“O, what shall the fate of the acorn be!”  
Was whispered all around,  
By low-toned voices, chiming sweet,  
Like a floweret's bell when swung —  
And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,  
And the beetle's hoofs up-rung —  
  
For the woodland Fays came sweeping past  
In the pale autumnal ray,  
Where the forest leaves were falling fast,  
And the acorn quivering lay;

They came to tell what its fate should be,  
Though life was unreveal'd;  
For life is holy mystery,  
Where'er it is conceal'd.

They came with gifts that should life bestow;  
The dew and the living air —  
The bane that should work its deadly wo —  
Was found with the Fairies there.  
In the gray moss-cup was the mildew brought,  
And the worm in the rose-leaf roll'd,  
And many things with destruction fraught,  
That its fate were quickly told.

But it heeded not; for a blessed fate  
Was the acorn's doom'd to be —  
The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,  
And watch o'er its destiny.  
To a little sprite was the task assigned  
To bury the acorn deep,  
Away from the frost and searching wind,  
When they through the forest sweep.

I laughed outright at the small thing's toil,  
As he bow'd beneath the spade,  
And he balanced his gossamer wings the while  
To look in the pit he made.  
A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,  
When the spade aside he threw,  
And roll'd the acorn away to sleep  
In the hush of dropping dew.

The spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,  
And its gush of woodland song;  
The dew came down, and the rain was there,  
And the sunshine rested long;



Then softly the black earth turn'd aside,  
The old leaf arching o'er,  
And up, where the last year's leaf was dried,  
Came the acorn-shell once more.

With coil'd stem, and a pale green hue  
It look'd but a feeble thing;  
Then deeply its roots abroad it threw,  
Its strength from the earth to bring.  
The woodland sprites are gathering round,  
Rejoiced that the task is done —  
That another life from the noisome ground  
Is up to the pleasant sun.

The young child pass'd with a careless tread,  
And the germ had well nigh crush'd,  
But a spider, launch'd on her airy thread,  
The cheek of the stripling brush'd.  
He little knew, as he started back,  
How the acorn's fate was hung  
On the very point in the spider's track  
Where the web on his cheek was flung.

The autumn came, and it stood alone,  
And bow'd as the wind pass'd by —  
The wind that utter'd its dirge-like moan  
In the old oak sere and dry;  
And the hollow branches creak'd and sway'd  
But they bent not to the blast,  
For the stout oak tree, where centuries play'd  
Was sturdy to the last.

A schoolboy beheld the lithe young shoot,  
And his knife was instant out,  
To sever the stalk from the spreading root,  
And scatter the buds about;

To peel the bark in curious rings,  
And many a notch and ray,  
To beat the air till it whizzing sings,  
Then idly cast away.

His hand was stay'd; he knew not why :  
'Twas a presence breathed around —  
A pleading from the deep-blue sky,  
And up from the teeming ground.  
It told of the care that had lavish'd been  
In sunshine and in dew —  
Of the many things that had wrought a screen  
When peril around it grew.

It told of the oak that once had bow'd,  
As feeble a thing to see ;  
But now, when the storm was raging loud,  
It wrestled mightily.  
There's a deeper thought on the schoolboy's brow,  
A new love at his heart,  
And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow  
He turns him to depart.

Up grew the twig, with a vigour bold,  
In the shade of the parent tree,  
And the old oak knew that his doom was told,  
When the sapling sprang so free.  
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore  
The hollow limbs away ;  
And the damp moss crept from the earthy floor.  
Round the trunk, time-worn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,  
For its roots were deep and strong ;  
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,  
And the sunlight linger'd long

On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light  
Was flung to the evening sky;  
And the wild bird came to its airy height,  
And taught her young to fly.

In acorn-time came the truant boy,  
With a wild and eager look,  
And he mark'd the tree with a wondering joy,  
As the wind the great limbs shook.  
He look'd where the moss on the north side grew,  
The gnarled arms outspread,  
The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,  
As it tower'd above his head:

And vague-like fears the boy surround,  
In the shadow of that tree;  
So growing up from the darksome ground,  
Like a giant mystery.  
His heart beats quick to the squirrel's tread  
On the withered leaf and dry,  
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head  
As the eddying wind sweeps by.

And regally the stout oak stood,  
In its vigour and its pride;  
A monarch own'd in the solemn wood,  
With a sceptre spreading wide—  
No more in the wintry blast to bow,  
Or rock in the summer breeze;  
But draped in green, or star-like snow,  
Reign king of the forest trees.

And a thousand years it firmly grew,  
And a thousand blasts defied;  
And, mighty in strength, its broad arms threw  
A shadow dense and wide.

It grew where the rocks were bursting out  
From the thin and heaving soil —  
Where the ocean's roar, and the sailor's shout,  
Were mingled in wild turmoil.

Where the far-off sound of the restless deep  
Came up with a booming swell;  
And the white foam dash'd to the rocky steep,  
But it loved the tumult well.  
Then its huge limbs creak'd in the midnight air,  
And joined in the rude uproar:  
For it loved the storm and the lightning's glare,  
And the sound of the breaker's roar.

The bleaching bones of the sea-bird's prey  
Were heap'd on the rocks below;  
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and gray,  
Look'd off from its topmost bough.  
Where its shadow lay on the quiet wave  
The light boat often swung,  
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean-grave,  
Her cable round it flung.

Change came to the mighty things of earth —  
Old empires pass'd away;  
Of the generations that had birth,  
O Death! where, where were they?  
Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,  
Nor dreamed it of decay,  
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood  
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.

A sound comes down in the forest trees,  
An echoing from the hill;  
It floats far off on the summer breeze,  
And the shore resounds it shrill.



Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand  
Like a watch-tower of the main—  
The strokes fall thick from the woodman's hand,  
And its falling shakes the plain.

The stout old oak!—'Twas a worthy tree,  
And the builder marked it out;  
And he smiled its angled limbs to see,  
As he measured the trunk about.  
Already to him was a gallant bark  
Careering the rolling deep,  
And in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,  
Her way she will proudly keep.

The chisel clinks, and the hammer rings,  
And the merry jest goes round;  
While he who longest and loudest sings  
Is the stoutest workman found.  
With jointed rib, and trunnel'd plank  
The work goes gaily on,  
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,  
Are heard till the task is done.

She sits on the stocks, the skeleton ship,  
With her oaken ribs all bare,  
And the child looks up with parted lip,  
As it gathers fuel there—  
With brimless hat, the bare-foot boy  
Looks round with strange amaze,  
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy  
Are mingling in that gaze.

With graceful waist and carvings brave  
The trim hull waits the sea—  
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,  
While round go the cheerings three.

Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,  
Where it plunged in foam and spray;  
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep  
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly rear'd, O heart of oak!  
In the sound of the ocean roar,  
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke  
And bellow'd along the shore—  
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,  
With the wind through spar and shroud,  
To hear a sound like the forest voice,  
When the blast was raging loud!

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,  
She sits like an ocean-sprite,  
Careering on in her trackless way,  
In sunshine or dark midnight:  
Her course is laid with fearless skill,  
For brave hearts man the helm;  
And the joyous winds her canvass fill—  
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

On, on she goes, where icebergs roll,  
Like floating cities by;  
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,  
And the merry dancers fly;  
Where the glittering light is backward flung  
From icy tower and dome,  
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung  
With gems from the ocean foam.

On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,  
As it lay like molten gold,  
And her pendant shroud and towering mast  
Seem'd twice on the waters told.

The idle canvass slowly swung  
As the spicy breeze went by,  
And strange, rare music around her rung  
From the palm-tree growing nigh.

O, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee  
The gay and the breaking heart,  
And weeping eyes look'd out to see  
Thy white-spread sails depart.  
And when the rattling casement told  
Of many a perill'd ship,  
The anxious wife her babes would fold,  
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheel'd in her stormy flight;  
The wind piped shrill and high;  
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,  
That flicker'd not to the eye:  
The black cloud came like a banner down,  
And down came the shrieking blast;  
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,  
And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,  
She ploughs the deep-trough'd wave:  
A gurgling sound—a phrenzied wail—  
And the ship hath found a grave.  
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,  
That fell from the old oak tree,  
And the woodland Fays in the frosty mould  
Preserved for its destiny.

## CHARITY, IN DESPAIR OF JUSTICE.

OUT-WEARIED with the littleness and spite,  
The falsehood and the treachery of men,  
I cried, give me but justice, thinking then  
I meekly craved a common boon which might

Most easily be granted; soon the light  
 Of deeper truth grew on my wondering ken,  
 (Escaped baneful damps of stagnant fen,)  
 And then I saw, that in my pride bedight  
 I claim'd from erring man the gift of Heaven—  
 God's own great vested right; and I grew calm,  
 With folded hands like stone to patience given,  
 And pityings of pure love-distilling balm;—  
 And now I wait in quiet trust to be  
 All known to God,—and ask of men, sweet Charity.

## THE GREAT AIM.

EARTH beareth many pangs of guilt and wrong;  
 Hunger, and chains, and nakedness, all cry  
 From out the ground to Him, whose searching eye  
 Sees blood like slinking serpents steal along  
 The dusty way, rank grass, and flowers among.  
 His the dread voice—"Where is thy brother?" Why  
 Sit we here weaving our common griefs to song,  
 While that eternal call, forth bids us fly  
 From self, and wake to human good? The near,  
 The humble, it may be, yet—God-appointed!  
 If greatly girded, cast aside thy fear  
 In solemn trust, thou mission'd and anointed!  
 Oh! glorious task! made free from petty strife,  
 Thy Truth becomes an Act,—thy Aspiration—Life!

## ANGELS.

With downy pinion they enfold  
 The heart surcharged with woe,  
 And fan with balmy wing the eye,  
 Whence floods of sorrow flow;  
 They bear in golden censers up  
 That sacred gift, a tear,



By which is register'd the griefs  
Hearts may have suffer'd here.

No inward pang, no yearning love  
Is lost to human hearts;  
No anguish that the spirit feels  
When bright-wing'd hope departs:  
Though in the mystery of life  
Discordant powers prevail,  
That life itself be weariness,  
And sympathy may fail;

Yet all becomes a discipline  
To lure us to the sky;  
And angels bear the good it brings  
With fostering care on high.  
Though others, weary at the watch,  
May sink to toil-spent sleep,  
And we are left in solitude  
And agony to weep—

Yet THEY with ministering zeal  
The cup of healing bring,  
And bear our love and gratitude  
Away on heavenly wing.  
And thus the inner life is wrought,  
The blending earth and heaven—  
The love more earnest in its glow,  
Where much has been forgiven.

## UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS.

VAIN we number every duty,  
Number all our prayers and tears,  
Still the spirit lacketh beauty,  
Still it droops with many fears.

Soul of Love, O boundless Giver,  
 Who didst all thyself impart,  
 And thy blood, a flowing river,  
 Told how large the loving heart;

Now we see how poor the offering  
 We have on thine altar cast,  
 And we bless thee for the suffering  
 Which hath taught us love at last.

We may feel an inward gladness  
 For the truth and goodness won,  
 But far deeper is the sadness  
 For the good we leave undone.

## STANZAS.

O God! that we should live, the dull pulse beat,  
 When all that should be life is cold and sere!  
 When thought, which angel-like is high and fleet,  
 Is crush'd to earth, what doth the spirit here!  
 And yet, and yet I would not feebly shrink  
 From this dread cup of suffering,—let me drink.

For in this darkest hour there cometh yet  
 A soothing ministry, unseen but felt;  
 An inward prompting—Thou wilt not forget!  
 And tears gush forth,—the eyes that would not melt,  
 Train'd in the school of grief, at thought of Thee  
 Pour forth their pent-up fountains, fast and free.

Life-Giver! who hast planted in the soul  
 This seed-time dread of hopes too high for earth,  
 Emotions, yearnings, time may not control,  
 In heaven alone, Oh! hath the harvest birth?  
 Oh wherefore doth the heart, deluded still,  
 Its broken urn from earth's dark fountains fill?

Not at the gory wheel, the fiery stake;  
Not where the rack gives forth the lingering breath—  
Not there alone do martyr'd spirits break,  
Not there alone dost thou find such, O Death!  
Another test; crush'd by a hidden weight,  
There are who martyrs live to their dark fate.

## STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

Come up unto the hills! Thy strength is there;  
Oh! thou hast tarried long,  
Too long amid the bowers and blossoms fair,  
With notes of summer song!  
Why dost thou tarry here? What though the bird  
Pipes matin in the vale—  
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd  
As the red daylights fail?

Yet come unto the hills—the old strong hills,  
And leave the stagnant plain;  
Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,  
As sing they to the main.  
And thou shalt dwell with denizens of light;—  
The eagle shall be there,  
With tireless wing aslant the cloud of night,  
Amid the lightning's glare.

Come up unto the hills! The shatter'd oak  
There clings unto the rock,  
With arms outstretch'd as 't would the storm invoke,  
And dare again the shock.  
Come where no fear is known, the sea-bird's nest  
On the old hemlock swings,  
There thou shalt feel the gladness of unrest,  
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills! The men of old,  
They of undaunted will,  
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong and bold.  
On the enduring hill, —  
Where come the soundings of the sea afar  
Borne inward to the ear,  
And nearer grow the moon, and midnight star,  
And God himself more near!

## NIGHT.

"Some who had early mandates to depart,  
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart."—*Wordsworth.*

THRICE welcome, solemn, thoughtful Night,  
With the cool and shadowy wing;  
For visions, beautiful and bright,  
Thou dost to fancy bring —  
And then the mental eye I turn,  
Thy kingdom, soul, to view,  
For higher progress eager burn,  
And onward strength renew.

I love thy dim, majestic car,  
With no moon lighting by,  
When still and hush'd is each pale star,  
And the heavens look deep and high —  
And o'er me seem thy wings to brood  
With a protecting love,  
And I nestle in thy solitude,  
Like a stricken, wearied dove.

I bless thee for each hallow'd thought,  
Which thou, oh! Night, dost bring —  
Thy quiet, with high teachings fraught,  
While round me seems to ring



The music of the better land,  
And gentle watch to keep,  
The presence of a guardian band  
Is round me while I sleep.

And soothingly, oh! Night, dost thou  
Departed ones restore —  
I see each fair and peaceful brow  
With their loving looks once more,  
Alas, the loved and gentle ones,  
They pass from earth away,  
And pleasantly we hear their tones,  
When the midnight shadows play.

We feel their holy presence near,  
Their gentle pressure feel,  
Their words of whisper'd comfort hear,  
And angel-like appeal;  
And every struggle for the right  
They smilingly approve,  
And arm us doubly for the fight,  
With spirit-faith and love.

Oh! holy Night, thou bring'st to me  
Bright visions of the past,  
And pleasant dreams are born of thee,  
And from thy pinions cast.  
No fancies dark, no terrors wild,  
Come hovering round my bed.  
But peaceful as a wearied child  
I rest my aching head.

## THE RECALL, OR SOUL MELODY

NOR dulcimer nor hárp shall breathe

    Their melody for me;

Within my secret soul be wrought

    A holier minstrelsy!

Descend into thy depths, oh soul

And every sense in me control.

Thou hast no voice for outward mirth,

    Whose purer strains arise

From those that steal from crystal gates,

    The hymnings of the skies;

And well may earth's cold jarrings cease,

When such have soothed thee unto peace.

Within thy secret chamber rest,

    And back each sense recall,

That seeketh 'mid the tranquil stars

    Where melody shall fall;

Call home the wanderer from the vale,

From mountain and the moonlight pale.

Within the leafy wood, the sound

    Of dropping rain may ring,

Which, rolling from the trembling leaf,

    Falls on the sparrow's wing;

And music round the waking flower

May breathe in every star-lit bower:

Yet, come away! nor stay to hear

    The breathings of a voice

Whose subtle tones awake a thrill

    To make thee to rejoice,

And vibrate on the listening ear,

Too deep, too earnest, ah, too dear.

Yes, come away, and inward turn  
Each thought and every sense,  
For sorrow lingers from without,  
Thou canst not charm it thence;  
But all attuned the soul may be,  
Unto a deathless melody.

## THE APRIL RAIN.

THE April rain! the April rain!  
I hear the pleasant sound,  
Now soft and still, like gentle dew,  
Now drenching all the ground.  
Pray tell me why an April shower  
Is pleasanter to see  
Than falling drops of other rain?  
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 't is really so,  
Or only Hope, the while,  
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,  
And Summer's coming smile:  
Whate'er it is, the April shower  
Makes me a child again;  
I feel a rush of youthful blood,  
As falls the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb,  
Within the darksome ground,  
I should love to hear the April rain  
So softly falling round;  
Or any tiny flower were I,  
By Nature swaddled up,  
How pleasantly the April shower  
Would bathe my hidden cup!

The small brown seed that rattled down  
On the cold autumnal earth,  
Is bursting from its cerements forth,  
Rejoicing in its birth;  
The slender spears of pale green grass  
Are smiling in the light;  
The clover opes its folded leaves,  
As though it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,  
And upward turns his eye,  
As if he loved to see the drops  
Come filtering down the sky;  
No doubt he longs the bright green leaves  
About his home to see,  
And feel the swaying summer winds  
Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,  
And cheerful sounds are heard;  
The young girl sings at the merry wheel  
A song like the wildwood bird;  
The creeping child by the old worn sill  
Peers out with winking eye,  
And his ringlets parts with his chubby hand,  
As the drops come spattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky  
The truant boy is out,  
And hoop and ball are darting by,  
With many a merry shout;  
Ay, shout away, ye joyous throng!  
For yours is the April day;  
I love to see your spirits dance,  
In your pure and healthful play.



## LOVE DEAD.

The lady sent him an image of Cupid, one wing veiling his face. He was pleased thereat, thinking it to be Love sleeping, and betokened the tenderness of the sentiment. He looked again and saw it was Love dead and laid upon his bier.

THIS morn with trembling I awoke,  
Just as the dawn my slumber broke :  
Flapping came a heavy wing, sounding pinions o'er my head,  
Beating down the blessed air with a weight of chilling dread —  
Felt I then the presence of a doom  
That an Evil occupied the room —  
And I dared not round the bower,  
Chilly in the grayish morning,  
Dared not face the evil power,  
With its voice of inward warning.

Vain with weakness we may palter —  
Vainly may the fond heart falter,  
Came there upon my soul, dropping down like leaden weight,  
Burning pang or freezing pang, which I know not 't was so great ;  
Life hath its moments black unnumbered,  
I knew not if mine eyes had slumbered,  
Yet I little thought such pain  
Ever to have known again —  
Love dies, too, when Faith is dead,  
Yesternight Faith perished.

I knew that Love could never change —  
That Love should die seems yet more strange —  
Lifting up the downy veil, screening Love within my heart,  
Beating there as beat my pulse, moving like myself a part —  
I had kept him cherished there so deep,  
Heart-rocked kept him in his balmy sleep,

That till now I never knew  
How his fibres round me grew —  
Could not know how deep the sorrow  
Where Hope bringeth no to-morrow.

I struggled, knowing we must part,  
I grieved to lift him from my heart,  
Grieving much and struggling much, forth I brought him  
sorrowing —

Drooping hung his fainting head — all adown his dainty wing,  
Shrieked I with a wild and dark surprise —  
For I saw the marble in Love's eyes —  
Yet I hoped his soul would wait  
As he oft had waited there —  
Hovering though at Heaven's gate —  
Could he leave me to despair!

Unfolded they the crystal door,  
Where Love shall languish never more —  
Weeping Love thy days are o'er. Lo! I lay thee on thy bier,  
Wiping thus from thy dead cheek every vestige of a tear!  
Love has perished — hist, hist how they tell,  
Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell!  
Love is dead, ay dead and gone,  
Why should I be living on; —  
Why be in this chamber sitting,  
With but phantoms round me flitting!

## MARY E. BROOKS,

FORMERLY Mary Elizabeth Aikin, was born at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York, and educated at Troy, under the care of Mrs. Willard. When quite young, she wrote for the New York periodicals, under the signature of *Norna*. In 1829, her longest poem — *The Rivals of D'Este*—was published, with several others, in a volume containing the poetical effusions of her husband, the late James G. Brooks. She possesses many elegant accomplishments, and a thorough acquaintance with the modern languages. Her poetical talent is seldom called into exercise now; but the verses she has written display a lively fancy and refined taste. The “Hebrew melodies” in the volume above named, are sweet and expressive, and gracefully executed.

### OH, WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

JEREMIAH, xxii. 10.

Oh, weep not for the dead!  
Rather, oh rather give the tear  
To those that darkly linger here,  
When all besides are fled;  
Weep for the spirit withering  
In its cold cheerless sorrowing,  
Weep for the young and lovely one  
That ruin darkly reveals on;  
But never be a tear-drop shed  
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead.  
No more for them the blighting chill,  
The thousand shades of earthly ill,  
The thousand thorns we tread;  
Weep for the life-charm early flown,  
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;

Weep for the death pangs of the heart,  
Ere being from the bosom part;  
But never be a tear-drop given,  
To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

## THE LAMENT OF JUDAH.

JEREMIAH, iv. 30.

In vain the crimson garment now,  
It wraps a feeble limb;  
In vain the jewel decks the brow,  
The eye beneath is dim:  
For days gone by, for days to come,  
In weary thoughts of blasted home,  
Does Judah's heart, and Judah's eye,  
Darken amid your revelry.

Ye have your homes, your hearths; your sires  
Sleep 'neath the garden tree;  
Where are our hearths, our altar fires,  
And what, oh what are we?  
'Tis our's to pour the tear-drop fast,  
Above the bright and buried past;  
For this does Judah's heart and eye  
Turn sickening from your revelry!

## THE SONG OF CAPTIVE ISRAEL.

PSALM CXXXVII.

COME, sweep the harp! one thrilling rush  
Of all that warm'd its chords to song,  
And then the strains for ever hush  
That oft have breathed its wires along!  
The ray is quench'd that lit our mirth,  
The shrine is gone that claim'd the prayer;



And exiles o'er the distant earth,  
How can we wake the carol there.

One sigh, my harp! and then to sleep,  
For all that loved thy song have flown;  
Why should'st thou lonely vigils keep,  
Forsaken, broken, and alone?  
Let this sad murmur be thy last,  
Nor e'er again in music swell;  
Thine hours of joyousness are past,  
And thus we sever: fare thee well!

DREAM OF LIFE.

I HEARD the music of the wave,  
As it rippled to the shore;  
And saw the willow branches lave,  
As light winds swept them o'er;  
The music of the golden bow,  
That did the torrent span;  
But I heard a sweeter music flow  
From the youthful heart of man.

The wave rushed on; the hues of heaven  
Fainter and fainter grew;  
And deeper melodies were given  
As swift the changes flew:  
Then came a shadow on my sight,  
The golden bow was dim:  
And he that laugh'd beneath its light,  
What was the change to him?

I saw him not; only a throng  
Like the swell of troubled ocean,  
Rising, sinking, swept along  
In the tempest's wild commotion:

Sleeping, dreaming, waking then,  
Chains to link or sever;  
Turning to the dream again,  
Fain to clasp it ever.

There was a rush upon my brain,  
A darkness on mine eye;  
And when I turn'd to gaze again  
The mingled forms were nigh;  
In shadowy mass a mighty hall  
Rose on the fitful scene;  
Flowers, music, gems were flung o'er all,  
Not such as once had been.

Then in its mist, far, far away,  
A phantom seemed to be;  
The something of a gone-by day,  
But oh, how changed was he!  
He rose beside the festal board,  
Where sat the merry throng;  
And as the purple juice he pour'd  
Thus woke his wassail song—

## SONG.

COME, while with wine the goblets flow,  
For wine they say has power to bless;  
And flowers too—not roses, no!  
Bring poppies, bring forgetfulness!

A Lethe for departed bliss,  
And each too well remember'd scene;  
Earth has no sweeter draught than this,  
Which drowns the thought of what has been.

Here's to the heart's cold iciness,  
Which cannot smile, but will not sigh;

If wine can bring a chill like this,  
Come, fill for me the goblet high.

Come, and the cold, the false, the dead,  
Shall never cross our revelry;  
We'll kiss the wine-cup sparkling red,  
And snap the chain of memory.



## LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

It would be wrong, merely for the sake of chronological order, to separate these sweet sisters, who, though not twins by birth, were twins in thought, feeling, loveliness, and purity. We will sketch them together, therefore, while their devoted mother and excellent father shall stand at their head.

Mrs. Davidson was a daughter of Dr. Burnet Miller, a respectable physician in the city of New York, where she was born on the 27th of June, 1787. Her mother was early left a widow, and removed to Dutchess County, where, at the age of sixteen, this daughter was married to Dr. Davidson. The greater part of her married life was spent at Plattsburg, (on Lake Champlain,) where all her children were born, ten in number—eight of whom passed before her into heaven. She resided in Plattsburg at the time of the battle, August, 1814. The fearful events of that season, and her own escapes and adventures, have been narrated by both Mrs. Davidson and Margaret, in a fictitious garb. She never could speak of them without great excitement; and invariably wept at the sound of martial music. An intimate friend writing of her, says—

"Mrs. Davidson's appearance and manner when talking enthusiastically, as she always did on a favourite subject, could never be forgotten. The traces of early beauty were still evident in her large dark eyes and her exquisite complexion; but the great charm of her countenance was in its mingled expression of intelligence and sensibility, varying not unfrequently from deep sadness to a playful vivacity of which you would not at first suppose her capable." She possessed great elasticity of spirit and vigour of mind, which were not at all impaired by the constant pain and suffering she endured. During the last few years of her life, she resided alternately at New York, Ballston, and Saratoga Springs. At the latter place she died, on the 27th of June, 1844. She had long been thought a victim to consumption, but the fearful and agonizing disease which terminated her life was a cancer in the face. A year before her death, a volume, entitled *Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson*, was published, with a short preface from her distinguished friend, Miss Sedgwick. Her poems, however, although they display that tenderness of feeling and romantic disposition which characterized her so strongly, are too inferior to her daughter's to be quoted with any advantage.

Dr. Davidson was a man of extensive reading, and possessed a taste for natural science. His moral character, however, more than his intellectual, renders him worthy of notice. "He was one of the most guileless and pure-minded men I ever knew," writes the friend we have before quoted. "He was entirely unpretending in his manners, and always exhibited a degree of affectionate devotedness to his wife, unusual and touching. His piety was simple, confiding, and unobtrusive; and his conduct in every situation unapproachable." He died about a year ago.

Such were the parents of the inspired poet-children, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson.

Lucretia Maria was born on the 27th of September, 1808, and was distinguished almost from her birth by an extraordinary development of the imaginative and sensitive faculties. When she was four years old she went to the Plattsburg Academy, and was taught to read, and form letters in sand, after the Lancasterian method. She began to turn her infant thoughts into measured strains before she had learned to write; and devoting herself with tireless attention to her studies both at home and at school, she soon attained a wonderful amount of knowledge. It was only in her intellectual character that she was thus premature;



in her innocence, simplicity, playfulness, and modesty, she was a perfect child. Her conscientiousness and dutifulness were remarkably prominent; as they were also with Margaret. Her health, always very feeble, began to decline in 1823, when she was taken from school, and accompanied her mother on a visit to some relatives in Canada. While there she finished *Amir Khan*, her longest poem, and began a prose tale, called *The Recluse of the Saranac*. It was about this time that the Hon. Moss Kent, an early friend of her mother, became acquainted with Lucretia, and so deeply interested in her genius, that he resolved, if he could persuade her parents to resign her to his care, to afford her every advantage for improvement that the country could afford. At his suggestion, in November, 1824, she was placed under the care of Mrs. Willard; in whose seminary at Troy she remained during the winter. The following spring, she was transferred to a boarding school at Albany; but while there her health gave way, and she was obliged to return home to Plattsburg. The strength of affection, and the skill of physicians, failed, however, to restore her. The hand of Death alone gave her ease; and she gently fell asleep one morning in August 1825; exactly one month before her seventeenth birthday. President Morse, of the American Society of Arts, first published her biography; and soon after, a delightful memoir from the able pen of Miss Sedgwick spread the name of Lucretia Davidson far and wide.

Margaret Miller was born on the 26th of March, 1823. She was therefore but two years and a half old when Lucretia died; an event which made a deep impression on her. Although so young, she seemed not only to feel her loss, but to understand and appreciate her sister's character and talents; and from the first dawning of intellect gave evidence that she possessed the same. "By the time she was six years old," says her mother, "her language assumed an elevated tone; and her mind seemed filled with poetic imagery, blended with veins of religious thought." The sacred writings were her daily study. Devotional feelings seemed interwoven with her very existence. A longing after heaven, that her spirit might be free from the thralldom of earth, was as natural to her, as a longing for a holiday to be let loose from school is to other children. Yet she enjoyed most fully the quiet pleasures that surrounded her, and her heart was always swelling with love and gratitude. Sometimes, too, the consciousness of genius,—the inward assurance that she was a poet,—would make her think on what *might* be, were she to live; but the restless thoughts of

fame were soon lost again, in happier, calmer hopes of an abiding heaven.

Dear child! she little knew that so soon both were to be hers — “an honoured name” on earth, and “a glorious crown” in heaven. Like all true poets, she had a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and fed upon them from her infancy. Her earliest home was upon the banks of the Saranac, commanding a fine view of Lake Champlain, and surrounded by the most romantic and picturesque scenery; but wherever she resided, she found something to admire and love, upon the earth or in the sky.

Margaret was always instructed by her mother, whose poetical tastes and affectionate disposition made her capable of appreciating and sympathizing with the warm impulses and aspiring thoughts of her sweet pupil. The love between this mother and daughter is a poem of itself. No one can read the memoir of Margaret, by Washington Irving, without feeling the heart, if not the eyes, overflow. But the links that bound them to each other on earth were soon severed; — for when she was but fifteen years and eight months old, this gentle girl died at Ballston, Saratoga County, in November, 1838. We could not wish that she should have staid longer on earth, an exile from her native heaven; yet, as we listen to the soaring strains of her young genius, and are borne upward by their energy, we cannot help wondering what would have been its thrilling tones and lofty flights, had life unfolded its mysteries year after year to her poet's eye. But we thank God she was spared the sight of them; for though we have lost the songs, she has missed the sorrow!

Robert Southey, interested in Lucretia's story, wrote eloquently upon it in the London Quarterly Review. His high estimate of her genius may with equal truth be applied to both sisters. “There is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, in *their* poems, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons, and friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed.”

## LUCRETIA.

## TO MY SISTER.

WHEN evening spreads her shades around,  
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;  
When not a murmur, not a sound  
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,  
And looks around with golden eye;  
When Nature, soften'd by her light,  
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above  
This world, and all this world can give;  
Oh, sister, sing the song I love,  
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,  
And hovering, trembles, half afraid;  
O sister, sing the song *once* more  
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing  
Those notes amid the glare of day;  
Notes borne by angel's purest wing,  
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,  
Should'st thou still linger here above,  
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,  
And, sister, sing the song I love?

## FEATS OF DEATH.

I HAVE pass'd o'er the earth in the darkness of night,  
I have walk'd the wild winds in the morning's broad light;  
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,  
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night  
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,  
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,  
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low;  
I culled the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,  
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy  
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high;  
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,  
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,  
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,  
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there;  
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair!  
The deep purple fountain seem'd melting away,  
And the faint pulse of life scarce remember'd to play;  
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,  
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream roll'd gladly, and bounded along,  
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song;  
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,  
And sweet, and half-sad were the numbers he wove.



I pass'd, and the harp of the bard was unstrung;  
O'er the stream which roll'd deeply, 't was recklessly  
    hung;  
The minstrel was not! and I pass'd on alone,  
O'er the newly-raised turf, and the rudely-carved stone.

## MORNING.

I COME in the breath of the waken'd breeze,  
I kiss the flowers, and I bend the trees;  
And I shake the dew, which hath fallen by night,  
From its throne, on the lily's pure bosom of white.  
Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky,  
I beam o'er the mountains, and come from on high;  
When my gay purple banners are waving afar;  
When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each star;  
When I smile on the woodlands, and bend o'er the lake,  
Then awake thee, O maiden, I bid thee awake!  
Thou mayst slumber when all the wide arches of Heaven  
Glitter bright with the beautiful fire of even;  
When the moon walks in glory, and looks from on high,  
O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky,  
Drifting on like the beautiful vessels of Heaven,  
To their far-away harbour, all silently driven,  
Bearing on, in their bosoms, the children of light,  
Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and night;  
Where the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save where  
The bright ripple curls, 'neath the smile of a star;  
When all is in silence and solitude here,  
Then sleep, maiden, sleep! without sorrow or fear!  
But when I steal silently o'er the lake,  
Awake thee then, maiden, awake! oh, awake!

## ON THE MOTTO OF A SEAL.

"If I lose thee, I am lost."

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

WAFTEO o'er a treacherous sea,  
Far from home, and far from thee;  
Between the heaven and ocean toss'd,  
"If I lose thee, I am lost."

When the polar star is beaming,  
O'er the dark-brow'd billows gleaming,  
I think of thee and dangers cross'd,  
For, "If I lose thee, I am lost."

When the lighthouse fire is blazing,  
High towards Heaven its red crest raising,  
I think of thee, while onward toss'd,  
For, "If I lose thee, I am lost."

---

MARGARET.

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## TO MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

My sister! With that thrilling word  
What thoughts unnumber'd wildly spring!  
What echoes in my heart are stirr'd,  
While thus I touch the trembling string!

I cannot weep that thou art fled,—  
For ever blends my soul with thine;  
Each thought, by purer impulse led,  
Is soaring on to realms divine.

Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,  
For sin too pure, for earth too bright!  
And death, who call'd thee hence away,  
Placed on his brow a gem of light!

A gem, whose brilliant glow is shed  
Beyond the ocean's swelling wave,  
Which gilds the memory of the dead,  
And pours its radiance on thy grave.

When day hath left his glowing car,  
And evening spreads her robe of love;  
When worlds, like travellers from afar,  
Meet in the azure fields above;

When all is still, and fancy's realm  
Is opening to the eager view,  
Mine eye full oft, in search of thee,  
Roams o'er that vast expanse of blue.

I know that here thy harp is mute,  
And quench'd the bright poetic fire,  
Yet still I bend my ear, to catch  
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre.

Oh! if this partial converse now  
So joyous to my heart can be,  
How must the streams of rapture flow  
When both are chainless, both are free!

When borne from earth for evermore,  
Our souls in sacred joy unite,  
At God's almighty throne adore,  
And bathe in beams of endless light!

## TO DIE, AND BE FORGOTTEN.

A FEW short years will roll along,  
With mingled joy and pain,  
Then shall I pass—a broken tone!  
An echo of a strain!

Then shall I fade away from life,  
Like cloud-tints from the sky,  
When the breeze sweeps their surface o'er,  
And they are lost for aye.

The soul may look with fervent hope  
To worlds of future bliss;  
But oh! how saddening to the heart  
To be forgot in this!

Who would not brave a life of tears  
To win an honour'd name?  
One sweet and heart-awakening tone  
From the silver trump of fame?

To be, when countless years have pass'd,  
The good man's glowing theme?  
To be—but I—what right have I  
To this bewildering dream?

Oh, it is vain, and worse than vain,  
To dwell on thoughts like these;  
I, a frail child, whose feeble frame  
Already knows disease!

Who, ere another spring may dawn,  
Another summer bloom,  
May, like the flowers of autumn, lie  
A tenant of the tomb.



Away, away, presumptuous thought,  
I will not dwell on thee!  
For what, alas! am I to fame,  
And what is fame to me?

Let all these wild and longing thoughts  
With the dying year expire,  
And I will nurse within my breast  
A purer, holier fire!

Yes, I will seek my mind to win  
From all these dreams of strife,  
And toil to write my name within  
The glorious book of life.

Then shall old Time, who, rolling on,  
Impels me towards the tomb,  
Prepare for me a glorious crown,  
Through endless years to bloom.

ON MY MOTHER'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

Yes, mother, fifty years have fled,  
With rapid footsteps o'er thy head;  
Have pass'd with all their motley train,  
And left thee on thy couch of pain!  
How many smiles, and sighs, and tears,  
How many hopes, and doubts, and fears,  
Have vanish'd with that lapse of years!  
Though past, those hours of pain and grief  
Have left their trace on memory's leaf;  
Have stamp'd their footprints on the heart,  
In lines which never can depart;  
Their influence on the mind must be  
As endless as eternity.

Years, ages, to oblivion roll,  
Their memory forms the deathless soul;  
They leave their impress as they go,  
And shape the mind for joy or woe!  
Yes, mother, fifty years have past,  
And brought thee to their close at last.  
Oh that we all could gaze, like thee,  
Back on that dark and tideless sea,  
And 'mid its varied records find  
A heart at ease with all mankind,  
A firm and self-approving mind!  
Grief, that had broken hearts less fine,  
Hath only served to strengthen thine;  
Time, that doth chill the fancy's play,  
Hath kindled thine with purer ray;  
And stern disease, whose icy dart  
Hath power to chill the shrinking heart,  
Has left thine warm with love and truth,  
As in the halcyon days of youth.  
Oh! turn not from the meed of praise  
A daughter's willing justice pays;  
But greet with smiles of love again  
This tribute of a daughter's pen.

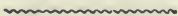
## TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT! sweet hour of peace,  
Now art thou stealing on;  
Cease from thy tumult, thought! and fancy, cease!  
Day and its cares have gone!  
Mysterious hour,  
Thy magic power  
Steals o'er my heart like music's softest tone.

The golden sunset hues  
Are fading in the west;  
The gorgeous clouds their brighter radiance lose,  
Folded on evening's breast.  
So doth each wayward thought,  
From fancy's altar caught,  
Fade like thy tints, and muse itself to rest.

Cold must that bosom be  
Which never felt thy power,  
Which never thrill'd with tender melody  
At this bewitching hour;  
When nature's gentle art  
Enchains the pensive heart;  
When the breeze sinks to rest, and shuts the fragrant flower.

Wearied with care, how sweet to hail  
Thy shadowy, calm repose,  
When all is silent but the whispering gale  
Which greets the sleeping rose;  
When, as thy shadows blend,  
The trembling thoughts ascend,  
And borne aloft, the gates of heaven uncloze.



## SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

THIS lovely and amiable lady, whose life was of such short duration, calls forth as much tenderness and admiration as those bright children of genius we have just been contemplating. She was born at Detroit in June, 1811, and died before she had attained her twenty-first year, in February, 1832. Her family name was Hickman. She was educated by her mother with great care and devotion, in the little town

of Newton, near Boston; which had long been the home of her mother's ancestors. She began to compose when a very little child; and by the time she was fifteen, her uncommon talents had made her an object of attention to a large circle. At sixteen she was married to Mr. S. J. Smith, of Providence, R. I., who published a *Volume of Poems* from her pen, soon after their marriage.

There is a delicacy and purity of thought, a cheerful buoyancy of feeling about her productions, which make them both pleasing and useful; and as Mrs. Smith was remarkably sensible of her own deficiencies, and earnest in self-discipline, there is every reason to suppose that she would have attained great excellence, had she not been so early called away. The genius of this young poetess, however, was not her greatest charm. The qualities of her heart were superior to those of her head; and bright as the shining intellect was, the lustre of her love and truth and purity far outshone it. It has been said by one who knew her well, "Any literary distinction she might have gained could never have been thought of in her presence; it was the confiding sincerity of her manners, the playfulness of her conversation, her enthusiastic and devoted assiduity to those she loved, which made her presence a perpetual delight." Her personal appearance, also, was one of great loveliness; and when we are assured that to beauty, genius, and amiability, there was added the most ardent and unaffected piety, we may well believe that she was fitted while on earth for singing among the seraphs in heaven.

#### THE HUMA.\*

FLY on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,  
Too near our shaded earth,  
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,  
May lose its note of mirth.  
Fly on—nor seek a place of rest  
In the home of "care-worn things;"  
'T would dim the light of thy shining crest  
And thy brightly burnish'd wings,

---

\* A bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground.



To dip them where the waters glide  
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,  
Thy place where stars shine free:  
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,  
Above life's stormy sea.  
I would never wander, bird, like thee,  
So near this place again,  
With wing and spirit once light and free—  
They should wear no more the chain  
With which they are bound and fetter'd here,  
For ever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,  
Hopes as thy plumage gay;  
Our air is with them for ever stirr'd,  
But still in air they stay.  
And happiness, like thee, fair one,  
Is ever hovering o'er,  
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,  
On a waveless, peaceful shore,  
And stoops to lave her weary wings,  
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

I WOULD NEVER KNEEL.

I WOULD never kneel at a gilded shrine,  
To worship the idol gold;  
I would never fetter this heart of mine,  
As a thing for fortune sold.

There are haughty steps that would walk the globe  
O'er necks of humbler ones;  
I would scorn to bow to their jewell'd robe,  
Or the beam of their coin-lit suns.

But I'd bow to the light that God has given,  
The nobler light of mind,  
The only light, save that of Heaven,  
That should free-will homage find.

## STANZAS.

I would not have thee deem my heart  
Unmindful of those higher joys,  
Regardless of that better part  
Which earthly passion ne'er alloys.  
I would not have thee think I live  
Within heaven's pure and blessed light,  
Nor feeling, nor affection give  
To Him who makes my pathway bright.

I would not chain to mystic creeds  
A spirit fetterless and free;  
The beauteous path to heaven that leads  
Is dimm'd by earthly bigotry:  
And yet, for all that earth can give,  
And all it e'er can take away,  
I would not have that spirit rove  
One moment from its heavenward way.

I would not that my heart were cold  
And void of gratitude to Him,  
Who makes those blessings to unfold,  
Which by our waywardness grow dim.  
I would not lose the cherish'd trust  
Of things within the world to come,—  
The thought, that when their joys are dust,  
The weary have a peaceful home.

For I have left the dearly loved,  
The home, the hopes of other years,

And early in its pathway proved  
Life's rainbow hues were form'd of tears.  
I shall not meet them here again,  
Those loved and lost, and cherish'd ones,  
Bright links in young affection's chain,  
In memory's sky unsetting suns.

But perfect in the world above,  
Through suffering, woe, and trial here,  
Shall glow the undiminish'd love  
Which clouds and distance fail'd to sear;  
But I have linger'd all too long,  
Thy kind remembrance to engage,  
And woven but a mournful song,  
Wherewith to dim thy page.

## THE FALL OF WARSAW.

THROUGH Warsaw there is weeping,  
And a voice of sorrow now,  
For the hero who is sleeping,  
With death upon his brow;  
The trumpet-tone will waken  
No more his martial tread,  
Nor the battle-ground be shaken,  
When his banner is outspread!  
Now let our hymn  
Float through the aisle,  
Faintly and dim,  
Where moonbeams smile;  
Sisters, let our solemn strain  
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!  
There's a voice of grief in Warsaw,  
The mourning of the brave  
O'er the chieftain who is gather'd  
Unto his honour'd grave;

Who now will face the foeman?

Who break the tyrant's chain?

Their bravest one lies fallen,

And sleeping with the slain.

Now let our hymn

Float through the aisle,

Faintly and dim,

Where moonbeams smile;

Sisters, let our dirge be said

Slowly o'er the sainted dead!

There's a voice of woman weeping,

In Warsaw heard to-night,

And eyes close not in sleeping,

That late with joy were bright;

No Festal torch is lighted,

No notes of music swell;

Their country's hope was blighted,

When that son of freedom fell!

Now let our hymn

Float through the aisle,

Faintly and dim,

Where moonbeams smile;

Sisters, let our hymn arise

Sadly to the midnight skies!

And a voice of love undying,

From the tomb of other years,

Like the west wind's summer sighing

It blends with manhood's tears;

It whispers not of glory,

Nor fame's unfading youth,

But lingers o'er a story

Of young affection's truth.

Now let our hymn

Float through the aisle,



Faintly and dim,  
Where moonbeams smile;  
Sisters, let our solemn strain  
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!



## LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

THE pleasant city of Middletown, Connecticut, was the birthplace of "The forest minstrel," Mrs. Peirson. Her parents, (whose surname was Wheeler,) were both persons of great intelligence and piety, and afforded their daughter every facility for obtaining a good education. Her poetical tastes were quickly developed, and fondly encouraged by her father, who was himself a passionate lover of poetry, flowers, music, and of whatever makes life beautiful. Some of her earliest recollections are of singing her own rhymes to little wild airs of her own composition, as she sat at twilight among the flowers her father had planted, and taught her to cultivate. In her happy childhood's home she remained until her sixteenth year, when her father removed to Canandaigua, N. Y. Here, at the age of seventeen, she married, and two years after, went with her husband and his family to Liberty, Tioga County, where she breasted the hardships of pioneer life in one of the wildest northern counties of Pennsylvania. For a long while her dwelling-place was a log-cabin in the woods, five miles from any house, and twenty from any village where there was a store, or a house for public worship. Her privations and inconveniences were many, and her sorrows too; but she poured out her soul in song, and found—to use her own words—that her "converse with poetry, wild-flowers, and singing birds, was nearly all that made life endurable." She is still a dweller of the forest, but has exchanged the log-hut for a beautiful farm in the midst of those dense woods. Not long ago we received from the Hon. Ellis Lewis, of Lancaster, a short account of the way in which this pleasant change was brought about; and have since seen the interesting story in print, from which we feel no hesitancy in transcribing. "A number of years ago, when the best talents of Pennsylvania were called into

requisition to establish a system of common schools for the general education of the people, Thaddeus Stevens, a distinguished lawyer of the state, made a masterly speech in the Legislature in favour of education. Judge Ellis Lewis, who is also distinguished for his learning and ability as a jurist, was at the time President of several literary institutions, and zealously engaged in promoting the cause of education by delivering literary and scientific lectures. About this time, a powerful production in poetry, in favour of education, made its appearance, and gave a new impetus to the cause. Judge Lewis made immediate inquiry concerning the writer of it; and ascertained that, owing to a long and sad train of misfortunes, the fair authoress, with a large family, was without a home, and in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment. He met Mr. Stevens, then a rich bachelor, in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, and suggested the propriety of raising something for the relief of so much talent and worth. With that true benevolence for which Mr. Stevens is distinguished, he authorized the Judge to purchase a suitable farm, such as the lady herself might select, and without any limit with respect to the price, to draw upon him for the amount. The lady was overwhelmed with astonishment when she received a letter from Judge Lewis, who was only known to her by reputation, apprising her of his commission. She, however, made the selection, and the Judge made the purchase, and forwarded to Mrs. Peirson the deed drawn to Thaddeus Stevens, in trust for the separate use of Lydia Jane Peirson, and her heirs and assigns for ever. It is but justice to add, that Mrs. Peirson was an entire stranger to Judge Lewis and Mr. Stevens. Neither had ever seen her."

In 1845, a volume of Mrs. Peirson's poetry was published in Philadelphia, called *Forest Leaves*, and in the following year, another called *The Forest Minstrel*. Her poems have appeared also in Graham's Magazine, and other periodicals, to which she still contributes. She writes from the heart, with an intensity of feeling; and a strength of expression, that show she has thought and suffered much. Her muse has, indeed, been disciplined in the school of sorrow; she has had little leisure for study, and her poems have been generally "written by the flickering lamp of midnight, with a weary hand, and yet more weary heart."

REMEMBRANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

(FROM "MY OLD LETTERS.")

THE fire is blazing on the ample hearth,  
 Diffusing comfort through the antique room,  
 And we are watching in our simple mirth  
 The giant shadows starting from the gloom.

With seeming menace and imperious air  
 They seem to beckon with their wavering hands,  
 And flit away. We wonder whence they are,  
 And seek to reason of the ghostly bands.

But at our mother's voice we leave our play,  
 And crowd our low seats close around her chair;  
 Each prompt to meet the loving smiles that play  
 Upon her lips and brow so purely fair.

Her beautiful white hand forsakes awhile  
 The task by love made pleasant for our sake,  
 To rest a moment, with caressing wile,  
 On brows that 'neath that pressure could not ache.

Her clear eyes rest with proud yet troubled joy  
 Upon the blue-eyed treasures at her feet;  
 The rosy girl, the noble-hearted boy,  
 The little smilers, with their prattle sweet.

All good and happy, through her pious care,  
 Loving and well-beloved, a blessed band,  
 All leaning on her love, rejoiced to share  
 The blessings of her voice, her love, her hand.

And, now, our father, who, the whole day long,  
 Had plied the art by which he earns us bread,  
 With glance of pleasure on his own glad throng,  
 Sits down to taste the feast for reason spread.

His much-loved book—the poet's lofty lay,  
 The traveller's tale of strange and far-off lands,  
 The voyager's story of the mighty sea,  
 The attention of the little group commands.

We listen, full of wonder and delight,  
 Until the witching volume is laid by,  
 And loving voices breathe the kind "Good night!"  
 And light lids close above each sleepy eye.

#### SING ON!

"Sing on!—You will win the wreath of Fame: if not in life, it will bloom gloriously over your tomb."—*Friendly Correspondence.*

'Tis not for Fame: I know I may not win  
 A wreath from high Parnassus, for my name  
 Is written on the page of humble life,  
 From which the awarders of the laurel wreath  
 Avert their eyes with scorning.

I have felt  
 The mildew of affliction, the east wind  
 Of withering contempt, the pelting storms  
 Of care, and toil, and bitterness, and wo,  
 In almost every form. I too have known  
 The darkness of bereavement, and keen pangs  
 Which woman may not utter, though her heart  
 Consume amid their fierceness, and her brain  
 Burn to a living cinder; though the wound  
 Which is so hard to bear, lie festering deep  
 Within her outraged spirit; though her sighs  
 Disturb the quiet of the blessed night,  
 While sweet dews cool and soothe the fever'd breast  
 Of every other mourner; though she pour  
 The flood of life's sweet fountain out in tears  
 Along her desert pathway; while the blooms



Of health, and hope, and joy, that should have fed  
Upon its gushing waters and rich dew,  
Lie wither'd in her bosom, breathing forth  
The odours of a crush'd and wasted heart,  
That cannot hope for soothing or redress,  
Save in the quiet bosom of the grave,  
And in the heaven beyond.

'Tis not for Fame  
That I awaken with my simple lay  
The echoes of the forest. I but sing  
As sings the bird, that pours her native strain,  
Because her soul is made of melody;  
And lingering in the bowers, her warblings seem  
To gather round her all the tuneful forms,  
Whose bright wings shook rich incense from the flowers,  
And balmy verdure of the sweet young spring,  
O'er which the glad day shed his brightest smile,  
And night her purest tears. I do but sing  
Like that sad bird, who in her loneliness  
Pours out in song the treasures of her soul,  
Which else would burst her bosom, which has nought  
On which to lavish the warm streams that gush  
Up from her trembling heart, and pours them forth  
Upon the sighing winds, in fitful strains.

Perchance one pensive spirit loves the song,  
And lingers in the twilight near the wood  
To list her plaintive sonnet, which unlocks  
The sealed fountain of a hidden grief.—  
That pensive listener, or some playful child,  
May miss the lone bird's song, what time her wings  
Are folded in the calm and silent sleep,  
Above her broken heart. Then, though they weep  
In her deserted bower, and hang rich wreaths  
Of ever-living flowers upon her grave,

What will it profit her who would have slept  
As deep and sweet without them?

Oh! how vain

With promised garlands for the s pulchre,  
To think to cheer the soul, whose daily prayer  
Is but for bread and peace!—whose trembling hopes  
For immortality ask one green leaf  
From off the healing trees that grow beside  
The pure bright river of Eternal Life.

THE LAST PALE FLOWERS.

THE last pale flowers are drooping on the stems,  
The last sear leaves fall fluttering from the tree,  
The latest groups of Summer's flying gems  
Are hymning forth a parting melody.

The winds are heavy-wing'd and linger by,  
Whispering to every pale and sighing leaf;  
The sunlight falls all dim and tremblingly,  
Like love's fond farewell through the mist of grief.

There is a dreamy presence every where,  
As if of spirits passing to and fro;  
We almost hear their voices in the air,  
And feel their balmy pinions touch the brow.

We feel as if a breath might put aside  
The shadowy curtains of the spirit-land,  
Revealing all the loved and glorified  
That death has taken from affection's band.

We call their names, and listen for the sound  
Of their sweet voices' tender melodies;  
We look almost expectantly around,  
For those dear faces with the loving eyes.

We feel them near us, and spread out the scroll  
 Of hearts whose feelings they were wont to share,  
 That they may read the constancy of soul  
 And all the high pure motives written there.

And then we weep, as if our cheek were press'd  
 To friendship's holy unsuspecting heart,  
 Which understands our own. Oh, vision biest!  
 Alas, that such illusion should depart.

I oft have pray'd that death may come to me  
 In such a spiritual autumnal day;  
 For surely it would be no agony  
 With all the beautiful to pass away.

COME TO THE WOODS.

COME to the woods in June,  
 'Tis happiness to rove  
 When Nature's lyres are all in tune,  
 And life all full of love.  
 Come, when the morning light,  
 Advancing from afar,  
 Veils, with a glory soft and bright,  
 Her smiling favourite star.  
 While from the dewy dells,  
 And every wild-wood bower,  
 A thousand little feather'd bells  
 Ring out the matin hour.

Come, when the sun is high,  
 And earth all full in bloom,  
 When every passing summer sigh  
 Is languid with perfume;  
 When by the mountain-brook  
 The watchful red-deer lies;

And spotted fawns, in mossy nook,  
Have closed their wild, bright eyes; —  
While from the giant tree,  
And fairy of the sod,  
A dreamy wind-harp melody  
Speaks to the soul of God;  
Whose beauteous gifts of love  
The passing hours unfold,  
Till e'en the sombre hemlock boughs  
Are tipped with fringe of gold.

Come, when the sun is set,  
And see along the west  
Heaven's glory, streaming through the gate  
By which he pass'd to rest.  
While brooklets, as they flow  
Beneath the cool sweet bowers,  
Sing fairy legends, soft and low,  
To groups of listening flowers;  
And creeping formless shades  
Make distance strange and dim,  
And with the daylight softly fades  
The wild bird's evening hymn.

Come, when the woods are dark,  
And winds go fluttering by,  
While here and there a phantom bark  
Floats in the deep blue sky;  
While gleaming far away  
Beyond th' aerial flood,  
Lies in its starry majesty  
The city of our God.



## THE BRIDE OF HEAVEN.

How beautiful she lies, upon her pure white bed,  
While pale flowers o'er her brow a holy incense shed;  
The eyelids tremble not, so peaceful is her rest,  
That even her maiden heart lies silent in her breast.

Why o'er the sweet calm face, fond mother, dost thou weep?  
Wouldst thou awake thy child from such a quiet sleep?  
She is asleep with Him whose love alone is pure,  
Within whose presence bliss shall evermore endure.

No grief, no care, no pain, can ever pierce her heart,  
No loved voice say again, "sweet sister, we must part!"  
The living waters sweet have quench'd her spirit's thirst,  
And on her soul the light of Holiness has burst.

Why weep we then for her whose days of pain are o'er?  
Bright hands have wiped her tears, and she shall shed no  
more.

To agony and tears the brides of earth are given—  
Oh, bless her, as she lies, the pure young bride of Heaven.

## SUNSET IN THE FOREST.

COME now unto the Forest, and enjoy  
The loveliness of nature. Look abroad  
And note the tender beauty and repose  
Of the magnificent, in earth and sky.  
See what a radiant smile of golden light  
O'erspreads the face of heaven; while the west  
Burns like a living ruby, in the ring  
Of the deep green horizon. Now the shades  
Are deepening round the feet of the tall trees,  
Bending the head of the pale blossoms down  
Upon their mother's bosom, where the breeze  
Comes with a low sweet hymn and balmy kiss,

To lull them to repose. Look now, and see  
How every mountain, with its leafy plume,  
Or rocky helm, with crest of giant pine,  
Is veil'd with floating amber, and gives back  
The loving smile of the departing sun,  
And nods a calm adieu.

Hark! from the dell  
Where sombre hemlocks sigh unto the streams,  
Which with its everlasting harmony  
Returns each tender whisper; what a gush  
Of liquid melody, like soft, rich tones  
Of flute and viol, mingling in sweet strains  
Of love and rapture, float away toward heaven.  
'Tis the *Ædoleo* from her sweet place,  
Singing to nature's God the perfect hymn  
Of nature's innocence.

Does it not seem  
That earth is list'ning to that evening song?  
There's such a hush on mountain, plain, and streams.  
Seems not the sun to linger in his bower  
On yonder leafy summit, pouring forth  
His glowing adoration unto God,  
Blent with that evening hymn? while every flower  
Bows gracefully, and mingles with the strain  
Its balmy breathing.

Have you look'd on aught  
In all the panoply and bustling pride  
Of the dense city with its worldly throng,  
So soothing, so delicious to the soul,  
So like the ante-chamber of high heaven,  
As this old forest, with the emerald crown  
Which it has worn for ages, glittering  
With the bright halo of departing day,  
While from its bosom living seraphim  
Are hymning gratitude and love to God?

## JULIA H. SCOTT.

THIS lady, whose maiden name was Kinney, resided in Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, a place whose wild romantic beauty has been celebrated by many of her sister-poets. She died in 1842, and, soon after this event, *A Volume of Poems* was collected from her writings, and published in Boston. Her style was simple and melodious; the following exquisite lines to *My Child* are full of natural imagery, poetic thought, and unaffected feeling.

### MY CHILD.

"There is one who has loved me debarr'd from the day."

THE foot of Spring is on yon blue-topp'd mountain,  
Leaving its green prints 'neath each spreading tree;  
Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,  
Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.  
From the warm South she brings unnumber'd roses  
To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care;  
Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,  
And her rich gifts are scatter'd everywhere:  
I heed them not, my child!

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,  
The golden dandelion by its side,  
The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth  
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.  
The hyacinth and polyanthus render,  
From their deep hearts, an offering of love;  
And fresh May-pinks, and half-blown lilacs, tender  
Their grateful homage to the skies above:  
I heed them not, my child!

In the clear brook are springing water-cresses,  
And pale-green rushes, and fair, nameless flowers,  
While o'er them dip the willow's verdant tresses,  
Dimpling the surface with their mimic showers.  
The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping  
Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves;  
Oh, Spring hath fairy treasures in her keeping,  
And lovely are the landscapes that she weaves:  
    'Tis nought to me my child!

Down the green lane come peals of heartfelt laughter;  
The school has sent its eldest inmates forth;  
And now a smaller band comes dancing after,  
Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.  
At the rude gate the anxious dame is bending  
To clasp her rosy darling to her breast;  
Joy, pride and hope are in her bosom blending;  
Ah, peace with her is no unusual guest;  
    Not so with me, my child!

All the day long I listen to the singing  
Of the gay birds and winds among the trees;  
But a sad under-strain is ever ringing  
A tale of death and its dread mysteries.  
Nature to me the letter is that killeth—  
The spirit of her charms has pass'd away;  
A fount of bliss no more my bosom filleth—  
Slumbers its idol in unconscious clay!  
    Thou art in the grave, my child!

For thy glad voice my spirit inly pineth;  
I languish for thy blue eyes' holy light;  
Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth;  
Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night!  
I walk in darkness, with the tomb before me,  
Longing to lay my dust beside thy own;



O, cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me!  
Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone!  
Come back to me, my child!

Upon that breast of pitying love thou leanest,  
Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou,  
Nor turn'd away petitioner the meanest —  
Pray to Him, sinless — He will hear thee now.  
Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;  
Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace;  
Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;  
Speak, and her bitter sorrowings shall cease:  
Come back to me, my child!

Come but in dreams — let me once more behold thee,  
As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,  
And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee —  
Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me!  
Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,  
Which memory strives so vainly to recall,  
And I will onward in the path of duty,  
Restraining tears that ever fain would fall!  
Come but in dreams, my child!

## LOVE IN ABSENCE.

I MISS thee each lone hour,  
Star of my heart!  
No other voice hath power  
Joy to impart.

I listen for thy hasty step,  
Thy kind sweet tone;  
But silence whispers me,  
*Thou art alone!*

Darkness is on the hearth —  
Naught do I say;  
Books are but little worth —  
Thou art away!

Voices, the true and kind,  
Strange are to me;  
I have lost heart and mind,  
Thinking of thee.

TO —————.

LOVELY thou art! ay, lovely  
In spirit and in form;  
A sunbeam glancing o'er life's tears,  
A rainbow through the storm;  
A snow-drop 'mid earth's darker hues,  
Unwarm'd by flattery's breath,  
A harp-tone flung from cherub hands,  
Wringing out joy from death.

Lovely thou art, ay, lovely;  
And sorrow, shared with thee,  
As if magician changed, becomes  
A pleasure unto me.  
Life's sky, though clothed with tempest-clouds,  
Grows bright when thou art nigh;  
And tears e'er turn to smiles beneath  
Thine angel-gifted eye!

## ANN S. STEPHENS.

ALTHOUGH the name and fame of Mrs. Stephens belong particularly to the prose-writers of America, yet so beautiful in their simplicity and earnestness are some of her poetical strains, that we cannot refrain from giving them a welcome to our pages, while we express our admiration of their unpretending merit.

Mrs. Stephens is a native of Derby, Connecticut; and a daughter of John Winterbotham, Esq., who was formerly connected with the late Gen. David Humphreys, in the woollen manufactory at Humphrey's Ville, Conn., but now resides in Ohio. In 1831, she was married to Edward Stephens, Esq., and soon after removed to Portland, Maine. In 1835, she undertook the editorship of *The Portland Magazine*, (which Mr. Stephens had established,) and conducted it with much success for two years, when ill-health compelled her to give it up. She also edited *The Portland Sketch Book*, composed of contributions from the various authors of that city. Mrs. Stephens came to New York in 1837, in which city she has resided ever since. For four years she conducted *The Ladies' Companion*; in 1842, she became editorially connected with *Graham's Magazine*; in the following year she established *The Ladies' World*; and has been constant and energetic in her literary labours until the present time. She is now the editor of *The Ladies' National Magazine*.

Her own contributions, numerous and skilful as they are, to the various periodicals of the day, prove her to be as industrious a composer as she is a laborious editor. Her stories always contain many excellent moral lessons, and much original thought; whatever she writes is written with a bold pen, and with that unmixed sincerity of purpose, that never fails to attract attention and secure respect.

### THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

I AM thinking of the homestead  
With its low and sloping roof;  
And the maple boughs that shadow'd it  
With a green and leafy woof;

I am thinking of the lilac trees  
That shook their purple plumes,  
And, when the sash was open,  
Shed fragrance through our rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet,  
With its cool and silvery flow,  
Of the old gray rock that shadow'd it,  
And the peppermint below.  
I am not sad or sorrowful,  
But memories will come;  
So leave me to my solitude,  
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birthplace  
A thicket or a flower  
But childish game, or friendly face,  
Has given it a power  
To haunt me in my after life,  
And be with me again,  
A sweet and pleasant memory,  
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple-tree,  
That stood beneath the hill,  
My heart can never turn to it,  
But with a pleasant thrill.  
Oh, what a dreamy life I led  
Beneath its old green shade,  
Where the daisies and the buttercups  
A pleasant carpet made!

'Twas a rough old tree in spring-time,  
When, with a blustering sound,  
The wind came hoarsely sweeping  
Along the frosty ground.



But when there rose a rivalry  
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,  
Till the sunshine and the rain-drops  
Came laughing down together;

That patriarch old apple-tree  
Enjoy'd the lovely strife;  
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,  
And circled into life;  
A cloud of pale and tender buds  
Burst o'er each rugged bough,  
And amid their starting verdure  
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful  
When all the leaves were green,  
And rosy buds lay opening  
Amid their tender sheen;  
When the bright translucent dewdrops  
Shed blossoms as they fell,  
And melted in their fragrance,  
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer-time,  
When cheerful sunlight wove,  
Amid its thrifty leafiness,  
A warm and glowing love;  
When swelling fruit blush'd ruddily  
To summer's balmy breath,  
And the laden boughs droop'd heavily  
To the green sward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,  
When all the purple west  
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds,  
That never seem'd at rest;

When a cool and lulling melody  
Fell from the dripping eaves,  
And soft warm drops came pattering  
Upon the restless leaves.

But, oh, the scene was glorious  
When clouds were lightly riven,  
And there, above my valley home,  
Came out the bow of heaven;  
And, in its fitful brilliancy  
Hung quivering on high,  
Like a jewell'd arch of paradise  
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath  
My constant visits made,  
Between the dear old homestead  
And that leafy apple shade;  
Where the flow of distant waters  
Came with a tinkling sound,  
Like the revels of a fairy band,  
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at even-tide,  
And dreamily would lie  
And watch the crimson twilight  
Come stealing o'er the sky.  
'T was sweet to see its dying gold  
Wake up the dusky leaves,  
To hear the swallows twittering  
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listen'd to the music,  
A low sweet minstrelsy,  
Breathed by a lonely night-bird  
That haunted that old tree,

Till my heart has swell'd with feelings  
For which it had no name,  
A yearning love for poesy,  
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage  
With dim and tearful eyes,  
And with a holy reverence  
Dwelt on the changing skies,  
Till the burning stars were peopled  
With forms of spirit-birth,  
And I've almost heard their harp-strings  
Reverberate on earth.

## SONG.

LET me perish in the early spring,  
When thickets all are green;  
When rosy buds are blossoming  
Amid their tender sheen;  
When the raindrops and the sunshine  
Lie sleeping in the leaves;  
And swallows haunt the thrifty vine,  
That drapes the cottage eaves.

Let me perish in the early spring,  
The childhood of the year;  
I would not have a gloomy thing  
Pass o'er my humble bier;  
For when a broken heart gives way,  
In such a world as ours,  
'Tis well to let the humble clay  
Pass gently with the flowers.

## CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

MRS. SAWYER, whose maiden name was Fisher, was born at Newton, Massachusetts, in the year 1812, and lived there until her marriage with the Rev. T. J. Sawyer in 1831. Her husband was settled as a pastor over a Presbyterian church in the city of New York for a number of years, but is now the president of a literary institution in Clinton, N. Y. Mrs. Sawyer is a lady of refined taste and cultivated mind, familiar with many of the modern languages, and accustomed to write translations from the German. She takes a warm interest in the education of the young; and has published a number of useful little books, both in prose and verse, for children. Her poems are scattered through various magazines; the following are among her best.

### EDITH.

ROBED in strange beauty, she comes back to me,  
A shadowy vision from the spirit-land;  
From eve till morn her phantom shape I see,  
Beck'ning me ever with her moonlight hand.

Beloved Edith! dost thou come to breathe  
Once more thy music on mine earthly ear?  
Around my heart in passion-folds to wreath  
Mem'ries that still are all too deeply dear?

Forbear the task! for earth grows dark to me;  
And shadows, deeper than my soul can bear,  
Sweep o'er it oft, like tempests o'er the sea,  
To leave all desolate and sunless there.

Tell me, sweet spirit! do they pass away—  
These mournful shadows—in the land of light?  
Or linger onward through the heavenly day—  
The only darkness where all else is bright?



Are the unutter'd yearnings which are nurst  
Here, by the restless spirit, answer'd there?  
Hath heaven a fountain for the quenchless thirst  
Which through earth's weary pilgrimage we bear?

Thy quest was beauty—such as we behold  
Not while Time's fetters clog the spirit's wing:  
A pure ethereal—thou didst spurn the mould  
Of earth, and closer to the heavenly cling.

In the pale clouds which wander through the sky—  
In the bright stars that 'mid their orbits burn,  
And light the spirit through the upturn'd eye—  
Beauty thou saw'st few others can discern.

The first frail flowers—sweet nurslings of the spring—  
The drooping snow-drop and the violet fair,  
To thy young heart a sudden thrill could bring,  
A gushing joy, too rapturous to bear.

Yet did thy spirit, like a fetter'd dove,  
Its bright ideal struggle still to gain;  
Till the fond searcher, on the brow of Love,  
Found it at length, and broke its weary chain.

Now, I believe, no cloud obscures thy sight—  
No gliding spectre darkly steps between  
The beautiful and thee; but, robed in light,  
All thy soul yearn'd for by thine eye is seen.

Ay, by the lustre of thy starry brow—  
The seraph-beauty on thy cheek imprest—  
The joyous beams that through thy soft eyes glow—  
Edith! beloved! I know that thou art blest.

Spirit celestial! linger round me still,  
With all the beauty thou hast sought and found,  
And the deep urn within my bosom fill  
From those bright rays which circle thee around.

Thy quest is mine! and thou my soul wilt teach  
Through what blest paths to seek its lofty goal;  
Lead me still on, and up, until I reach  
The land where beauty ever fills the soul!

## THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

"OH, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!  
I was out, alone, in the forest at play,  
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,  
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;  
So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,  
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,  
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,  
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!  
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,  
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,  
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,  
That sounded as if 'come, oh brother!' it said;  
And there, right over the top of the tree,  
Oh mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

And, 'brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother! he cried,  
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!  
And mother, oh, never was being so bright,  
As the one which then beam'd on my wondering sight!  
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,  
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,  
His eyes resting on me, so melting with love,  
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!  
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,  
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,  
And whispered so softly and gently to me,  
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

“And then on my forehead he tenderly press’d  
Such kisses — oh, mother, they thrill’d through my breast,  
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,  
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!  
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze  
That play’d in my tresses, and rustled the trees;  
At last on my head a deep blessing he pour’d,  
Then-plumed his bright pinions and upward he soar’d!  
And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,  
He seem’d to float there like a glittering star,  
Yet still my eyes follow’d his radiant flight,  
Till, lost in the azure, he pass’d from my sight!  
Then, oh, how I fear’d, as I caught the last gleam  
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!  
When soft voices whisper’d once more from the tree,  
‘Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!’”

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,  
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart!  
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb  
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer’s rich bloom!  
Oh, how his young footsteps she watch’d, day by day,  
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,  
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o’er his face,  
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!  
“Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,  
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!  
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,  
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!  
Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see,  
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!”

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,  
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she press’d!  
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,  
As it strove to meet her’s ere the fair boy could die.

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night  
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight—  
But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good bye!  
The angels are ready to bear me on high!  
I will wait for you there—but, oh, tarry not long,  
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"  
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasp'd on his breast,  
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest,  
Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,  
Went up with the angels that waited for him!

#### THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

It was a beautiful conception of the Moravians to give to rural cemeteries the appropriate name of "*Valleys*" or "*Fields of Peace*."

Oh, come, let us go to the Valley of Peace!  
There earth's weary cares to perplex us shall cease;  
We will stray through its solemn and far-spreading shades,  
Till twilight's last ray from each green hillock fades.  
There slumber the friends whom we long must regret—  
The forms whose mild beauty we cannot forget!  
We will seek the low mounds where so softly they sleep,  
And will sit down and muse on the idols we weep:  
But we will not repine that they're hid from our eyes,  
For we know they still live in a home in the skies;  
But we'll pray that, when life's weary journey shall cease,  
We may slumber with them in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, sad were our path through this valley of tears,  
If, when weary and wasted with toil and with years,  
No home were prepared, where the pilgrim might lay  
Mortality's cumbering vestments away!  
But sadder, and deeper, and darker the gloom,  
That would close o'er our way as we speed to the tomb,



If faith pointed not to that heavenly goal,  
Where the sun of eternity beams on the soul!  
Oh, who, 'mid the sorrows and changes of time,  
E'er dream'd of that holy, that happier clime,  
But yearn'd for the hour of the spirit's release —  
For a pillow of rest in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, come, thou pale mourner, whose sorrowing gaze  
Seems fix'd on the shadows of long vanish'd days,  
Sad, sad is thy tale of bereavement and woe,  
And thy spirit is weary of life's garish show!  
Come here — I will show thee a haven of rest,  
Where sorrow no longer invades the calm breast —  
Where the spirit throws off its dull mantle of care,  
And the robe is ne'er folded o'er secret despair!  
Yet the dwelling is lonely, and silent, and cold,  
And the soul may shrink back as its portals unfold;  
But a bright star has dawn'd through the shades of the east,  
That will light up with beauty the Valley of Peace!

Thou frail child of error! come hither and say,  
Has the world yet a charm that can lure thee to stay?  
Ah, no! in thine aspect are anguish and woe,  
And deep shame has written its name on thy brow!  
Poor outcast! too long hast thou wander'd forlorn,  
In a path where thy feet are all gored with the thorn —  
Where thy breast by the fang of the serpent is stung,  
And scorn on thy head by a cold world is flung!  
Come here, and find rest from thy guilt and thy tears,  
And a sleep sweet as that of thine innocent years!  
We will spread thee a couch where thy woes shall all cease,  
Oh, come and lie down in the Valley of Peace!

The grave! ah, the grave! 't is a mighty strong-hold,  
The weak, the oppress'd, all are safe in its fold!  
There penury's toil-wasted children may come,  
And the helpless, the houseless, at last find a home!

What myriads unnumber'd have sought its repose,  
 Since the day when the sun on creation first rose:  
 And there, till earth's latest, dread morning shall break,  
 Shall its wide generations their last dwelling make!  
 But beyond is a world—how resplendently bright!  
 And all that have lived shall be bathed in its light!  
 We shall rise—we shall soar where earth's sorrows shall  
                   cease,  
 Though our mortal clay rests in the Valley of Peace!

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### CATHERINE H. ESLING.

THIS lady, best known as Miss Catherine H. Waterman, has long been an able contributor to the periodical literature of the country, though she has never published any books. Her poems are smoothly and gracefully written; always pleasing, from the deep and pure affection they display. Tender and heart-stirring, indeed, is the pathos of that exquisite strain—*Brother, come home!*

Miss Waterman was born in Philadelphia, in 1812, married there, in 1840, to Captain Esling, and has remained there all her life; never having left her home for a greater distance than forty miles, or for a longer period than forty-eight hours. Well may such a nestling bird sing sweetly of home's quiet joys!

#### BROTHER, COME HOME.

COME home,  
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
 With these unwearying words of melody;  
                   Brother, come home.

Come home,  
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,  
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,  
Where cherish'd memory rears her altar's shrine;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,  
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,  
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,  
Come to the fire-side circle of thy love;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
It is not home without thee; the lone seat  
Is still unclaim'd where thou were wont to be,  
In every echo of returning feet,  
In vain we list for what should herald thee;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,  
Watch'd every germ the full-blown flowers rear,  
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring  
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee—  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody;  
Brother, come home.

## HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

How shall I woo thee, tell me how?  
With looks and words of gladness;  
Then gaze not on my pale, pale brow,  
Nor note my tones of sadness.

How shall I woo thee? with a smile  
That speaks the bosom clear;  
Look not upon mine eyes the while,  
Nor mark the starting tear.

How shall I woo thee? with the bright  
And blessed words of joy?  
Drive from my heart its long, long night,  
Its early life's alloy.

How shall I woo thee, tell me how?  
Will sorrow make thee mine?  
Can the sad heart I bring thee now  
Find favour at thy shrine?

How shall I woo thee? with a gleam  
That glistens but to die,  
Fleet as the summer's moonlight beam  
Upon an evening sky?

How shall I woo thee? as the night  
Woos with its silver dew  
The faithless flowers, that burst to light,  
Beneath the sun's bright hue?

How shall I woo thee, tell me how?  
If thou hast aught of care  
To dim the glory of thy brow,  
Let me thy sadness share.

How shall I woo thee? with a strain  
Like that of other times?



And seek thro' memory's caves again,  
Hope's sweet delusive chimes.

How shall I woo thee, tell me how?  
Can sorrow make thee mine?  
For a sad heart hath come to bow,  
And worship at thy shrine.

## HE WAS OUR FATHER'S DARLING.

He was our father's darling,  
A bright and happy boy;—  
His life was like a summer's day  
Of innocence and joy.  
His voice, like singing waters,  
Fell softly on the ear,  
So sweet, that hurrying echo  
Might linger long to hear.

He was our mother's cherub,  
Her life's untarnish'd light,  
Her blessed joy by morning,  
Her vision'd hope by night.  
His eyes were like the day-beams  
That brighten all below;  
His ringlets like the gather'd gold  
Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was our sister's plaything,  
A happy child of glee,  
That frolick'd on the parlour floor,  
Scarce higher than our knee.  
His joyous bursts of pleasure  
Were wild as mountain wind;  
His laugh, the free unfetter'd laugh  
Of childhood's chainless mind.

He was our brothers' treasure,  
Their bosom's only pride;  
A fair depending blossom,  
By their protecting side.  
A thing to watch and cherish,  
With varying hopes and fears;  
To make the slender trembling reed  
Their staff for future years.

He is—a blessed angel,  
His home is in the sky;  
He shines among those living lights,  
Beneath his Maker's eye.  
A freshly gather'd lily,  
A bud of early doom,  
Hath been transplanted from the earth,  
To bloom beyond the tomb.



### LAURA M. THURSTON.

MRS. THURSTON, daughter of Mr. Earl P. Hawley, was born at Norfolk, Connecticut, in December, 1812. She was educated at the Hartford Female Seminary, and after leaving it was engaged for some years as a teacher in various places, until, through the recommendation of Mr. John P. Brace, (principal of the Hartford Seminary,) she was invited to take charge of a school at New-Albany, Indiana. In September, 1839, she became the wife of Franklin Thurston, a merchant of that place, where she resided until her death, in July, 1842. Her poems appeared from time to time in the periodicals under the signature of *Viola*, and she sang forth her feelings with a melodious voice, which never failed to find an echo in the hearts of those who heard it.

## THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

THE green hills of my Father-land  
In dreams still greet my view ;  
I see once more the wave-girt strand,  
The ocean-depth of blue,  
The sky, the glorious sky, outspread  
Above their calm repose,  
The river, o'er its rocky bed  
Still singing as it flows,  
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,  
When men go up to pray,  
The sunlight resting on the flowers,  
The birds that sing among the bowers,  
Through all the summer day.

Land of my birth! my early love!  
Once more thine airs I breathe!  
I see thy proud hills tower above,  
The green vales sleep beneath,  
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,  
All rise before mine eyes,  
The dawn of morning on thy hills,  
The gorgeous sunset skies;  
Thy forests, from whose deep recess  
A thousand streams have birth,—  
Gladdening the lonely wilderness,  
And filling the green silentness  
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem  
As lovely as of yore!  
I wonder if the mountain stream  
Goes singing by the door,  
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,

And if the woodbines climb,  
As when I used to train them there,  
In the dear olden time!  
I wonder if the birds still sing  
Upon the garden tree,  
As sweetly as in that sweet spring  
Whose golden memories gently bring  
So many dreams to me!

I know that there hath been a change,  
A change o'er hall and hearth,  
Faces and footsteps new and strange,  
About my place of birth!  
The heavens above are still as bright  
As in the days gone by;  
But vanish'd is the beacon-light  
That cheer'd my morning sky!  
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,  
And rock, and murmuring stream,  
That wore such glorious beauty then,  
Would seem, should I return again,  
The record of a dream!

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,  
Since, in the far-off West,  
'Neath summer skies, and greener bowers,  
My heart hath found its rest.  
I mourn not for the hills and streams  
That chain'd my steps so long,  
Yet still I see them in my dreams,  
And hail them in my song,  
And often, by the hearth-fire's blaze,  
When winter eves are come,  
We'll sit and talk of other days,  
And sing the well-remember'd lays  
Of my Green Mountain home!



## THE SLEEPER.

SHE sleepeth; and the summer breezes' sighing,  
Shedding the green leaves on the fountain's breast,  
And the low murmur of the stream replying  
Unto their melody, break not her rest.

She sleepeth, while the evening dew's are falling  
In glittering showers upon her lowly bed;  
And the lone night-bird, to his fellow calling,  
Sweet echo wakes—but wakens not the dead.

She sleepeth; and the moonlight too is sleeping  
In calm, clear radiance on that hallow'd spot;  
As if that turf ne'er bore the train of weeping,  
As if the dead were evermore forgot.

She sleepeth; deep and dreamless in her slumber,  
She will not waken when the morning breaks;  
No—time a weary catalogue shall number  
Of vanish'd years, ere she again awakes.

I know thy home is lonely—that thy dwelling  
No more shall echo to that loved one's tread;  
I know too well thy widow'd heart is swelling  
With secret grief; yet weep not for the dead.

She yet shall waken on that morning glorious,  
When day shall evermore displace the night,  
O'er time and change, and pain and death victorious,  
A holy seraph in the land of light.

Yes, she shall waken; not to gloom and sorrow,  
Not to the blight of care, the thrill of pain,  
Wake to the day that ne'er shall know a morrow,  
To life that shall not yield to death again.

She rests in peace; for her forbear thy weeping;  
Thou soon shalt meet her in the world on high!  
The care-worn form in yonder grave is sleeping,  
But the freed spirit lives beyond the sky.

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### MARTHA DAY.

THIS sweet and gifted girl was born in New Haven, on the 13th of February, 1813. Her father, Jeremiah Day, D. D., L. L. D., President of Yale College, who early saw in her the evidences of very superior talent, spared no pains in giving her an excellent education. He placed her first under the care of the Rev. Claudius Herrick, who kept a school for young ladies in New Haven; then at a boarding-school in Greenfield, Massachusetts, as an assistant-teacher as well as pupil, under the charge of the Rev. Henry Jones; and afterwards for one year at the Young Ladies' Institute, in her native town. After leaving school, she diligently continued her studies; became a proficient in Mathematics and Mental Philosophy, understood the Latin, Greek, French, and German languages, and was well-grounded in solid English literature. Her high attainments and rich native talents gave promise of her being a useful member of society, and a bright ornament to her sex; but in 1833, at the early age of twenty, she was suddenly snatched away by that strong hand whose power none can resist. A small volume of her *Literary Remains* was published in New Haven, the year after her death. It contained, besides other writings, all her poems which had been preserved; but she wrote hastily, and was never satisfied with her poetical efforts, consequently not careful to keep them.

The following beautiful and eloquent hymn displays a sublimity of thought and strength of expression most remarkable in so young a person. No one can read it without feeling a sincere respect for the author, and a deep regret at the early removal of talent so worthily directed.

HYMN.

FATHER Almighty!

From thy high seat thou watchest and controullest  
 The insects that upon thy footstool creep,  
 While, with a never-wearied hand, thou rollest  
 Millions of worlds along the boundless deep.  
 Oh, Father! now the clouds hang blackening o'er us,  
 And the dark boiling deeps beneath us yawn;  
 Scatter the tempests, quell the waves before us,  
 To the wild fearful night send thou a blessed dawn.

Father All Holy!

When thou shalt sit upon thy throne of glory,  
 The steadfast earth, the strong untiring sea,  
 Their verdant isles, their mountains high and hoary,  
 With awe and fear, shall from thy presence flee.  
 Then shalt thou sit a Judge, the guilty dooming  
 To adamant chains and endless fire;  
 Oh Father! how may we abide thy coming,  
 Where find a shelter from the pure Jehovah's ire?

Father All Merciful!

Still may the guilty come in peace before thee,  
 Bathing thy feet with tears of love and woe;  
 And while for pardon only we implore thee,  
 Blessings divine, unnumber'd, o'er us flow.  
 Father, her heart from all her idols tearing,  
 Thine erring child again would turn to thee;  
 To thee she bends, trembling, yet not despairing,—  
 From fear, remorse, and sin, oh, Father! set her free!

## MARY ANN H. DODD

WAS born at Hartford, in March, 1813, and educated alternately at Wethersfield, and in her native town. Her productions first appeared in 1834, in the *Hermethenean*, a magazine conducted by the students of Washington College, Hartford. Since that time she has been a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Repository*, a Boston periodical, and to the *Rose of Sharon*, an annual edited by the late Mrs. Mayo, whose poems are quoted in another part of this volume. She possesses a poetical sensibility, and the power of deducing moral lessons from the changes of life.

### THE DREAMER.

"A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
Or warm, or brighten; like that Syrian lake,  
Upon whose surface Morn and Summer shed  
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead."

HEART of mine, why art thou dreaming!  
Dreaming through the weary day,  
While life's precious hours are wasting,  
Fast, and unimproved, away?

With a world of beauty round me,  
Lone and sad I dwell apart;  
Changing scenes can bring no pleasure  
To this wrecked and worn-out heart.

Now I tempt the quiet Ocean  
While the sky is bright above,  
And the sunlight rests around me,  
Like the beaming smile of Love.



Or by streamlet softly flowing  
Through the vale I wander now;  
And the balmy breath of Summer  
Fans my cheek and cools my brow.

But as well, to me, might darken  
Over all the gloom of night;  
For no quick and sweet sensations  
Fill my soul with new delight.

In the grass-grown silent church-yard,  
With a listless step, I rove;  
And I shed no tear of sorrow  
By the graves of those I love.

Could I weep the spell might vanish,  
Tears would bring my heart relief;  
Heart so sealed to all emotion,  
Dead alike to joy and grief.

When the storm that shook my spirit  
Left its mission finish'd there,  
Then a calm more fearful follow'd  
Than the wildness of despair.

Whence the spell that chills my being,  
Bidding every passion cease;  
Closing every fount of feeling?  
Say, my spirit, is it peace?

Wake, oh spell-bound soul, awaken,  
Bid this sad delusion flee,  
Such a lengthen'd dream is fearful;  
Such a peace is not for thee.

Life is thine, and "life is earnest,"  
Toil and grief thou canst not shun,  
But be hopeful and believing,  
Till the prize of faith is won.

Then the peace thou shalt inherit  
By the Saviour promised free;  
Peace the world destroyeth never,—  
Father, give that peace to me!

## THE MOURNER.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—*Matt. v. 4.*

THOU weepst for a sister! In the bloom  
And spring-time of her years to Death a prey,  
Shrouded from love by the remorseless tomb,  
Taken from all life's joys and griefs away.  
'Tis hard to part with one so sudden call'd,  
So young, so happy, and so dearly loved;  
To see the arrow at our idol hurl'd,  
And vainly pray the shaft may be removed.

Young, loving, and beloved! oh cruel Death!  
Couldst thou not spare the treasure for a while?  
There are warm hearts that wait to yield their breath,  
And aged eyes that can no longer smile.  
Why pass the weary pilgrims on their way  
Bow'd down with toil, and sighing for relief;  
To make the blossom in its pride thy prey,  
Whose joyous heart had never tasted grief?

Sad sister, turn not hopelessly away;  
Nor longer at the will of heaven repine;  
Fold not thy hands in agony and say  
"There is no sorrow in the world like mine."  
Oh! could my numbers soothe the sinking soul,  
Or one hope waken with the wreath I twine,  
Soft sounds of sympathy should round thee roll  
Warm from a heart that knows such pain as thine!

I too, have been a mourner. Sorrow deep  
Its lava-tide around my pathway roll'd;  
And sable weeds a hue could never keep,  
Sad as the heart they hid beneath their fold.  
All joy grew dim before my tearful eye,  
Which but the shadow of the grave could see;  
There was no brightness in the earth or sky,  
There was no sunshine in the world for me.

Oh! bitter was the draught from sorrow's cup,  
And stern the anguish which my spirit wrung,  
When I was call'd to give my idol up,  
And bend a mourner o'er the loved and young.  
And for the lost to weep is still my choice;  
I ask for one whose pilgrimage is o'er,  
And vainly listen for a vanish'd voice,  
Whose pleasant tones shall greet my ear no more.

There is a spell around my spirit cast,  
A shadow where the sunbeam smiled before;  
'Tis grief, but all its bitterness is past;  
'Tis sorrow, but its murmurings are o'er.  
Within my soul, which to the storm was bow'd,  
Now the white wing of Peace is folded deep;  
And I have found, I trust, behind the cloud,  
The blessing promised to the eyes that weep.

So thou wilt find relief. For deepest woe  
A fount of healing in our pathway springs;  
Like Lethe's stream, that silver fountain's flow  
A soothing draught unto the sufferer brings.  
A Father chastened thee! oh, look to Him,  
And his dear love in all thy trials see;  
Look with the eye of faith through shadows dim,  
And he will send "the Comforter" to thee.

## MARY E. HEWITT.

MARY ELIZABETH MOORE was born in Malden, Massachusetts, a rural village not far from Boston. Her father was a farmer, a man of cultivation and refinement. Her mother (a descendant of an old and honourable family in Kent, England,) was left a widow at an early age; and, that she might have better advantages for the education of her children, immediately removed to Boston. In this city Miss Moore resided until her marriage with Mr. James L. Hewitt of New York, (well-known as an extensive publisher of music,) which has been her home ever since. In 1846, a selection of her poems was published, under the title of *Songs of our Land*, an elegant little book containing many choice strains of genuine poetry. For several years Mrs. Hewitt has contributed to the periodical literature of the day. Her thoughts are lofty and majestic; her taste correct and classic; her utterance always clear and strong, yet delicately sweet. The following poems are a fair specimen of her talent, and show that her chief characteristic is a concentrated intensity of passion.

### LAMENT OF JOSEPHINE.

"They parted as all lovers part—  
She with her wrong'd and breaking heart;  
But he, rejoicing he is free,  
Bounds like the captive from his chain,  
And wilfully believing she  
Hath found her liberty again."—L. E. L.

THE EMPRESS!—what's to me the empty name!  
This regal state—this glittering pageant-life?  
A tinsell'd cheat!—Am I not crown'd with shame?  
Shorn of my glorious name, NAPOLEON'S WIFE!  
Set with a bauble here to play my part,  
And shroud with veil of pomp my breaking heart.



'Tis mockery!—thought is with the days ere thou,  
 Seeking the world's love, unto mine grew cold—  
 Ere yet the diadem entwined my brow,  
 Tightening around my brain its serpent fold—  
 When each quick life-pulse throbbed, unschool'd of art,  
 When my wide empire was Napoleon's heart!

My spirit quails before this loneliness—  
 Why did no warning thought within me rise,  
 Telling thy hand would stay its fond caress  
 To wreathe the victim for the sacrifice!  
 That joy, the dove so to my bosom prest,  
 Would change to this keen vulture at my breast!

Parted forever!—who hath dared make twain  
 Those HE hath join'd?—the nation's mighty voice!  
 And thou hast bounded forward from thy chain,  
 Like the freed captive,—therefore, heart! rejoice  
 Above the ashes of thy hopes, that he  
 Hath o'er their ruin leapt to liberty!

## ALONE.

“Seul, cherchant dans l'espace un point qui me reponde.”

THERE lies a deep and sealéd well  
 Within yon leafy forest hid;  
 Whose pent and lonely waters swell,  
 Its confines chill and drear amid.

It hears the birds on every spray  
 Thrill forth melodious notes of love;  
 It feels the warm sun's seldom ray  
 Glance on the stone its wave above.

And quick the gladden'd waters rush  
Tumultuous upward to the brink;  
A seal is on their joyous gush,  
And back, repress'd, they coldly shrink.

Thus in their cavern'd space, apart,  
Closed from the eye of day, they dwell—  
So, prison'd deep within my heart,  
The tides of quick affection swell.

Each kindly glance—each kindly tone,  
To joy its swift pulsations sway;  
But none may lift the veiling stone,  
And give the franchised current way.

Smite THOU the rock, whose eye alone  
The hidden spring within may see;  
And bid the flood, resistless One!  
Flow forth, rejoicing, unto thee.

BLESS THEE.

I MAY not break the holy spell.  
Thy beauty wove around me,  
Till time shall loose the silver cord  
That long to earth hath bound me.  
I see thee smile on loftier ones,  
And mark the proud caress thee;  
Yet when my lips would ope to curse,  
They never fail to bless thee.

One memory round me everywhere,  
One task in silence set me—  
The ever, ever thinking on,  
And striving to forget thee.

And though the ever-goading thought  
To madness thus oppress me,  
I may not curse—I cannot hate—  
My heart still whispers, “Bless thee!”

## THE LAST CHANT OF CORINNE.

By that mysterious sympathy which chaineth  
For evermore my spirit unto thine;  
And by the memory, that alone remaineth,  
Of that sweet hope that now no more is mine;  
And by the love my trembling heart betrayeth,  
That, born of thy soft gaze, within me lies;  
As the lone desert bird, the Arab sayeth,  
Warms her young brood to life with her fond eyes.

Hear me, adored one! though the world divide us,  
Though never more my hand in thine be prest,  
Though to commingle thought be here denied us,  
Till our high hearts shall beat themselves to rest;  
Forget me not! forget me not! oh! ever  
This one, one prayer, my spirit pours to thee;  
Till every memory from earth shall sever,  
Remember, oh, beloved! remember me!

And when the light within my eye is shaded,  
When I, o'er-wearied, sleep the sleep profound,  
And, like that nymph of yore, who droop'd and faded,  
And pined for love, till she became a sound;  
My song, perchance, awhile to earth remaining,  
Shall come in murmur'd melody to thee;  
Then let my lyre's deep, passionate complaining,  
Cry to thy heart, beloved! remember me!

## GREEN PLACES IN THE CITY.

YE fill my heart with gladness, verdant places,  
That 'mid the City greet me, where I pass;  
Methinks I see of angel-steps the traces,  
Where'er upon my pathway springs the grass.  
I pause before your gates at early morning,  
When lies the sward with glittering sheen o'erspread;  
And think the dew-drops there each blade adorning,  
Are angel's tears for mortal frailty shed.

And ye — earth's firstlings — here in beauty springing,  
Erst in your cells by careful winter nursed —  
And to the morning heaven your incense flinging,  
As at His smile ye forth in gladness burst —  
How do ye cheer with hope my lonely hour,  
When on my way I tread despondingly;  
With thought that HE who careth for the flower,  
Will, in His mercy, still remember me.

Breath of our nostrils — THOU! whose love embraces —  
Whose light shall never from our souls depart,  
Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis  
Amid the arid desert of my heart.  
Thy sun and rain call forth the bud of promise,  
And with fresh leaves in spring time deck the tree;  
That where man's hand hath shut out nature from us,  
We, by these glimpses, may remember THEE!

## THE OCEAN-TIDE TO THE RIVULET.

MY voice is hoarse with calling to the deep,  
While, as I bore me on with measured sweep  
To where beneath the jutting cape I rest,  
The warring night-winds smote upon my way,  
And the fierce lightnings join'd in wild affray,  
And hurl'd their fiery javelins at my breast.



Night—and abroad there moves no living thing!  
Sunk on her nest the sea-gull folds her wing,

The bearded goat hath left the cliff on high,—  
Of thy fair feet the parch'd sand bears no trace—  
Beloved! I wait thee at our meeting place,  
I call, but echo gives alone reply.

To what far thicket have thy light steps won?  
Shunning the rude gaze of the amorous sun,

In what dark fountain doth thy sweetness hide?  
No star shines through the rift in yonder sky—  
None may behold thee where thou wanderest by—  
Bound from thy lurking forth my woodland bride!

Sadly the flowers their faded petals close,  
Where on thy banks they languidly repose,  
Waiting in vain to hear thee onward press;  
And pale Narcissus by thy margin side  
Hath lingered for thy coming, droop'd, and died,  
Pining for thee, amid the loneliness.

Hasten, beloved! here, 'neath the o'erhanging rock,—  
Hark! from the deep my anxious hope to mock,  
They call me backward to my parent main,—  
Brighter than Thetis thou! and how more fleet—  
I hear the rushing of thy fair, white feet,  
Joy!—joy!—my breast receives its own again!

#### THE PRAYER OF A THIRSTING HEART.

"Give me a blessing. Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water."—*Judges*, i. 15.

THOU unto whom my cry ascends in anguish,  
Where couch'd among the flowers I pining lie;  
Behold, how 'mid their odorous scents I languish—  
Hear my prayer! Hear! and answer, or I die!

Within the land thou giv'st me to inherit,  
Where evermore the fragrant South wind blows,  
I dwell with heart of flame and thirsting spirit —  
For here no well of cooling water flows.

Where the sweet rills through earth's deep veins are flowing,  
The lily at some hidden spring is nursed;  
On its frail stem the asphodel is blowing,  
While I, thy child, I perish here of thirst!

Thou who, when pale affliction's sons and daughters  
Came to Bethesda's healing font to lave,  
Saw where they watch'd beside the silent waters,  
And sent an angel down to touch the wave —

Thou who, when wandering Israel, parched and dying,  
Unto the prophet cried in sore distress,  
Heard, and in mercy to their plaint replying,  
Bade the flood gush amid the wilderness —

Hear me! To Thee my soul in suppliance turneth,  
Like the lorn pilgrim on the sands accursed;  
For life's sweet waters, God! my spirit yearneth —  
Give me to drink! I perish here of thirst!

#### MIDNIGHT ON MARATHON.

(A GREEK SUPERSTITION.)

WHEN midnight to the peasant yields  
The meed from labour won,  
'Tis said the sleeping legions rise  
On storied Marathon.

Their banner, with its sacred bird  
Flung proudly to the sky,  
Down sweeps again the Athenian host,  
To conquer, or to die.

Again the air-forged falchion cleaves  
The turban of the Mede,  
And sinks beneath the shadowy spear  
The Persian and his steed.

Amid the pale, contending hosts  
The watcher may behold  
The shade of THESEUS lead the fight,  
As on that day of old.\*

The rush of spectral war is heard,  
And clearly on the breeze  
Comes from the fiercely-charging band  
The cry, "MILTIADES!"

Where'er that glorious shape appears,  
Wherever sounds that cry,  
Again the phantom cohorts reel,  
Again they turn and fly.

They fly, as from that field of gore  
The smitten Asian fled;  
And Marathon lies calm once more,  
Above her silent dead.

And thou, when darkness o'er thee lies,  
And fears to being start;  
And strong conflicting memories rise  
From that deep grave, the heart—

Oh Soul! appall'd with doubt and dread,  
How would all terrors fly,  
Were FAITH thy leader in the fight,  
And "CHRIST" thy battle-cry?

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\* "It was an ancient superstition, not uncharacteristic of that imaginative people, that many of them (at the battle of Marathon) fancied they beheld the gigantic shade of their ancestral Theseus, completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the foe."—*Athens: Its Rise and Fall*.

## ANNA PEYRE DINNIES

Is a native of Georgetown, South Carolina. Her father, Judge Shackelford, removed to Charleston when she was very young, and there she was educated at an excellent seminary kept by the daughters of Dr. David Ramsay. In May, 1830, she was married to Mr. John C. Dinnies, and went to St. Louis, Missouri, where she resided until about two years ago, when her husband removed to New Orleans. Few, if any, of her poems were published before her marriage; but since that event, she has written much for various annuals and magazines, under the name of *Moina*. Some of her best stories have appeared in the *Lady's Book*, (edited by Mrs. Hale,) and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In 1845, Mrs. Dinnies published a handsome volume of poetry, called *The Floral Year*, which is beautifully illustrated, and contains many bright blossoms of fancy, and many everlasting flowers of pure and earnest feeling. It is from the heart she gains her strongest inspiration; and when the holy affection living there breathes itself out in fervent lays, as if urged by a strong necessity, there is a simple pathos in the music of her lyre that awakens an immediate sympathy. There is also a spirit of cheerfulness and hope about her poems that makes them very refreshing; a tone of quiet content that seems to indicate a mind at peace with itself, with the world, and with God.

### HAPPINESS.

Happiness is of the heart, and it is the mind that gives its tone and colouring to nature.

THERE is a spell in every flower—  
A sweetness in each spray,  
And every simple bird has power  
To please me with its lay!



And there is music on each breeze  
That sports along the glade;  
The crystal dew-drops on the trees  
Are gems, by Fancy made.

There's gladness too in every thing,  
And beauty over all,  
For everywhere comes on, with Spring,  
A charm which cannot pall!

And I!—my heart is full of joy,  
And gratitude is there,  
That He, who might my life destroy,  
Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

The friends I once condemn'd, are now  
Affectionate and true;  
I wept a pledged one's broken vow—  
But he proves faithful too.

And now there is a happiness  
In every thing I see,  
Which bids my soul rise up and bless  
The God who blesses me.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM, PRESENTED TO  
THE WRITER IN DECEMBER.

FAIR gift of friendship, and her ever bright  
And faultless image! Welcome now thou art  
In thy pure loveliness, thy robes of white  
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;  
Unscathed by heat, by wintry blasts unmoved,  
Thy strength thus tested, and thy charms improved.

Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves  
 Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm derides,  
 And floats as calmly on o'er troubled waves  
 As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides;  
 Thou'rt blooming now as beautiful and clear  
 As other blossoms do, when spring is here.

Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom  
 Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign!  
 Thou cheer'st the fancy by thy steady bloom  
 With thoughts of summer and the fertile plain,  
 Calling a thousand visions into play,  
 Of beauty redolent and bright as May.

Type of a true and holy love; the same  
 Through every scene that crowds life's varied page,  
 'Mid grief, 'mid gladness, spell of every dream,  
 Tender in youth, and strong in feeble age!  
 The peerless picture of a modest wife,  
 Thou bloom'st the fairest 'mid the frosts of life.

#### THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms around him — Thou art all  
 That this poor heart can cling to."

I COULD have stemm'd misfortune's tide,  
 And borne the rich one's sneer,  
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,  
 Nor shed a single tear.  
 I could have smiled on every blow  
 From Life's full quiver thrown,  
 While I might gaze on thee, and know  
 I should not be "alone."

I could — I think I could have brook'd  
 E'en for a time, that thou

Upon my fading face hadst look'd  
With less of love than now;  
For then I should at least have felt  
The sweet hope still my own,  
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt  
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,  
Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
And watch thy life-sands waste away  
Unnumber'd, slowly, meek;  
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,  
And catch the feeble tone  
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,  
And feel, I'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
As, fill'd with heavenward trust, they say,  
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"  
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much — this heart  
Must break when thou art gone:  
It must not be; we may not part;  
I could not live "alone!"

## WEDDED LOVE.

COME, rouse thee, dearest! — 'tis not well  
To let the spirit brood  
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell  
Life's current to a flood.  
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,  
Increase the gulf in which they fall,  
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills  
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,

And with their gloomy shades conceal  
The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,  
And would its strength awaken;  
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—  
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!

But rouse afresh each energy,  
And be what Heaven intended thee;  
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,  
And prove thy spirit firmly great:  
I would not see thee bend below  
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul  
Which warms thee into life,  
Each spring which can its powers control,  
Familiar to thy Wife—  
For deem'st thou she had stoop'd to bind  
Her fate unto a common mind?  
The eagle-like ambition, nursed  
From childhood in her heart, had first  
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,  
The shrine—than sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream  
That fetters now thy powers:  
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam  
To gild each cloud which lowers;  
And though at present seems so far  
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,  
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,  
Until its utmost bounds be won:  
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,  
In fond, undying, Wedded Love.



## TO MY HUSBAND'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

"I know thee not—I loathe thy race;  
But in thy lineaments I trace  
What time shall strengthen—not efface."

*Giaour.*

THOU strange, unbidden guest! from whence  
Thus early hast thou come?  
And wherefore? Rude intruder, hence!  
And seek some fitter home!  
These rich young locks are all too dear—  
Indeed thou must not linger here!

Go! take thy sober aspect where  
The youthful cheek is fading,  
Or find some furrow'd brow, which Care  
And Passion have been shading;  
And add thy sad malignant trace,  
To mar the aged or anguish'd face!

Thou wilt not go? Then answer me,  
And tell what brought thee here?  
Not one of all thy tribe I see  
Beside thyself appear,  
And, through these bright and clustering curls  
Thou shinest, a tiny thread of pearls.

Thou art a moralist? ah, well!  
And comest from Wisdom's land,  
A few sage axioms just to tell?  
Well! well! I understand—  
Old Truth hath sent thee here to bear  
The maxims which we fain *must* hear.

And now, as I observe thee nearer,  
Thou'rt pretty—very pretty—quite  
As glossy and as fair—nay fairer  
Than these, but not so bright;

And since thou came Truth's messenger,  
Thou shalt remain and speak of her.

She says thou art a herald sent  
In kind and friendly warning,  
To mix with locks by beauty blent,  
(The fair young brow adorning,)  
And 'midst their wild luxuriance taught  
To show thyself, and waken thought.

That thought, which to the dreamer preaches  
A lesson stern as true,  
That all things pass away, and teaches  
How youth must vanish too!  
And thou wert sent to rouse anew  
This thought, whene'er thou meet'st the view.

And comes there not a whispering sound,  
A low, faint, murmuring breath,  
Which, as thou movest, floats around  
Like echoes in their death?  
"Time onward sweeps, youth flies, prepare"—  
Such is thine errand, First Gray Hair.

#### HOPE.

In life's young morn, with buds and flowers,  
Hope, smiling nymph, appears,  
And sings, to charm our opening hours,  
A thousand siren airs.

And though her fairy buds decay,  
And soon her flow'rets fall;  
She lures us on from day to day,  
With strains that never pall.

She hovers o'er the darkest cloud  
That life's sad pathway shades,  
And e'en when tempests rage most loud,  
Her voice the storm pervades.

She lights our gloom — she soothes our care —  
She bids our fears depart,  
Transforms to gems each grief-fraught tear,  
And binds the broken heart.

She glances o'er us from above,  
The brightest star that's given,  
And guides us still through faith and love,  
To endless peace in Heaven!

## LINES.

(WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MACREADY IN VIRGINIUS.)

AND I have seen thee, gifted one! at last!  
Thy spirit-stirring accents — they have come  
Like some remember'd melody, long past,  
Calling up fancies of my childhood's home;  
And speaking to my heart in tones that seem  
The clear familiar whisperings of a dream!

For thou hast been to me a dream! thy name  
A spell round which my fancy fondly clung  
Since the first echo of its deathless fame,  
Like far-off music, on my ear was flung —  
And I have ponder'd o'er thy power, till thought  
Grew faint with all the wonders it hath wrought.

And I have dream'd that it should yet be mine.  
To sit entranced beneath thy wizard skill,  
And see thee wield that mystic gift divine  
Which held each heart a captive to thy will;  
While by its aid the intellectual realm  
Obey'd thy impulse as a ship its helm.

Yes! thou hast been to me a dream—and lo!  
Its bright fulfilment in the prairied West!  
For though Time's pinion may have touch'd thy brow,  
The gem within defies his withering test!  
Genius triumphant! Glorious Prince of Art!  
Still is thine empire own'd in every heart!

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### ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

THE father of this distinguished lady, Dr. William N. Lummis of New Jersey, was a physician, a man of talent and scholarship, and the pupil and friend of that eminent physician and good man, Doctor Benjamin Rush. Her mother is a niece of General Maxwell, noted for his services in the Revolutionary war. Dr. Lummis soon relinquished the practice of medicine, and settled on his estate near Sodus Bay on Lake Ontario, where the subject of this sketch was born. The beautiful scenery—"the woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear,"—of her childhood's home, she has celebrated in one of her sweetest strains. She was married very young to Dr. Ellet, and removed to Columbia, South Carolina, where her husband (who had previously occupied the chair of Chemistry in Columbia College, New York,) was elected to the professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, in the South Carolina College. Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Ellet published a volume of *Poems, Translated and Original*, with a tragedy called *Teresa Contarini*, which was successfully performed in



New York and other cities. Her next work was *The Characters of Schiller*; which was quickly followed by a volume of interesting historical sketches, called *Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily*. After these, appeared, her *Country Rambles*; in which she has painted with an artist's hand and lover's eye, some of the most beautiful scenes of her native land. She is now preparing a work on *The Women of the Revolution*, the materials for which are chiefly drawn from private papers in the possession of various families, and from their personal recollections. Mrs. Ellet is a superior linguist; and (as her numerous and excellent translations testify,) has an extensive acquaintance with the literature of Italy, France, Germany, and some of the more northerly nations of Europe. She is a writer of great research, of equal skill and industry; and her prose articles in the *American Quarterly*, and *New York Review*, are characterized by their learning and good taste.

As a poet Mrs. Ellet is elevated, tranquil, and reflective. Her versification is smooth, and her epithets well-chosen and expressive. That faculty of accurate observation, which is one of the first requisites for the production of poetry, whether it acts upon outward objects or upon images present only to the mind, she has in a great degree. Her descriptive poems are natural and pleasing; while her moral poems are always imbued with that tenderly sad wisdom, taught by the grave philosopher—Experience.

## SUSQUEHANNA.

SOFTLY the blended light of evening rests  
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,  
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,  
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,  
Majestically flows. Oh! by thy side,  
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,  
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,  
'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,  
And the wide solemn grandeur of the scene.  
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose  
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,  
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,  
Enrobed with clustering woods o'er which the smile

Of Autumn in his loveliness hath pass'd,  
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,  
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub  
His golden livery. On the distant heights  
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar  
Their burnish'd summits in the clear blue heaven,  
Flooded with splendour, that the dazzled eye  
Turns drooping from the sight. — Nature is here  
Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell  
In music never silent, of her power.  
Nor are thy tones unanswer'd, where she builds  
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide  
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,  
Whether the breath of summer stir their depths,  
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast  
Strip from the boughs their covering.

All the air

Is now instinct with life. The merry hum  
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song  
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,  
Swell upward — and the play of dashing streams  
From the green mountain side is faintly heard.  
The wild swan swims the waters' azure breast  
With graceful sweep, or startled, soars away,  
Cleaving with mounting wing the clear bright air.

Oh! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,  
Where Beauty hath a birth-right — where each mound  
And mouldering ruin tells of ages past —  
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,  
Doth waft the voices of Oblivion back,  
Waking the soul to lofty memories,  
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill  
The heart with peace more pure? — Nor yet art thou,  
Proud stream! without thy records — graven deep

On yon eternal hills, which shall endure  
Long as their summits breast the wint'ry storm  
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been  
The chroniclers of centuries gone by :  
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,  
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth  
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy waves,  
When tones now silent-mingled with their sound,  
And the wide shore was vocal with the song  
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.  
Those pass'd away—forgotten as they pass'd;  
But holier recollections dwell with thee :  
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud  
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust  
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,  
Hath mingled with the soil, and hallow'd it.  
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen  
The desperate strife that won a rescued world—  
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,  
And hymn'd their requiem.

Far beyond this vale  
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,  
Gay village spires ascend—and the glad voice  
Of industry is heard.—So in the lapse  
Of future years those ancient woods shall bow  
Beneath the levelling axe—and Man's abodes  
Display their sylvan honours. They will pass  
In turn away;—yet heedless of all change,  
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,  
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee  
To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

## "ABIDE WITH US."

*Luke, xxiv. 29.*

"ABIDE with us; the evening hour draws on;  
And pleasant at the daylight's fading close

The traveller's repose!

And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,  
Thy words, oh! blessed stranger, have dispell'd  
The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

Sad were our souls, and quench'd hope's latest ray,  
But thou to us hast words of comfort given

Of Him who came from heaven!

How burn'd our hearts within us on the way,  
While thou the sacred scripture didst unfold,  
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old!

Abide with us; let us not lose thee yet!

Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,

When we are left to mourn

That Israel's Hope—his better Sun—is set!  
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,  
That new-born joy may chide our faithless woe."

Thus in their sorrow the disciples pray'd,  
And knew not He was walking by their side

Who on the cross had died!

But when he broke the consecrated bread,  
Then saw they who had deign'd to bless their board,  
And in the stranger hail'd their risen Lord.

"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,  
Compass'd with doubt and bitterness and dread—

When, as life from the dead,

The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze:  
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his heart  
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.



Open, thou trembling one—the portal wide,  
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast

Take home the heavenly guest!

He for the famish'd shall a feast provide—  
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see  
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee.

Beloved! who for us with care hast sought!

Say—shall we hear thy voice, and let Thee wait

All night before the gate—

Wet with the dews—nor greet Thee as we ought?

Oh! strike the fetters from the hand of pride,

And, that we perish not, with us, O Lord, abide!

#### THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

"Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER,  
To a Pythian height dilates you, and despair sublimes to power?"

*Miss Barrett.*

THE struggle's o'er; the coward fear is past;

Even wrong and pain must now their prey forego;

And the worn heart may lift its voice at last,

Strong in the majesty of cureless woe!

The iron chain, so long in silence borne,

Falls riven from the bosom of the slave;

And I, to thee—who gav'st the meed of scorn—

Must speak once more, ere silent in the grave.

Yet what reck'st thou—that words all idly spoken

Have made a life-long grief another's part?

While thou, to point a jest, hast wounded, broken,

That wrong'd and fearful thing—a human heart!

Could the cold sneer, the laugh of careless glee

Which others—thee how far beneath!—might share,

Reward thee, then, for all it heap'd on me—

The worldless agony,—the long despair?

How had I sinn'd? Was it not pure from stain,  
That guileless offering at a noble shrine?  
Did e'er a thought of ill the soul profane  
That in its childlike worship knelt to thine?

Or if I err'd, perchance — oh! human brother!  
Deserved my fault the cruel penance given?  
Or say if thou hast meted to another  
The gentle mercy all must ask of Heaven!

Hear now the message I, so proud in sorrow,  
Speed to thy presence with my latest sigh;  
I — for whose sight shall dawn no coming morrow —  
Know but one wish to bless thee ere I die!

May all Heaven's richest gifts be shower'd upon thee,  
May grief ne'er harbour in that manly breast;  
May joy and peace, white-wing'd, with rapture, crown thee,  
And keep thee ever in their golden rest!

Yet oh! by all the tears mine eyes have shed,  
I pray thee, shield me from unworthy blame!  
Embalm my memory with the sacred dead;  
Unto the cold and stern breathe not my name.

Like some faint, fading vision of the past,  
Let my veil'd image in remembrance dwell;  
In mercy, be no added shadow cast  
On this my long, and sad, and last farewell!

## SODUS BAY.

I BLESS thee — native shore!  
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!  
'Tis like a dream once more  
The music of thy thousand waves to hear!  
As murmuring up the sand,  
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,  
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;  
And o'er thy headlands brown  
With loving light the tints of evening play.  
Thy whispering breezes fear  
To break the calm so softly hallow'd here.

Here, in her green domain,  
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;  
With scarce disputed reign  
She dwells in all the solitude around.  
And here she loves to wear  
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearn'd  
For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest!  
Even as the swan return'd,  
Stoops to repose upon thy azure breast,  
I greet each welcome spot  
Forsaken long—but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot.

'T was here that memory grew—  
'T was here that childhood's hopes and cares were left;  
Its early freshness too—  
Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft.  
Where are they?—o'er the track  
Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still!  
Thou art unchanged—as bright the sunbeams play—  
From not a tree or hill  
Hath time one hue of beauty snatch'd away.  
Unchanged alike should be  
The blessed things so late resign'd to thee!

Give back, oh, smiling deep!  
 The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth  
 That in thy bosom sleep —  
 Life's April innocence, and trustful truth!  
 The tones that breathed of yore  
 In thy lone murmurs, once again restore!

Where have they vanish'd all? —  
 Only the heedless winds in answer sigh —  
 Still rushing at thy call,  
 With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!  
 And idle as the air,  
 Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer!

Home of sweet thoughts — farewell!  
 Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,  
 A deep and hallow'd spell  
 Is on thy waters and thy woods for me!  
 Though vainly fancy craves  
 Its childhood with the music of thy waves.

## LINES.

"Forgetting those things which are behind." — *Phil. iii. 13.*

Look not upon the past — the mournful past.  
 In its stern grasp the joys and hopes of youth —  
 The forms that smiled upon us, wreath'd with light  
 Then beaming from the morning sky of life —  
 Are held: — the forms to which affection clung;  
 Towards which the lone and stricken spirit yearns;  
 And the grim gaoler will not let them go!  
 Far off and dimly seen, like buried wealth  
 In cold dark ocean caves — the treasures lie,  
 While o'er them rolls th' impenetrable deep,  
 And its hoarse murmur wails the ever lost.



Look not upon the past—the bitter past.  
 Its spectral pageants haunt thee!—Darkly there  
 Gathers a throng, from whose pursuing gaze  
 Thou fain would'st turn away. The hours misspent—  
 The wasted energies—the gifts abused—  
 The feelings wrong'd—the blighted hopes—stand there.  
 The sins thou deemedst trivial, and the world  
 Deem'd virtues haply, tower to giant height,  
 And flout thee with their scorn. The hidden crimes  
 Cast off their mask, and fill thee with affright.  
 Time, that relentless creditor, there stands,  
 Presenting his account, and bidding thee  
 Tremble at his dread records, and prepare  
 The reckoning to abide.

Look not upon  
 The past—the gloomy past. 'Tis stoled in grief.  
 'Tis the domain of evil—dark and sad  
 To human eyes,—the mournful prison-house  
 Of human woes and errors. There, too, broods  
 The cloud of wrath divine.

*Thou may'st forget—*  
 Is the kind sentence Heaven writes out for man.  
 Forget thy years of folly—years of crime.  
 Lo, the unstain'd future! 'tis thine own,  
 With all its glorious aims, its boundless hopes;  
 And thou may'st claim this bright inheritance  
 Free from all hindrance—so the eye of faith  
 Be fix'd on Him who was content to bear  
 For thee the shame and sorrow of the past.

THE WAVES THAT ON THE SPARKLING SAND.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand  
 Their foaming crests upheave,  
 Lightly receding from the land,  
 Seem not a trace to leave.

Those billows in their ceaseless play  
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh  
Amid the forest bower,  
So gently as they murmur by,  
Scarce lift the drooping flower.  
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,  
Spring's wither'd beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,  
Their impress leave behind;  
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,  
The blighting traces find.  
'Till alter'd thoughts and hearts grown cold,  
The change of passing years unfold.

THE CLOUD WHERE SUNBEAMS SOFT REPOSE.

THE cloud where sunbeams soft repose,  
Gilt by the changeful ray,  
With tints still warm and golden, glows,  
When they have pass'd away.

The stream that in its billowy sweep  
Bursts from the mountain side,  
Bears far into the calm blue deep  
Its swift and freshening tide.

Thus youthful joys our hearts can thrill,  
Though life has lost its bloom;  
And sorrow's hours of darkness still  
With lingering charms illume.

## LIKE SOUTHERN BIRDS.

LIKE southern birds, whose wings of light  
Are cold and hueless while at rest—  
But spread to soar in upward flight,  
Appear in glorious plumage drest;

The poet's soul—while darkly close  
Its pinions, bids no passion glow;  
But roused at length from dull repose,  
Lights, while it spurns, the world below.

## O'ER THE FAR MOUNTAIN PEAK ON HIGH.

O'ER the far mountain peak on high  
First shines the morning's ray;  
And latest from the crimson'd sky  
The beam of parting day.

Yet there, to greet the partial light,  
Nor flowers nor verdure bloom;  
But barren all—though coldly bright—  
And cheerless as the tomb.

While, in the modest vale's recess,  
Where sunlight scarce descends,  
Fresh flowerets spring the beam to bless,  
And grateful foliage bends.

Thus hearts that bask in fortune's smile,  
Undimm'd by clouds of care,  
Feel not the joys their hours beguile  
Which humbler bosoms share.

## SONNET.

SHEPHERD, with meek brow wreathed with blossoms sweet,  
Who guard'st thy timid flock with tenderest care—  
Who guid'st in sunny paths their wandering feet,—  
And the young lambs dost in thy bosom bear;—  
Who lead'st thy happy flock to pastures fair,  
And by still waters at the noon of day—  
Charming with lute divine the silent air,  
What time they linger on the verdant way;—  
Good Shepherd! might one gentle distant strain  
Of that immortal melody sink deep  
Into my heart, and pierce its careless sleep,  
And melt by powerful love its sevenfold chain—  
Oh! then my soul thy voice should know, and flee  
To mingle with thy flock, and ever follow Thee!

## SONNET.

O WEARY heart, there is a rest for thee!  
O truant heart—there is a blessed home,  
An isle of gladness on life's wayward sea,  
Where storms, that vex the waters, never come.  
There trees perennial yield their balmy shade,  
Their flower-wreath'd hills in sunlit beauty sleep;  
There meek streams murmur through the verdant glade—  
There heaven bends smiling o'er the placid deep.  
Winnow'd by wings immortal that fair isle;  
Vocal its air with music from above;  
There meets the exile eye a welcoming smile;  
There ever speaks a summoning voice of love  
Unto the heavy-laden and distress'd,—  
“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”



## MARY N. M'DONALD.

MRS. M'DONALD is a daughter of the late Leonard A. Bleecker, Esq., of New York, where she was born, and a granddaughter of the late Major William Popham, a well-known revolutionary officer. Her father left the city when she was very young, and many of her earlier years were spent in West Chester County; where, amidst its quiet woodland scenery, her poetical tastes first developed themselves. When quite a little child, she was possessed with a desire for literary distinction; and the most earnest wish of her heart was for "a whole quire of white paper." The artless ambition, however, that charmed her childhood, vanished as she grew up, frightened, no doubt, at a glimpse of that fame in the distance it had so innocently wished to attract.

On Miss Bleecker's return to the city, some of her poetical effusions were published by a friend, in the New York Mirror; and gained so much approbation, that she continued to write for that and other periodicals several years, under the signature of M. N. M. She was married in 1834 to Pierre E. F. M'Donald, Esq.; and her married life, which was singularly unclouded and happy, (a sure sign that ambition *had* left her; because, if a thirst for fame and a yearning for love live together in a woman's heart, they will kindle strife,) continued till April, 1844. After her husband's death, she became by necessity, not choice, an authoress, and published a volume entitled *Poems by M. N. M.*, in 1845. Two small volumes of interesting juvenile stories, called *Cousin Bertha's Tales for Children*, subsequently appeared. She contributes constantly to The Columbian, The Ladies' Wreath, and other magazines. Her prose writings are remarkable for their ease, refinement, and playful simplicity; while her poems, of which the following are a fair specimen, are musical, graceful, and sweet.

### JUNE.

LAUGHINGLY thou comest  
Rosy June,  
With thy light and tripping feet,  
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,

And thy waters all in tune;  
With thy gift of buds and bells,  
For the uplands and the dells,  
With the wild-bird and the bee,  
On the blossom or the tree,  
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,  
With a joyous thrill to greet thee

Rosy June,

And I love the flashing ray  
Of the rivulets at play,  
As they sparkle into day,

Rosy June!

Most lovely do I call thee,

Laughing June!

For thy skies are bright and blue,  
As a sapphire's brilliant hue,

And the heats of Summer noon,  
Made cooler by thy breath—

O'er the clover-scented heath,

Which the scythe must sweep so soon:

And thou fan'st the fever'd cheek

With thy softest gales of balm,  
Till the pulse so low and weak,

Beateth stronger and more calm.

Kind physician, thou dost lend

Like a tried and faithful friend,

To the suffering and the weary, every blessing thou canst bring  
By the sick man's couch of pain,

Like an angel, once again

Thou hast shed a gift of healing, from the perfume-laden wing.

And the student's listless ear,

As a dreamy sound and dear,

Hath caught a pleasant murmur of the insect's busy hum,

Where arching branches meet

O'er the turf beneath his feet,

And a thousand Summer fancies, with the melody have come;  
And he turneth from the page  
Of the prophet or the sage,  
And forgetteth all the wisdom of his books;  
For his heart is roving free  
With the butterfly and bee,  
And chimeth with the music of the brooks,  
Singing still their merry tune,  
In the flashing light of noon,  
One chord of thy sweet lyre, laughing June!

I have heart-aches many a one,  
Rosy June!  
And I sometimes long to fly  
To a world of love and light,  
Where the flowerets never die,  
Nor the day gives place to night;  
Where the weariness and pain  
Of this mortal life are o'er,  
And we fondly clasp again  
All the loved ones gone before.  
And I think, to lay my head  
On some green and shelter'd bed,  
Where, at dawning or at noon,  
Come the birds with liquid note  
In each tender warbling throat,  
Or the breeze, with mournful tune,  
To sigh above my grave—  
Would be all that I should crave  
Rosy June!

But when thou art o'er the earth,  
With thy blue and tranquil skies,  
And thy gushing melodies,  
And thy many tones of mirth—

When thy flowers perfume the air,  
And thy garlands wreath the bough,  
And my birth-place, even now  
Seems an Eden bright and fair—  
How my spirit shrinks away  
From the darkness of the tomb,  
And I shudder at its gloom  
While so beautiful the day.  
Yet I know the skies are bright,  
In that land of love and light,  
Brighter, fairer than thine own, lovely June,  
No shadow dims the ray,  
No night obscures the day,  
But ever, ever reigneth, high eternal noon.

A glimpse thou art of heaven  
Lovely June!  
Type of a purer clime  
Beyond the flight of time,  
Where the amaranth flowers are rife  
By the placid stream of life,  
For ever gently flowing,  
Where the beauty of the rose  
In that land of soft repose,  
Nor blight, nor fading knows,  
In immortal fragrance blowing.  
And my prayer is still to see,  
In thy blessed ministry,  
A transient gleam of regions that are all divinely fair;  
A foretaste of the bliss  
In a holier world than this,  
And a place beside the loved ones, who are safely gather'd there.



## TO LIZZIE.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"  
Ay, in certes, in good sooth,  
We may be all sure He doth.

*Miss Barrett.*

THERE'S a charm about thee, Lizzie,  
That I cannot well define,  
And I sometimes think it lieth  
In that soft blue eye of thine;  
And yet, though pleasant is thine eye,  
And beautiful thy lip—  
As a rose-leaf bathed in honey dews,  
A bee might love to sip,—  
Yet I think it is nor lip, nor eye,  
Which binds me with its spell;  
But a something dearer far than these,  
Though undefinable.

When I meet thee, dearest Lizzie,  
When I hear thy gentle tone,  
When my hand is press'd so tenderly,  
So warmly in thine own;  
Why then I think it is thy voice,  
Whose music like a bird's,  
Can soothe me with the melody  
Of sweetly-spoken words:  
Perchance the pressure of thy hand  
This hidden charm may be—  
Or the magic, Lizzie, of a sigh  
That lures my heart to thee.

Perchance it is thy gentleness,  
Perchance thy winning smile,  
Which lurketh in such dimples,  
As might easily beguile;

Or perchance the music of thy laugh  
Hath a bewildering flow —  
Yet I cannot tell, my Lizzie,  
If it be thy laugh or no;  
For mirth as musical as thine  
Hath met my ear before,  
But its memory faded from my heart  
When once the strain was o'er.

Oh! for the wand of fairy  
To dissolve the withering spell,  
And teach me, dearest Lizzie,  
What it is I love so well.  
Thy simple truth and earnestness,  
Perchance it may be this,  
Or the gentle kindness breathing  
In thy morn or evening kiss —  
Thy care for others' weal or wo,  
Thy quickly springing tears —  
Or, at times, a quiet thoughtfulness,  
Unmeet for thy brief years.

Well, be it either look or tone,  
Or smile, or soft caress,  
I know not, Lizzie, yet I feel  
I could not love thee less.  
And something happy there may be,  
"Like light within a vase,"  
Which, from the soul-depths gleaming forth,  
Flings o'er thee such a grace.  
Perchance, the hidden charm I seek,  
That words may not impart,  
Is but the warm affections  
Of a kind and loving heart.

## THE SPELLS OF MEMORY.

It was but the note of a summer bird,  
But a dream of the past in my heart it stirr'd,  
And wafted me far to a breezy spot,  
Where blossom'd the blue forget-me-not.  
And the broad green boughs gave a checker'd gleam  
To the dancing waves of a mountain stream,  
And there, in the heat of a summer day,  
Again on the velvet turf I lay,  
And saw bright shapes in the floating clouds,  
And rear'd fair domes, 'mid their fleecy shrouds,  
As I look'd aloft to the azure sky,  
And long'd for a bird's soft plumes to fly,  
Till lost in its depths of purity.

Alas! I have waked from that early dream,  
Far, far away is the mountain stream.  
And the dewy turf, where so oft I lay,  
And the woodland flowers, they are far away.  
And the skies that once were to me so blue,  
Now bend above with a darker hue,  
And yet I may wander in fancy back  
At memory's call to my childhood's track:  
And the fount of thought hath been deeply stirr'd  
By the passing note of a summer bird.

It was but the rush of the autumn wind,  
But it left a spell of the past behind,  
And I was abroad with my brothers twain  
In the tangled paths of the wood again:  
Where the leaves were rustling beneath our feet,  
And the merry shout of our gleesome mood  
Was echoed far in the solitude,  
As we caught the prize which a kindly breeze  
Sent down in a shower from the chesnut trees.

Oh! a weary time hath pass'd away  
Since my brothers were out by my side at play,  
A weary time, with its weight of care,  
And its toil in the city's crowded air—  
And its pining wish for the hill-tops high—  
For the laughing stream and the clear blue sky—  
For the shaded dell, and the leafy halls  
Of the old green wood where the sunlight falls.

But I see the haunts of my early days,  
The old green wood where the sunshine plays,  
And the flashing stream in its course of light,—  
And the hill-tops high, and the skies so bright,—  
And the silent depths of the shaded dell,  
Where the twilight shadows at noonday fell,—  
And the mighty charm which hath conquered these  
Is nought, save a rush of the autumn breeze.

It was but a violet's faint perfume,  
But it bore me back to a quiet room,  
Where a gentle girl in the spring-time gay,  
Was breathing her fair young life away,  
Whose light through the rose-hued curtains fell,  
And tinted her cheek like the ocean-shell,  
And the southern breeze on its fragrant wings  
Stole in with its tale of all lovely things.  
Where love watch'd on through the long, long hours,  
And friendship came with its gift of flowers;  
And death drew near with a stealthy tread,  
And lightly pillow'd in dust her head,  
And seal'd up gently the lids so fair,  
And damp'd the brow with its clustering hair,  
And left the maiden in slumber deep,  
To waken no more from that tranquil sleep.

Then we laid the flower her hand had prest,  
To wither and die on her gentle breast;  
And back to the shade of that quiet room  
I go with the violet's faint perfume.



## THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TOLD THE SECRET.

So I've heard your secret, Mabel,  
I've heard it, my little maid,  
And you're going to do a silly thing  
I am very much afraid.

You're going to marry the miller,  
And live beside the mill!  
But the miller, they say, is an idle man,  
And often his wheel stands still.

And they say he is growing careless,  
And spends the livelong day  
In gazing over the shining stream  
At a cottage across the way.

And they say he is wild and wilful,—  
So prithee, my Mabel, dear,  
Don't give your hand to the miller,  
If all is true that I hear.

Who says he is idle, Bessie?  
And wild and wilful, too?  
If ever it come to the miller's ears,  
They may find it cause to rue.

And who told you this mighty secret?  
You need not think 't is so;  
A body may walk with a quiet man,  
Yet never to church may go.

I should like to see the lassie  
Who told you the silly jest;  
As if I would part with my secret,  
For a ring and a wedding vest.

You need not deny it, Mabel,  
'Twas a little bird who came  
But now with the wondrous story,  
And told unto me the same.

I mark'd the gleam of his crimson breast,  
As he flitted across your cheek;  
And the rapid flash of his darting wing  
In your eye, when you did speak.

You're dreaming, Bessie, you're dreaming,  
No talking birds have we;  
And I would not whisper the matter,  
I'm sure, *to a bird on the tree*;

And never a wing came flitting  
Across my cheek or eye—  
So, Bessie, you must be dreaming,  
With all this mystery.

Ah! Mabel; you may dissemble  
With duller folks, I ween,  
But you cannot still the music  
Of the little bird I mean.

He hath his nest in your gentle breast,  
And a tell-tale bird is he,  
For I mark'd the flush of his crimson coat  
On your cheek too easily.

And when I told you the miller  
Was a wild and wilful man,  
The bird flew out at your flashing eye  
As only a fairy can.

And I knew, by your hasty speaking  
In such an earnest way,  
That you cared for the honest miller  
Much more than you choose to say.

So what I but guess'd, my Mabel,  
The bird hath told at will,  
That you're going to marry the miller,  
And live beside the mill.

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## FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Mrs. OSGOOD is a native of Boston. Her father, a merchant of the name of Locke, was a man of taste, education, and true poetical sensibilities. She was chiefly instructed at home; her step-sister, the accomplished Mrs. Wells, (whose poems we have noticed in a former part of this volume,) acting the part of friend, guide, and governess, with equal kindness and ability. Genius was quickly discovered in all the little Fanny said or wrote; but it was not until strongly urged by her benevolent and gifted friend, Mrs. Lydia M. Child, that the fruits of this genius were permitted to be seen by the world. She then became a contributor to the *Juvenile Miscellany*, and other periodicals, under the name of Florence. During a visit to London, just after her marriage with the distinguished artist whose name she bears, her first collection of poems was published, entitled *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*. This gained for her the friendship of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and much courteous attention from others of noble birth and talent in England. On her return, Mrs. Osgood edited *The Flowers of Poetry, or Poetry of Flowers*, and, for a short time, a magazine called *The Ladies' Companion*.

In 1841, she published *The Snowdrop*, a book for children, and several other works of the same kind. Another volume of her *Poems* appeared in 1845; since which she has edited an annual, called *The Floral Offering*. For many years past she has been one of the most popular and fertile contributors to the monthly magazines of whom our country can boast. Her style in prose is lively and natural; and her ingenious stories are always freely sprinkled over with songs, or sparkling epigrammatic little poems, which, like jewels on a ball-dress, not only give brilliancy for the immediate occasion, but will be taken out and preserved, when the story itself is laid by and forgotten.

As a poetess, Mrs. Osgood is irresistibly fascinating. "There is nothing mechanical about her;" but (as the Rev. Dr. Davidson\* very truly observes) "all is buoyant, overflowing, irrepressible vivacity, like the bubbling up of a natural fountain. In her almost childish playfulness, she reminds us of that exquisite creation of Fonqué, Undine, who knew no law but that of her own waywardness. The great charm of her poetry is its unaffected simplicity. It is the transparent simplicity of truth, reflecting the feeling of the moment like a mirror." But this is not her only, or her most marked characteristic: grace, wit, fancy, feeling, and a delicious adaptation of sound to sense, are equally observable. As we read her poems, her fairy songs, so sprightly, loving, and musical, and her fervent strains of tender thought, it is hard to say which of these predominate. But Mrs. Osgood possesses, also, loftier qualities than those which merely fascinate. There is a fine moral awakening power, in her noble and spirited lines on Labour, which evidently proves that she *can* be—more than fanciful, witty, and tender,—an eloquent teacher of wisdom and truth.

#### LABOUR.

"Laborare est orare."

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us,  
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;  
 Hark, how Creation's deep musical chorus,  
     Unintermitting, goes up unto Heaven!  
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,  
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;  
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
     Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

Labour is worship! the robin is singing;  
 Labour is worship! the wild bee is ringing:  
 Listen,—that eloquent whisper upspringing  
     Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.  
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,  
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower,

---

\*Of New Brunswick, New Jersey.



From the small insect, the rich coral bower;  
 Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'T is the still water faileth;  
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;  
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;  
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;  
 Only the roving wind changes and brightens;  
 Idle hearts only, the dark future frightens;  
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,  
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
 Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.  
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow;  
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;  
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;  
 Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!  
 Work—for some good—be it ever so slowly;  
 Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly;  
 Labour! All labour is noble and holy:—  
 Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

## S L A N D E R .

A WHISPER woke the air—  
 A soft light tone and low,  
 Yet barb'd with shame and woe;  
 Now, might it only perish there!  
 Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound!  
Another voice has breathed it clear,  
And so it wanders round,  
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,  
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,  
And *that*—it *broke*.

It was the only *heart* it found,  
The only heart 't was meant to find,  
When first its accents woke;—  
It reach'd that tender heart at last,  
And *that*—it *broke*.

Low as it seem'd to *other* ears,  
It came a thunder crash to *hers*,  
That fragile girl so fair and gay,—  
That guileless girl so pure and true.  
'Tis said a lovely humming-bird  
That in a fragrant lily lay,  
And dream'd the summer morn away,  
Was kill'd but by the gun's *report*,  
Some idle boy had fired in sport!  
The very *sound*—a death-blow came!

And thus her happy heart, that beat  
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,  
(Shrined in *its lily* too —  
For who the maid that knew  
But own'd the delicate flower-like grace  
Of her young form and face?)  
When first that word  
Her light heart heard,  
It flutter'd like the frighten'd bird,  
Then shut its wings and sigh'd,  
And, with a silent shudder—*died!*

## THE LIFE-VOYAGE.

(A BALLAD.)

ONCE in the olden time there dwelt  
Beside the sounding sea,  
A little maid—her garb was coarse,  
Her spirit pure and free.

Her parents were an humble twain,  
And poor as poor could be;  
Yet gayly sang the guileless child,  
Beside the sounding sea.

The hut was bare, and scant the fare,  
And hard her little bed;  
But she was rich! A single gem  
Its beauty round her shed.

She walk'd in light!—'t was all her wealth—  
That pearl, whose lustrous glow  
Made her white forehead dazzling fair,  
And pure as sunlit snow.

Her parents died! With tears she cried,  
"God will my father be!"  
Then launch'd alone her shallop light,  
And bravely put to sea.

The sail she set was virgin-white,  
As inmost lily leaf,  
And angels whisper'd her from Heaven,  
To loose it or to reef.

And ever on the dancing prow  
One glorious brilliant burn'd,  
By whose clear ray she read her way,  
And every danger learn'd:

For she had hung her treasure there,  
Her heaven-illuminated pearl!  
And so she steer'd her lonely bark,  
That fair and guileless girl!

The wind was fresh, the sails were free,  
High dash'd the diamond spray,  
And merrily leaping o'er the sea,  
The light skiff left the bay!

But soon false, evil spirits came,  
And strove, with costly lure,  
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,  
And win her jewel pure.

They swarm'd around the fragile boat,  
They brought her diamonds rare,  
To glisten on her graceful throat,  
And bind her flowing hair!

They brought her gold from Afric-land,  
And from the sea-king's throne  
They pilfer'd gems, to grace her hand  
And clasp her virgin zone.

But still she shook the silken curl  
Back from her beaming eyes,  
And cried — "I bear my spotless pearl  
Home, home to yonder skies!

"Now shame ye not your ocean gems  
And Eastern gold to show?  
Behold! how mine outburns them all!  
God's smile is in its glow!"

Fair blows the wind, the sail swells free,  
High shoots the diamond spray,  
And merrily o'er the murmuring sea  
The light boat leaps away!



They swarm'd around the fragile bark,  
They strove with costlier lure  
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,  
And win her jewel pure.

"We bring thee rank — we bring thee power —  
We bring thee pleasures free —  
No empress, in her silk-hung bower,  
May queen her realm like thee!

"Now yield us up the one white pearl!  
'Tis but a star, whose ray  
Will fail thee, rash, devoted girl,  
When tempests cloud thy way."

But still she smiled a loftier smile,  
And raised her frank, bright eyes,  
And cried — "I bear my vestal star  
Home, home to yonder skies!"

The wind is fresh — the sail swells free —  
High shoots the diamond spray!  
And merrily o'er the moaning sea  
The light boat leaps away!

Suddenly, stillness broods around,  
A stillness as of death,  
Above, below — no motion, sound!  
Hardly a struggling breath!

Then wild and fierce the tempest came,  
The dark wind-demons clash'd  
Their weapons swift — the air was flame!  
The waves in madness dash'd!

They swarm'd around the tossing boat —  
"Wilt yield thy jewel *now*?  
Look! look! already drench'd in spray,  
It trembles at the prow.

"Be *ours* the gem! and safely launch'd  
Upon a summer sea,  
Where never cloud may frown in heaven,  
Thy pinnace light shall be!"

But still she smiled a fearless smile,  
And raised her trusting eyes,  
And cried—"I bear my talisman  
Home, home to yonder skies!"

And safe through all that blinding storm  
The true bark floated on,  
And soft its pearl-illuminated prow  
Through all the tumult shone!

An angel, guided through the clouds  
By that most precious light,  
Flew down the fairy helm to take,  
And steer the boat aright.

Then died the storm upon the sea!  
High dash'd the diamond spray,  
And merrily leaping light and free,  
The shallop sail'd away.

And meekly, when at eve her bark  
Its destined port had found,  
She moor'd it by the mellow spark  
Her jewel shed around!

Would'st know the name the maiden wore?  
'T was Innocence—like thine!  
Wouldst know the pearl she nobly bore?  
'T was Truth—a gem divine!

*Thou* hast the jewel—keep it bright,  
Undimm'd by mortal fear,  
And bathe each stain upon its light  
With Grief's repentant tear!

Still shrink from falsehood's fairest guise,  
By flattery unbeguiled!  
Still let thy heart speak from thine eyes,  
My pure and simple child!

## A SONG.

CALL me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird  
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,  
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,  
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!  
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—  
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flower,  
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,  
That droops when its heaven—thy heart—grows cold,  
That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold,  
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower;  
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star,  
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,  
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,  
When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea:  
Oh! trust thy rich bark, where its warm rays are,  
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy star!

Call me dear names, darling! Call me thine own!  
Speak to me always in Love's low tone!  
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold;  
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;  
Love me for ever, and love me alone!  
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thine own!

## A SONG.

YES! "lower to the level"  
Of those who laud thee now!  
Go! join the joyous revel,  
And pledge the heartless vow!  
Go! dim the soul-born beauty  
That lights that lofty brow!  
Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine  
Drown, in thy soul, Love's dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,  
When wildest goes the jest,  
When gleams the goblet brightest,  
And proudest heaves thy breast,  
And thou art madly pledging  
Each gay and jovial guest,—  
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—  
The shade of Love's departed hours!

And thou shalt drink in sadness  
From all the splendour there,  
And curse the revel's gladness,  
And hate the banquet's glare,  
And pine, 'mid Passion's madness,  
For true Love's purer air,  
And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee,  
For one unsullied sigh from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love,  
Ah! no! if I could keep  
Thy alter'd heart from care, love,  
And charm its griefs to sleep,  
Mine only should despair, love,  
I—I alone would weep!  
I—I alone would mourn the flowers  
That fade in Love's deserted bowers!



## SILENT LOVE.

AH! let our love be still a folded flower,  
A pure, moss rose-bud blushing to be seen,  
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour  
When souls may meet without the clay between!

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow  
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart!  
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,  
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!

Ah! keep it folded like a sacred thing!  
With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance nurse;  
Still let the modest veil around it cling,  
Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.

Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,  
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—  
To feel our spirit-flower still fresh and free,  
And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and sin.

Ah! keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—  
Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly,  
As fled of old in sadness, yet in scorn,  
Th' awaken'd god from Psyche's daring eye!

"SHE LOVES HIM YET."

## A SONG.

SHE loves him yet!  
I know by the blush that rises  
Beneath the curls  
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;

She loves him yet!  
 Thro' all Love's sweet disguises  
 In timid girls,  
 A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs  
 Than the radiant blush of beauty,  
 The maiden finds,  
 Whenever his name is heard;—  
 Her young heart thrills,  
 Forgetting herself—her duty—  
 Her dark eye fills,  
 And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!  
 The flower the false one gave her  
 When last he came,  
 Is still with her wild tears wet,  
 She'll ne'er forget,  
 Howe'er his faith may waver,  
 Thro' grief and shame,  
 Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favourite songs  
 She will sing—she heeds—no other;  
 With all her wrongs  
 Her life on his love is set.  
 Oh! doubt no more!  
 She never can wed another:  
 Till life be o'er,  
 She loves—she will love him yet!

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BELIEVE me, 'tis no pang of jealous pride  
 That brings these tears I know not how to hide;  
 I only grieve because—because—I see  
 Thou find'st not *all* thy heart demands in me.

I only grieve that others, who care less  
For thy dear love, thy lightest wish may bless;  
That while to them thou'rt nothing—all to me,  
They may a moment minister to thee!

Ah! If a fairy's magic might were mine,  
I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine;  
Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,  
And everything *thou* lov'st, in turn to thee!

Pliant as clouds, that hunt the sun-god still,  
I'd catch each ray of thy prismatic will;  
I'd be a flower—a wild, sweet flower I'd be,  
And sigh my very life away for thee.

I'd be a gem and drink light from the sun,  
To glad thee with, if gems thy fancy won;  
Were birds thy joy, I'd light with docile glee  
Upon thy hand, and shut my wings for thee!

Could a wild wave thy glance of pleasure meet,  
I'd lay my crown of spray-pearls at thy feet;  
Or could a star delight thy heart, I'd be  
The happiest star that ever look'd on thee!

If music lured thy spirit, I would take  
A tune's aerial beauty for thy sake;  
And float into thy soul, till I could see  
How to become all melody to thee.

The weed, that by the garden blossom grows,  
Would, if it could, be glorious as the rose;  
It tries to bloom—its soul to light aspires;  
The love of beauty every fibre fires.

And *I*—no luminous cloud floats by above,  
But wins at once my envy and my love,  
So passionately wild this thirst in me,  
To be all beauty and all grace to thee!

Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,  
 Without even power my proud, pure love to speak,  
 But oh! by all I fail in, love not me  
 For what I *am*—but what I *wish to be*!

#### THE BOY PAINTER.

"My mother's kiss made me a painter."  
*Life of Benjamin West.*

A LITTLE heart where slept the germ, as yet in night concealed,

Of power and glory since to be (how radiantly) reveal'd,  
 Alone, beside a cradle bed, was beating fast and warm,  
 Where, beautiful in slumber, lay a baby's dimpled form.

The infant smiled in sleep, and lo! a little ardent hand,  
 Ere fled the smile, had snatch'd a pen and paper from the stand,  
 And traced the cradle and the babe, as if by magic spell;  
 How soft, beneath that tiny touch, the fairy features fell.

How fondly o'er the playful sketch he bends—the enraptured  
 boy—

Unmindful of his precious charge, so deep his dream of joy,  
 'Tis broken by a stealing step—his mother caught the prize,  
 And kiss'd away the cloud of doubt that fill'd his timid eyes.

Oh! blessed love! how mighty thou to sway the human heart!  
 A subtle yet a holy thing, and conqueror thou art!  
 His sister's smile awoke the germ, his mother's kiss the flower,  
 And a world's tears the fruit embalm in many a classic bower.

#### THE TALISMAN.

My darling child! beside my knee  
 She lingers, pleading low  
 For "just one more sweet fairy tale,  
 And then I'll let you go!"



"So listen, dear, and I will tell  
How once to man was given  
An instrument so heavenly sweet  
'Twas thought it came from Heaven.

"So daintily its strings were wrought,  
So exquisitely fine,  
A breath from Him who made, could break  
The talisman divine.

"So prompt, too, with its eloquent tones,  
This rare device they say,  
That, without touch of human hands,  
A wish could bid it play!

"In radiant Eden first 'twas heard,  
Harmonious, mild, and clear;  
And at the sound, each singing-bird  
Its warble hush'd, to hear.

"From thence, with varying melody,  
But never with a tone  
So pure, so free, as then it had,  
It pass'd from sire to son.

"And now, in murmurs soft and low  
As rippling rills, it sang,  
And now with wild, impassion'd flow,  
Its clarion-music rang!

"If Love or Pity tuned the string,  
Or Memory ask'd its aid,  
Sweet, pleading notes, the charm'd thing  
In tender cadence play'd.

"If Anger touch'd the quivering chords  
With trembling hand of fire,  
What demon-tones — what burning words  
Resounded from the lyre!

"But oh! when soft Forgiveness came,  
And o'er the discord sigh'd,—  
How like an angel's lute of love  
That fairy lyre replied!

"A fearful power the gift possess'd,  
A power for good or ill;—  
Each passion of the human breast  
Could sweep the strings at will.

"And it could melt to softest tears,  
Or madden into crime,  
The hearts that heard its thrilling strains,  
Wild, plaintive, or sublime.

"The oath within the murderer's heart,  
Fair childhood's sinless prayer,  
Hope's eager sigh, Affection's vow,  
All found an echo there!

"What pity, that a gift so rich,  
Attuned by love divine,  
Was thus profaned by impious man,  
At Guilt's unhallow'd shrine!"

Her eyes in innocent wonder raised,  
As gravely still I spoke;  
The child into my face had gazed,  
But now the pause she broke:—

"Oh! were it mine, that wondrous toy,  
That but a wish could wake!  
Mamma, 't would be my pride, my joy,  
Soft melody to make!

"The evil spirits, tempting youth,  
Should ne'er approach my treasure,  
I'd keep it pure for Love, for Truth,  
For Pity, Hope, and Pleasure!

"And they should play so blest a strain  
Upon th' enchanted lyre,  
That Heaven would claim it back again,  
To join its own sweet choir."

"Keep, keep, my child, that promise still,  
'The wondrous toy' is thine!  
E'en now thy spirit tuned it;—'tis  
The human voice divine!

"Oh! ask of Heaven to teach thy tongue  
A true, a reverent tone,—  
Full oft attuned to praise and prayer,  
And still to vice unknown!

"And rather be it mute for aye,  
Than yield its music sweet  
To Malice, Scorn, Impurity,  
To Slander, or Deceit!

"Degrade not thou the instrument  
That God has given to thee,  
But till its latest breath be spent,  
*Let Conscience keep the key!"*

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

AND yet we check and chide  
The airy angels as they float about us,  
With rules of so-call'd wisdom, till they grow  
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.  
And day by day the fresh frank soul that look'd  
Out of those wistful eyes, and smiling play'd  
With the wild roses of that changing cheek,

And modulated all those earnest tones,  
And danced in those light foot-falls to a tune  
Heart-heard by them, inaudible to us,  
Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the hues  
They caught in heaven already pale and pine,  
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze.  
And so the evil grows. The graceful flower  
May have its own sweet way in bud and bloom;  
May drink, and dare with upturn'd gaze, the light,  
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave  
Its fragrant bells to ever-roving breeze,  
Or wreath with blushing grace the fragile spray  
In bashful loveliness. The wild wood-bird  
May plume at will his wings, and soar or sing.  
The mountain brook may wind where'er it would,  
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,  
Or, rippling drowsily in forest haunts,  
Dream of the floating cloud, the waving flower,  
And murmur to itself sweet lulling words  
In broken tones so like the faltering speech  
Of early childhood; but our human flowers,  
Our soul-birds, caged and pining, they must sing  
And grow not as their own but our caprice  
Suggests, and so the blossom and the lay  
Are but half bloom and music at the best.  
And if by chance some brave and buoyant soul,  
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons  
God taught them first, disdain the rule—the bar—  
And, wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,—  
How the hard world, half startled from itself,  
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away,  
Or leaves her lonely in her upward path.  
Thank God! to such His smile is not denied.



## TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT,

## WHO WOULDN'T COME HOME.

WHEN are you coming? the flowers have come!  
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;  
In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,  
Gleams the Anemone's little, light star;  
Tenderly, timidly down in the dell,  
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell:—  
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew;  
*Spring* keeps her promises,—why do not *you*?

Up in the blue air, the clouds are at play,—  
You are more graceful and lovely than they;  
Birds in the branches sing all the day long,—  
When are you coming to join in their song?  
Fairer than flowers, and fresher than dew!  
*Other* sweet things are here,—why are not *you*?

Why don't you come? we've welcomed the Rose!  
Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,  
Whispers of *other* flowers, met on its way,  
Why has it nothing of *you*, love, to say?  
Why does it tell us of music and dew?  
Rose of the South! we are waiting for *you*!

Do not delay, darling, 'mid the dark trees,  
"Like a lute" murmurs the musical breeze;  
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,  
Hushes its warble to listen for yours.  
Pure as the rivulet,—lovely and true!  
Spring should have waited till she could bring *you*!

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

YES! take them first, my Father! Let my doves  
Fold their white wings in Heaven, safe on thy breast,  
Ere I am call'd away! I dare not leave  
Their young hearts here, their innocent, thoughtless hearts!  
Ah! how the shadowy train of future ills  
Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze!

My May! my careless, ardent-temper'd May;  
My frank and frolic child! in whose blue eyes  
Wild joy and passionate wo alternate rise;  
Whose cheek, the morning in her soul illumines;  
Whose little, loving heart, a word, a glance,  
Can sway to grief or glee; who leaves her play,  
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms,  
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,  
With her clear, flute-like voice, "Do you love me?"  
Ah! let me stay! ah! let me still be by,  
To answer her and meet her warm caress!  
For I away, how oft in this rough world,  
That earnest question will be ask'd in vain!  
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,  
Will shrink abash'd and chill'd, to learn at length  
The hateful, withering lesson of distrust!  
Ah! let her nestle still upon this breast,  
In which each shade, that dims her darling face,  
Is felt and answer'd, as the lake reflects  
The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven! and thou—  
My modest Ellen! tender, thoughtful, true;  
Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies;  
My pure, proud, noble Ellen! with thy gifts  
Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden  
'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,  
How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart  
To startle and appal! thy generous scorn

Of all things base and mean—thy quick, keen taste,  
Dainty and delicate—thy instinctive fear  
Of those unworthy of a soul so pure,  
Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien,  
All—they will all bring pain to thee, my child!  
And oh! if even their grace and goodness meet  
Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all  
The latent evil yet undisciplined  
In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find?  
Forgiveness, and forbearance, and soft chidings,  
Which I—their mother—learn'd of Love to give!  
Ah! let me stay!—albeit my heart is weary,  
Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat,  
That finds no echo in this busy world  
Which cannot pause to answer—tired alike  
Of joy and sorrow—of the day and night!  
Ah! take them first, my Father! and then me;  
And for their sakes—for their sweet sakes, my Father!  
Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet!

## THE CHILD PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

ART thou playing with Time in thy sweet baby-glee?  
Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?  
Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,  
That smile of bewilder'd and beaming surprise;  
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,  
Where dimples are playing "bopeep" with the roses;  
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,  
And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wreathing arm.  
Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetness  
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetness;  
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,  
A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light.  
Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful child,  
With thy blue eyes unshadow'd, thy blush undefiled;

With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,  
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still!  
Laugh on! my own Ellen! that voice, which to me  
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;  
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,  
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy;  
Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the churl,  
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby-girl.  
And oh! may his step, as he wanders with thee,  
Light and soft as thine own little fairy-tread be!  
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair weather,  
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together.

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## THE SISTERS OF THE WEST.

Two volumes of the joint productions of these united sisters have been given to the world: the first in 1843, called *The Wife of Leon and other Poems*, which was published anonymously, or with the title with which we have headed our sketch; the second in 1846, namely, *The Indian Chamber and other Poems*, by *Mrs. Catherine Ann Warfield, and Mrs. Eleanor Percy Lee*. Of their outward life we know nothing. It commenced, we believe, at Natchez, Mississippi, and one of them, Mrs. Warfield, resides at Grasmere, near Lexington, Kentucky. That their inward life is full of poetic beauty, and of the sweet yet mournful enchantment bestowed by true sentiment and strong imagination, may be seen by all who read their poems. There is something touching and noble about their sisterly union,—the purest, holiest, most undecaying friendship their souls will ever know. We love to think upon it! Whether Mrs. Lee has more original talent than Mrs. Warfield, or Mrs. Warfield writes with greater ease than Mrs. Lee, is entirely concealed by their generous affection.



## A VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

A LONG deep valley — narrow, silent, shaded  
By lofty trees — the young, the old, the seer;  
It lies where footstep seldom has invaded  
The haunts and coverts of the graceful deer.  
The silver sound of a small fountain, springing  
From the green bosom of the shaded earth,  
With its blithe, mellow and eternal singing,  
Is there the only voice that tells of mirth.

For all the day the ringdove's note complaining,  
Fills with its murmurs sad the dusky air;  
And when the twilight solemnly is waning,  
The sullen owl shrieks wildly, harshly there.  
The young fawn starts, as o'er the fountain bending  
To quaff the water sparkling to the brim,  
He hears the savage cadence, far ascending  
Through the still evening air and forest dim.

The grass is full of wild flowers, and they render  
A fragrance, strangely delicate and fine,  
And the young cedars, tall, erect and slender,  
Grow wreathed around with many a clinging vine.  
The purple clusters, 'mid the shadows falling,  
Invite the bird to leave his leafy hall,  
And, in low melodies, you hear him calling  
His brooding mate to share his festival.

Vale of Virginia! oft my spirit turneth  
From crowded cities to thy deep repose;  
And with a sick and weary aching, yearneth  
To bear unto thy gloom its weight of woes,  
And dwell within thy shadows; there repelling  
All worldly forms, all vanities of earth,

I would uprear a rude and moss-crown'd dwelling,  
And muse above a solitary hearth.

There would I summon many a vanish'd vision,  
Around my threshold and my couch to draw;  
And far from earthly fane, and man's derision,  
Adore, according to the living law.  
There, when mine eyes had closed in sleep eternal,  
Still would I wish to take my quiet rest,  
Shrined in that solitude profound and vernal,  
The boughs above, the wild flowers on my breast.

## LINES.

"You must make  
That heart a tomb, and in it bury deep  
Its young and beautiful feelings."

BARRY CORNWALL.

LAY them, lay them in their graves,  
Those feelings, deep and fine;  
Henceforth their marble tomb shall be  
The heart that was their shrine.  
Bury them with all the dreams  
Of those departed years,  
When joy was all too bright for smiles!  
And grief too deep for tears!

Close within that stony vault,  
Which never more shall ope,  
The bitterness of memory,  
The feverishness of hope,  
The yearnings deep for sympathy,  
That deep within thee dwell,  
The love that finds no answering flame,  
And sickens in its cell.

Spread, O spread above that tomb  
A pall of purple pride,  
To veil the darkness and the gloom  
That 'neath its folds abide.  
Bear thee gaily in the dance,  
And proudly in the hall;  
I charge thee, let no eye behold  
What moulders 'neath that pall.

It is thus that I have done,  
For such hath been my doom;  
My heart was once a fiery shrine,  
And now it is—a tomb!  
My heart was once a storm-swept sea,  
And now it is that lake,  
O'er whose dead surface tempests rush,  
Nor bid its waters wake.

Yet the ghosts of those dead thoughts,  
Those buried hopes and fears,  
They rise at times across the soul,  
Recalling vanish'd years:  
They float in dim and pale array,  
Those phantoms of the past;  
They freeze my blood—they chill my brain,  
As with an Iceland blast.

Oh! the spectres of the soul,  
How fearfully they rise;  
Each looking from its fleecy shroud  
With cold, clear spirit eyes.  
How chill a print their icy feet  
Leave on the burning brain;  
How bleak a shadow do they cast,  
That dim and awful train.

Back to your cells, ye fleeting things,  
 I do command ye, back!  
 Obey the sceptre of despair,  
 Retrace your ghostly track.  
 Back to your tomb where ye were pent,  
 Like the frail nuns of old,  
 Ere yet the grief that was your life  
 Was waxing faint and cold.

## THE PALACES OF ARABY.

"Oh, the heart,  
 Too vivid in its lightened energies,  
 May read its fate in sunny Araby!  
 How lives its beauty in each eastern tale —  
 Its growth of spices, and its groves of balm —  
 These are exhausted; and what is it now? —  
 A wild and burning wilderness."

MISS LONDON.

THE Palaces of Araby! how beautiful they were,  
 Rearing their golden pinnacles unto the sunny air,  
 'Mid fragrant groves of spice, and balm, and waving orange  
 trees,  
 And clear-toned fountains sparkling up to kiss the passing breeze.

The Palaces of Araby! oh, still there is a dream,  
 A vision, on my brain of all, as long extinct and dim;  
 They rise upon my fancy yet, vast, beautiful and grand,  
 As in past centuries they stood through all that radiant land.

The Palaces of Araby! pale forms of marble mould  
 Were ranged in every stately hall, white, glittering and cold;  
 And urns of massive crystal bright stood on each marble floor,  
 Where odours of a thousand lands burn'd brightly evermore.

The Palaces of Araby! vast mirrors, shrined in gold,  
 Gave back from every lofty wall splendour a thousand fold;



And the gleaming of uncounted gems, and the blaze of odorous  
light,

Stream'd down from every fretted dome, magnificently bright.

I see them now, "so fancy deems," those bright Arabian girls,  
Binding, with glittering gems and flowers, their dark and flow-  
ing curls,

Or sweeping, with their long, rich robes, throughout those  
marble halls,

Or holding, in their rose-clad bowers, gay, gorgeous festivals.

I see them now, "so fancy deems," those warriors high and  
bold,

Draining their draughts of ruby wine from cups of massive  
gold,

Or dashing on their battle steeds, like meteors, to the war,  
With the dazzling gleam of helm and shield and jewelled  
scimitar.

That dream hath fled, that pageant pass'd — unreal things and  
vain,

Why rise ye up so vividly, so brightly, to my brain?

The desert hath no palaces, the sands no fountain stream,

And the brave and beautiful are frail and shadowy as my  
dream.

The Palaces of Araby! oh, there is not a stone

To mark the splendour and the pride, for ever crushed and  
gone;

The lonely traveller hears no more the sound of harp and  
lute,

And the fountain voices, glad and clear, for evermore are mute.

Lost Araby! lost Araby! the world's extinguish'd light,

Thou liest dark and desolate, a thing of shame and blight;

Rome hath her lofty ruins yet — Greece smiles amid her tears;

In thee alone we find no trace, no wreck, of other years.

## BURY HER WITH HER SHINING HAIR.

BURY her with her shining hair  
    Around her streaming bright;  
Bury her with those locks so rare  
    Enrobing her in light.  
As saints, who in their native sky  
    Their golden haloes wear,  
Around her forehead, pure and high,  
    Enwreathe her shining hair.

She was too frail on earth to stay,  
    I never saw a face  
On which, of premature decay  
    Was set so plain a trace.  
She was too pure to linger here,  
    Amid the homes of earth;  
Her spirit in another sphere  
    Had its immortal birth.

She was not one to live and love  
    Amid earth's fading things;  
Her being had its home above,  
    And spread immortal wings.  
And around her now, as still she sleeps  
    Encoffin'd in her prime,  
No eye in anguish'd sorrow weeps,  
    For grief is here sublime.

Even while she lived, an awe was cast  
    Around her loveliness;  
It seem'd as if, whene'er she pass'd,  
    A spirit came to bless.  
A child upraised its tiny hands,  
    And cried — "Oh, weep no more,  
Mother! behold an angel stands  
    Before our cottage door."

We would not bring her back to life,  
With word, or charm, or sign—  
Nor yet recall to scenes of strife  
A creature all divine.  
We would not even ask to shred  
One tress of golden gleam,  
That o'er that fair and perfect head  
Sheds a refulgent beam.

No!—lay her with her shining hair  
Around her flowing bright;  
We would not keep, of one so rare,  
Memorials in our sight.  
Too harsh a shade would seem to lie  
On all things here beneath,  
If we beheld one token by,  
Of her who sleeps in death.

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### MARIA LOWELL.

MARIA WHITE, the daughter of an opulent citizen of Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1844 was married to James Russell Lowell; and for her genius, taste, and many admirable personal qualities, she is worthy to be the wife of that fine poet and true-hearted man. She has published several elegant translations from the German, and a large number of original poems of the imagination, some of which illustrate questions of morals and humanity. Some of her most beautiful poems are written in behalf of Abolition, a cause which she and her husband aid very efficiently by their zealous eloquence.

## JESUS AND THE DOVE.

With patient hand Jesus in clay once wrought,  
And made a snowy dove that upward flew.  
Dear child, from all things draw some holy thought,  
That, like his dove, they may fly upward too.

MARY, the mother good and mild,  
Went forth one summer's day,  
That Jesus and his comrades all  
In meadows green might play.

To find the brightest, freshest flowers,  
They search the meadows round,  
They twined them all into a wreath,  
And little Jesus crown'd.

Weary with play, they came at last  
And sat at Mary's feet,  
While Jesus ask'd his mother dear  
A story to repeat.

"And we," said one, "from out this clay  
Will make some little birds;  
So shall we all sit quietly,  
And heed the mother's words."

Then Mary, in her gentle voice,  
Told of a little child  
Who lost her way one dark, dark night,  
Upon a dreary wild;

And how an angel came to her,  
And made all bright around,  
And took the trembling little one  
From off the damp, hard ground;



And how he bore her in his arms  
Up to the blue so far,  
And how he laid her fast asleep,  
Down in a silver star.

The children sit at Mary's feet,  
But not a word they say,  
So busily their fingers work  
To mould the birds of clay.

But now the clay that Jesus held,  
And turn'd unto the light,  
And moulded with a patient touch,  
Changed to a perfect white.

And slowly grew within his hands  
A fair and gentle dove,  
Whose eyes uncloze, whose wings unfold  
Beneath his look of love.

The children drop their birds of clay,  
And by his side they stand,  
To look upon the wondrous dove  
He holds within his hand.

And when he bends and softly breathes,  
Wide are the wings outspread;  
And when he bends and breathes again,  
It hovers round his head.

Slowly it rises in the air  
Before their eager eyes,  
And, with a white and steady wing,  
Higher and higher flies.

The children all stretch forth their arms  
As if to draw it down:  
"Dear Jesus made the little dove  
From out the clay so brown —

"Canst thou not live with us below,  
Thou little dove of clay,  
And let us hold thee in our hands,  
And feed thee every day?"

"The little dove it hears us not,  
But higher still doth fly;  
It could not live with us below—  
Its home is in the sky."

Mary, who silently saw all—  
That mother true and mild—  
Folded her hands upon her breast,  
And kneel'd before her child.

## SONG.

OH, Bird, thou darrest to the sun  
When morning beams first spring,  
And I, like thee, would swiftly run,  
As sweetly would I sing;  
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up  
Unto the source of fire—  
Thou drinkest from its glowing cup,  
And quenchest thy desire.

Oh, Dew, thou droppest soft below  
And pearlest all the ground;  
Yet when the noontide comes, I know  
Thou never canst be found.  
I would like thine had been my birth;  
Then I, without a sigh,  
Might sleep the night through on the earth,  
To waken in the sky.

Oh, Clouds, ye little tender sheep,  
Pastured in fields of blue,  
While moon and stars your fold can keep  
And gently shepherd you —  
Let me, too, follow in the train  
That flocks across the night,  
Or lingers on the open plain  
With new-wash'd fleeces white.

Oh, singing Winds, that wander far,  
Yet always seem at home,  
And freely play 'twixt star and star  
Along the bending dome —  
I often listen to your song,  
Yet never hear you say  
One word of all the happy worlds  
That shine so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free —  
And Bird, and Dew, and Light,  
Can dart upon the azure sea,  
And leave me to my night.  
Oh, would like theirs had been my birth:  
Then I, without a sigh,  
Might sleep this night through on the earth,  
To waken in the sky.

## THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head  
The morning-glory bright;  
Her little face look'd out beneath,  
So full of life and light,  
So lit as with a sunrise,  
That we could only say,

"She is the morning-glory true,  
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
We call'd her by their name,  
And very fitting did it seem —

For, sure as morning came,  
Behind her cradle bars she smiled  
To catch the first faint ray,  
As from the trellis smiles the flower  
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
Their airy cups of blue,  
As turn'd her sweet eyes to the light,  
Brimm'd with sleep's tender dew;  
And not so close their tendrils fine  
Round their supports are thrown,  
As those dear arms whose outstretch'd plea  
Clasp'd all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
Even as comes the flower,  
The last and perfect added gift  
To crown love's morning hour,  
And how in her was imaged forth  
The love we could not say,  
As on the little dewdrops round  
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,  
That she must wither up,  
Almost before a day was flown,  
Like the morning-glory's cup;  
We never thought to see her droop  
Her fair and noble head,  
Till she lay stretch'd before our eyes,  
Wilted, and cold, and dead!



The morning-glory's blossoming  
Will soon be coming round:  
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves  
Upspringing from the ground;  
The tender things the winter kill'd  
Renew again their birth,  
But the glory of our morning  
Has pass'd away from earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes  
Stretch over thy green plain!  
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,  
Her spirit to sustain:  
But up in groves of paradise  
Full surely we shall see  
Our morning-glory beautiful  
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

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### MARY L. SEWARD.

MRS. SEWARD is a native of New York, and daughter of Mr. Mumford, well known as the editor of *The Standard*, an able democratic journal. She was married a few years since to a son of the Hon. S. S. Seward, of Orange County, and is now a widow. Her graceful and pleasing poems frequently appear in the *Churchman's Miscellany*, and other periodicals.

### SYMPATHY.

COME thou with me — thy clasped hand in mine —  
I'll tell thee o'er the story of thy heart;  
I'll tell thee how my spirit springs to thine,  
I'll bid the shadows from thy brow depart.

Ah! earnestly I've mark'd thee day by day,  
And ever day by day with saddening thought;  
I've seen thy purest feelings thrown away,  
And mourn'd the inward woe such waste hath wrought.

Life's favour'd child, for ever round thee spring  
Immortal flowers of love and beauty rare;  
And still the incense they around thee fling  
Charms not thy senses from their spell of care,—

Lures not thy spirit from its wayward dreams,  
Beguiles thee not the livelong, dreary day,  
Awakes thee not to bless the sunny beams  
That fain would light thee on thy weary way!

Thou sighest still for something not thine own,  
Some precious thing that ever mocks thy sigh,  
Some phantom form of love, that long hath flown  
Above, beyond, thy watchful, eager eye.

Oh! sigh no more, and bid thy dreams begone!  
Let waking visions all thy pain beguile:  
Nay, turn not thy reproachful gaze on one  
Whose all of life is centred in thy smile.

If holiest love dwelt not within my soul,  
Dost think that I could read thy soul aright?  
Dost think that I would thus fling off control,  
And all my inner self reveal to sight?

I've not a selfish thought, when thou art near;  
My loving heart, with all the might it hath,  
Forgetting self, but longs, with trembling fear,  
To be the guardian angel of thy path.

From all that grieves thee now thyself to win,  
And make a paradise on earth for thee,  
Where, though the serpent Care may enter in,  
He'll linger not, for Love will bid him flee.

## JESUS' NIGHT OF PRAYER.

"And it came to pass in those days that He went out into a mountain to pray; and continued all night in prayer to God." — *Luke vi. 12.*

'Tis night! and weary eyes in slumber closing,  
Woo the soft presence of ethereal dreams:  
'Tis night! from restless thought and toil reposing,  
The land in silence lies, till morning beams.

Far up the mountain's rugged steep ascending,  
One only watcher sleepeth not for care;  
Yet angels from their starry thrones are bending,  
With pausing harps; for lo! He kneels in prayer.

The night-dews coldly on His form are falling,  
Rudely the winds those sacred temples smite:  
But still lone echo hears Him sadly calling  
With voice importunate to God all night.

What mighty theme his secret thought engaging,  
Detains the "Man of sorrows" humbly there?  
What fearful woe, His anxious soul presaging,  
Would he avert with breath of pleading prayer?

Ah! for His Church, the Sinless One beseecheth;  
His Church, that trembling 'mid her hopes and fears,  
He sees, with prescient gaze that onward reacheth  
Through the long vista of time-shadow'd years.

Amid the wilderness, he marks her failing,  
Her steps by fierce temptation led aside;  
Her robes of light, her glorious garments trailing  
O'er paths unmeet for the Eternal Bride.

And He would shield her in her trial hour,  
Would keep her drooping children from despair;  
Would give her strength to guard her priceless dower  
Of faith and love — her martyr's crown to wear.

Thou, on whose heart, wild waves of sorrow beating,  
Would seem to overwhelm with darkness all thy life,  
Think, when with joy, thou seest them back retreating,  
It was thy *Saviour's prayer* that hush'd their strife.

Thou too, upon whose pathway ever blending  
Are light and beauty, blessing thee alway;  
Think, on His heart He bore thee when ascending  
That lonely mountain, where He knelt to pray.

Oh! think of Him, the while thy vigils number  
Scarce one brief hour, passing so soon away;  
And rouse thy spirit from its dreamy slumber,  
Like him, unceasingly to "watch and pray."

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### ANNE M. F. ANNAN.

Mrs. ANNAN was born in Pennsylvania. Her father, Mr. Buchanan, was engaged several years in the iron manufacture in a secluded district of Dauphin County; and in the beautiful river and mountain scenery of this region her childhood and youth were passed. In 1840, she was married to Dr. Samuel Annan, of Baltimore; where she resided until 1846, when Dr. Annan was elected to a professorship in Transylvania University; since which event their home has been in Lexington, Kentucky. Before her marriage, Mrs. Annan published a great many fugitive poems which possessed considerable merit; showing a lively fancy, and an ear for rhythm. She seldom writes poetry now, but uses her talent for composition in furnishing stories for the magazines, with equal ingenuity and rapidity.



## THE DAUGHTER OF THE BLIND.

My father dear! 'tis sweet to me  
These calm, soft evening hours,  
Thus, with your hand in mine, to be  
Among my gentle flowers.  
I've planted such as you can love, —  
Not things of flaunting bloom,  
But such as seem to have a soul  
That speaks through their perfume; —  
The thyme that sheds its fragrance o'er  
The foot by which 'tis trod, —  
An emblem of God's loved, the meek,  
Who kiss the smiting rod;  
And jasmines sweet, which sweeter breathe  
The lower sinks the sun,  
Like the true heart which fonder grows  
As sorrow's night comes on!

Though, with their glorious poesy,  
The stars to you are dim,  
Does not each wind that wafts about  
Speak to you in a hymn?  
The very breeze to which I give  
This breath, may but to-day,  
Have linger'd in memorial fanes  
Of ages pass'd away;  
From the lone mart of vanish'd men  
The desert's sands have roll'd,  
And stir'd the ivy where the lay  
Of chivalry was troll'd; —  
Oh! while a thousand themes they bring  
Of temple, tower and tomb,  
One fill'd like thou with lofty love  
Sure cannot live in gloom!

And when with snows our walks are spread,  
From Milton's deathless page  
I'll read the visions seraphs brought  
To cheer his sightless age:  
I'll read of pageant's proud which flash'd  
Through Homer's dawnless night,  
And blind old Ossian's fancies fraught  
With shadowy forms of might;  
And while my voice is sweet to you,  
And veil'd my form and face,  
I'll smile that nature holds from me  
Her gifts of bloom and grace;  
For the vain world heeds not the one  
That lacks such things of pride,  
And will not bring its tempting wiles  
To lure me from your side!

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## LOUISA S. M'CORD,

The daughter of Judge Langdon Cheves, is a native of Charleston, South Carolina. She was principally educated at Philadelphia, during her father's residence in that city as president of the United States' Bank. She is now the wife of David J. M'Cord, Esq., and resides on her plantation in St. Matthew's parish, near Fort Motte, (of revolutionary memory,) South Carolina. Her talents and attainments are of a superior order; her mind, by nature strong, has been richly cultivated by extensive reading of the best authors. A volume of her poems appeared in the early part of the present year (1848), under the title of *My Dreams*. She has a vivid imagination and warm feeling, but they are not well disciplined by good taste and correct judgment.

## SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

WILD spirit of the storm, who rid'st the blast,  
And in the growling thunder speak'st thy rage,  
Would I could soar with thee!  
Untamed, unfetter'd, roaming through the vast  
Expanse of universe from age to age,  
'Tis thine, thine! to be free!  
'Tis mine, to lie, and grovel in the dust,  
And wonder at thy might,  
And in admiring amazement lost,  
To tremble at the terrors of thy fearful night.

But no! with thee my spirit longs to rise,  
It doth not tremble.—Genius of the storm!  
Thou art but tameless, wild,  
As I would be, could I enfranchise  
My chain'd being,—cast off the grovelling worm—  
Nature's untamed storm-child,  
With thee the whirlwind in its might I'd ride,  
Revel in the howling blast,  
Play with the fork'd lightnings, and deride  
The timorous world, by thee with weary fears harass'd.

Borne on the hurricane's extended wing,  
And in the whirlwind sweeping over earth—  
Then in the billowy deep,  
To wake the voice of Discord, mastering  
The ocean's stillness, to riot giving birth  
In those still caves, where sleep  
In silent majesty is wont to reign,  
Would I could roam with thee!  
The throbbing wish bounds in my every vein,  
Wild spirit of the storm! like thee, I would be free.

'TIS BUT THEE, LOVE, ONLY THEE.

WHERE the sunbeam glanceth brightest,  
There, my love, I think on thee.  
Where the summer breeze is lightest,  
Still of thee, and only thee.  
Where the gently murmuring stream  
Lulls to soft and placid dream,  
Who for ever lingers near me?  
Who but thee, love? only thee!

And if fear, or dark misgiving,  
Hover round with evening's gloom,  
Fancy's tissues darkly weaving,  
Tracing sorrows yet to come;  
Still, one shadow lingering near,  
Even scenes like these are dear.  
Who the angel hovering near me?  
Who but thee, love? only thee!

Thus in hope, and thus in sorrow,  
Fancy paints thy shadow near,  
Thou the brightener of each morrow,  
Thou the soother of each care.  
And the sun which gives me light,  
And the star which gilds my night,  
And the lingering hope to cheer me,  
'Tis but thee, love! only thee!



## M. C. CANFIELD.

MRS. M. C. CANFIELD, formerly Miss Hulme, is a native of Burlington, New Jersey, but now resides in Ohio. She has published a number of useful little books for the young; and has, for some years past, contributed to the *Episcopal Recorder*, and other periodicals. Her poetical effusions, which are written with ease and spirit, and marked by pure and elevated feeling, have been mostly of a local or personal character, and have appeared anonymously, or under the signature "C."

### THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY AT AUGSBURG.\*

THE first faint light of early day  
Rested on vale and hill,  
Touch'd the old towers and turrets gray,  
But Augsburg slumber'd still.  
Its silent streets gave back no sound,  
Save some lone passer's tread,  
Some peasant to his labour bound,  
Some watcher o'er the dead.  
Courtier and prince in deep repose  
Forgot each toil and care,  
Yet from one quiet chamber rose  
The voice of early prayer.  
His princely robes aside were thrown,  
His sword unsheathed lay,  
Where an old warrior bent him down  
In solitude to pray.  
The long, thin locks of hoary years  
Hung round his noble brow,  
While from his aged eyes the tears  
Fell all unheeded now.

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\* D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.—Vol. iv.  
(423)

Not for his threaten'd state and crown  
Did they in silence flow,  
No selfish fear that spirit bound  
Of royal, crafty foe.  
'Twas for the holy ark of God  
He wept and wrestled there,  
Beseeching that his gracious Lord  
Would guard it from each snare.  
The rosy light fell on his form,  
The soft breeze stirr'd his hair,  
And peace from heaven was gently borne,  
In answer to that prayer.  
His soul grew calm with faith and love,  
His eye with fervour bright—  
The strength that cometh from above  
Had nerved him for the fight.  
He sat amid that little band  
Of noble Christian men,  
And seized with eager joyful hand  
The truth-confessing pen.  
"Nay! stop me not!" he quickly cried,  
"I would confess my Lord!  
Take, take from me these marks of pride,  
My ermine, hat and sword.  
To me the Cross of Christ is more  
Than all these toys of kings—  
They pass with life—it rises o'er  
The wreck of earthly things.  
My Master's Cross! I'll bear it high  
While life and breath remain,  
Christ, Christ alone! I'll dying cry,  
When other hopes are vain!  
Then let me humbly place my name  
Upon this speaking scroll—  
Ye men of God, be mine your shame,  
Your conflict, and your goal!"

Thou brave old man! where'er thou art,  
'Mid courts at princely board,  
How beautiful! How true in heart!  
Thou servant of the Lord!  
Thou veteran in that glorious fight  
For Christ, for heaven, for truth,  
Faith gave thine aged arm the might  
Of strong, undaunted youth.  
First in that band, the noble few,  
Thou stood'st with bearing high,  
"I must confess my Saviour too!"  
Thy watchword and thy cry.  
No wish for honour, praise, or fame,  
Glow'd in thine aged breast,  
Yet never shone more honour'd name  
On proud, imperial crest.  
And long when his who triumph'd there  
Has pass'd from mortal sight,  
Thine yet shall live more radiant far,  
Engraved with heaven's own light!

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AMANDA M. EDMOND.

MRS. EDMOND was born in Brookline, Massachusetts; her maiden name was Corey. She was married at nineteen, and soon after made a tour through the most interesting countries of Europe. On her return she published a volume, entitled *The Broken Vow and other Poems*; nearly all of which were written between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. This is sufficient to deter any one from searching out their faults, or making a show of them when found. They are all dictated by a truly religious spirit; and, therefore, claim respect for the author as a Christian, whatever may be thought of her abilities as a poet.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I ASKED a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were fill'd with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild,
Among the vine-wreathed bowers.

I cross'd her sunny path, and cried,
'When is the time to die?'
'Not yet! not yet!' the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I ask'd a maiden, back she flung
The tresses of her hair;
A whisper'd name was on her tongue,
Whose memory hover'd there.
A flush pass'd o'er her lily brow,
I caught her spirit's sigh;
'Not now,' she cried, 'O no, not *now*!
Youth is no time to die.'

I ask'd a mother, as she prest
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hush'd her babe's alarms.
In quivering tones her answer came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
'My boy his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years!'

I question'd one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air,
His brow was furrow'd not by time,
Or dimm'd by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied,—
And gleam'd with scorn his eye,
'Talk not to *me* of death,' he cried,
'For only age should die.'

I question'd Age ; for him, the tomb
Had long been all prepared,
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flash'd high, as thus he cried,
'*Life*, only life is my desire !'
Then gasp'd, and groan'd, and died.

I ask'd a Christian — 'answer thou
When is the hour of death ;'
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath ;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine ;
He spake the language of his soul,
'*My Master's time is mine !*'

THE GREENWOOD DEPTHS.

O! the greenwood depths are beautiful,
When the tall and stately trees,
In the summer's radiant foliage clad,
Are sway'd by the passing breeze.

I love them best in the evening hour,
When the silver moon pours down
A flood of light, from her censer bright,
On the shadowy forest's crown.

The soft breeze moans thro' the rustling trees,
And the silvery brook afar,
With a glad, clear tune, like a bird's in June,
Leaps on where the rushes are.

The cricket chirps in the old stone wall,
Where the velvet mosses grow,

And the earnest voice of the katydid
Responds from the turf below.

O! tell me not of the loneliness
Of the wood, nor call it drear,
For a thousand, thousand living things
To gladden its depths are here.

Some pass me by on their pinions light,
Through the trackless realms of air,
And some repose on the bending flower,
Their couch in its blossoms fair.

Some hide in the twisted, grass-grown roots
Of the lofty oak or pine;
And some in the bark of the old fir trees,
Which the ivy tendrils twine.

And the answering echoes of my soul
Go forth at each joyous tone,
Which the humblest, tiniest creature pours
In a language all its own.

O! greenwood depths! ye are beautiful
In the summer evening hour,
And this wondering soul of mine ye thrill
With a strange enchanting power.

Nay, tell me not of the crowded halls,
They are solitude to me;
And the sweetest notes of the harp are nought
To the tones of nature free.

HARRIETTE FANNING READ.

MISS READ was born at Jamaica Plains, near Boston. Her father, who died when she was very young, was a bookseller and publisher, and a man of much intelligence and refined taste. Her mother's father was an officer in the British army, and distinguished himself at the battle of Camden in the Revolutionary war, where his gallantry turned the tide of success from the American to the British side, for which he received the thanks of Lord Rawdon at the head of the troops. The family were of Irish extraction, and came to this country during the disturbances in Ireland under Cromwell.

Lady Morgan, in her notes to *The Wild Irish Girl*, says that the last of the true Irish bards of those who were poets and harpers was a Fanning. A predilection for war and song has run through the race.

Miss Read's parents were both very desirous that their daughter should be a literary woman; and nature seemed to second their views. At four years of age she had read *Guy Mannering*, at five had made good progress in the study of Latin, and at eight showed a decided taste for poetry. On her mother's removal to Boston, she was placed at school under the charge of Mr. E. Bailey, but did not remain there long on account of ill health. She then went to Washington to gain strength, and as her uncle, Colonel Fanning, had been recently married, she and her mother became members of his household. They then lived the life of soldiers, changing from one military post to another, until the frequency of these changes made them anxious for a more permanent home, and they again went to Washington. Here, and at a neighbouring village in Maryland, they resided until the death of Colonel Fanning, which occurred two years since. They now live in New York.

In October, 1847, Miss Read published a volume of *Dramatic Poems*; *Medea*, *Erminia*, and *The New World*. They are written with classic taste, and a masculine strength of expression. In February, 1848, she made her débüt as an actress at the Boston theatre; since which she has performed an engagement at Washington. As the critics in both cities have pronounced that she has the *materiel* requisite for the stage, she has determined to improve and develope her histrionic talent.

MEDEA'S LOVE.

(FROM MEDEA.)

MEDEA.

Love is my life! and should not I give all
The treasures which the gods have granted me,
To feed its sacred and mysterious flame?

IANTHE.

E'en if the flame should mount, with tyrant power,
And, 'mid her rites, consume the priestess?

MEDEA.

Ay,

To keep the flame undying I would yield
My life rather than live to see it wane,
Expire, and leave my heart to dark despair!
Gods, e'er I know the agony to live
Unloved of him who sways my every thought,
O, snatch my life, and I will bless the stroke!

IANTHE.

Did I not know thy soul, I should exclaim,
A wife of yesterday might dream such dreams!

MEDEA.

A wife of yesterday!—Hath Love with Time
Such close alliance, that old age to both
Comes with the same alloy of clouds, and cares,
And chill indifference to mortal joys?
Ah, no! Time is but for the form we wear;
Love is the soul, which hath no bonds with Time.
For ever young, with wing untamed, he soars
On to the future, sorrow, care, and death
Made radiant by his smile.

IANTHE.

Such love as this

E'en Love himself knows not!

MEDEA.

So Jason read it in Medea's heart,
And feel it in his own, I care not, though
The god to Lethe's waves consign his shafts,
And leave the world to friendship's calmer reign.

(Enter JASON.)

JASON.

What, doth Medea ask for Friendship's reign?

MEDEA.

Not while Love's flame survives in Jason's breast.

JASON.

If that expire?

MEDEA.

Expire! The gods forbid!

JASON.

Nay, start not at a jest!

MEDEA.

Will my lord jest
On such a theme? As well mightst thou lay bare
This heart, thine altar, tear it from its place,
And cast it quivering from thy grasp to earth,
As jest thus of a tie to me so dear,
So sacred, that to sever it would be
To loose each human feeling from my breast,
To make me desperate, outcast from my kind,
Hating myself, the world, and thee!

JASON.

Even so!

[Aside.]

Thou paint'st a Fury's not a woman's love!
But let not fancy torture thee; the world
Hath real ills enough.

MEDEA.

But not for me!

I dread,—I know no ill when thou art by.
Exile and want, disgrace, the hate of men,

And wrath of gods, I could endure, nor waste
A care on them, so Jason lived and loved!

JASON.

The fiend Remorse is busy at my heart.
Can I again inspire such love, or lives
A woman, save Medea, in whose soul
A passion ardent, pure, as this can burn? [Aside.]

MEDEA.

My lord, why on this day is thy brow sad?

JASON.

Men oft have cares which women need not share.

MEDEA.

Hath Jason cares Medea cannot share?
Ah! strange and heavy should that sorrow be
Which clouds thy heart from mine.
Why speak'st thou not? Since first our fates were join'd.
Ne'er hast thou known a care or braved a toil
Which by my love has not been lighter made,
Or vanish'd by my skill.

JASON.

Medea, list!

Not grateful is it to a warrior's ear,
That even a wife should boast her benefits:
Remembrance is his part, and silence hers.

MEDEA.

Thou know'st that mine is not the ignoble soul
Which prompts a boaster's tongue. I boast of naught
Save of thy love, which made me what I am,
Thy equal partner, not thy household slave,—
As Grecian dames to Grecian lords must be,—
But worthy deem'd by thee to aid thy councils,
To share thy wanderings, and assuage thy woes.
I boast my husband when I talk of these.
Tell me, what care oppresses thee?

JASON.

Not long

Wilt thou remain in ignorance.

MEDEA.

I felt

Thou couldst not long exclude me from thy heart.
Why does the darkness deepen on thy brow?
Thou 'rt ill! Thou canst not hide it from thy wife,—
From her, who, taught by love, reads in thy glance
Each shade of joy and pain. Surely thou 'rt ill!

JASON.

Not ill, Medea, not oppress'd with cares
Beyond my own poor skill to overcome.
Content thee, thou mistak'st.

MEDEA.

I am content,

If for Medea's sake thou 'lt clear thy brow,
And greet this day with smiles.

JASON.

And why this day?

MEDEA.

Is Jason's heart so changed, that he forgets
The day which once he hail'd with fondest joy?
If thou forgett'st, ah! why should I remember
That on this day I fled my native shores,—
My father's court, where I was as a queen,—
Left all for Love, and in his smile found all?

MEDEA'S REVENGE.

MEDEA.

VENGEANCE hath had her perfect rites! Now, now,
Welcome, ye hounds of Corinth!—for I hear
Your distant voices clamouring for the prey,—
Welcome! A woman's and a mother's hand

From your expectant grasp hath snatch'd the victims!
In horrid safety lay the new-fledged eaglets,
Whose eyes, just train'd to meet the sun's fierce glance,
Relentless fate hath sealed in death. Death!—death!—
Unfathomable mystery! my lips
Speak thy familiar name, and yet my soul
Rebels against thy power. Within my hand,
Fearless, unfaltering, I hold the knife,
Stern witness of thy doings,—near me lie,
Insensible to hope or fear, the sons
So loved, so worshipp'd,—but my heart feels not
Thy presence, visible, palpable, though it be.
For in the mirror of fast-flowing tears
Imagination paints my children's forms;
The music of their voices fills my ear.
Enchantment of as strong, as blinding power
To mortal reason, as a mother's love,
Nor heaven nor hell can boast!
And yet this hand, nerved by infernal rage,
Hath stopp'd the gushing stream of life in veins
Fed from the fountain of this heart! Ye gods!
Dare I to talk of love? The very fiends
Mock at the sound, and, as the shivering earth
Gapes 'neath my feet accursed, from the abyss
Swarm the dire brood; above, around, they press.
They bar each avenue of escape, proclaim
Me homeless and deserted of my kind,
And in my tortured ear their serpent tongues
Hiss forth a welcome to their vengeful band.
Hence, horrid shapes! I'm human still! Hell taunts,
Earth shakes, mankind rejects, yet here I sink
Upon the bosoms of my slaughter'd babes,
Here dare repose, nor powers of earth or hell
Shall fright me hence; for here, at least, is peace.
Peace to the young, pure hearts which ne'er shall throb

Beneath the burden of Life's guilt and woe,
And peace to me, who in this marble stillness
Behold Heaven's dearest boon. And now one glance,
One last embrace,—the last on earth! The rose
Hath scarce yet faded from your lips, my sons,
The smile still lingers there, as life were loath
To part from shrines so fair. Had ye awaked,
As with despair's fell strength your wretched mother
Grasp'd the dire steel, could I have done this deed?
No, by the gods! The heart once task'd to the bounds
Of Nature's great endurance, oft a word
May strike with sudden force the quivering chord,
And free the wearied soul. Devoted babes,
Had sleep released you from its bonds, one glance
Had been Apollo's messenger; my heart
Had burst beneath its power, and ye had lived,—
To glut Corinthian rage. I thank the gods
It is not so! Upon your cheeks the icy chill of death
Thrills through my veins;—'tis well,—I should be stern;
For one task remains, and then—to rest!
The step I watch for comes. Vengeance, instruct me
To teach his heart some knowledge of the pangs
Which rend my own!

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Mrs. MOWATT is a native of Bordeaux in France, where she spent the first six years of her life. Her father was the late Samuel Gouverneur Ogden, of New Jersey. She was married at the early age of fifteen to Mr. Mowatt of New York. Two years after, she published anonymously a poetical romance in five cantos, founded on the history of the first king of Asturias. A satirical poem, displaying much talent and force, appeared soon after. She then returned to her native France, and spent several years there and in Germany. During her

stay on the continent, she wrote a tragedy called *Gulzara*, which was published in New York in 1841. In the winter of 1845 her best work, *Fashion, a Comedy*, was acted at the Park Theatre, New York; and was much praised at the time for the simplicity of its plot, and the spirited sarcasm which seasoned its colloquy. She is herself an actress of no ordinary skill; and distinguished herself some years ago by the "elocutionary readings" with which she entertained large and fashionable audiences in New York, Boston, and other cities.

TIME.

NAY rail not at Time, though a tyrant he be,
 And say not he cometh, colossal in might,
 Our Beauty to ravish, put pleasure to flight,
 And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the tree;
 And say not Love's torch, which like Vesta's should burn,
 The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.

You call Time a robber? Nay, he is not so,—
 While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
 The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils;
 And, sow'd in his furrows, doth wisdom not grow?
 The magnet 'mid stars points the north still to view;
 So Time 'mong our friends e'er discloses the true.

Tho' cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
 Tho' Time, from thy features, the charms steal away,
 He'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;
 And sorrows we've shared, will knit closer love's tie:
 Then I'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do,
 For he'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but *you*!

MY LIFE.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
 And thou art the genii, whose wand
 Tints all things around with the beam,
 The bloom of Titana's bright land.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in my eyes never shone,
But, ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have ever been mine,
Thy sorrows, too often thine own,
The sun that on me still would shine,
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,
For one—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

LOVE.

THOU conqueror's conqueror, mighty Love! to thee
Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield!
Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,
Disdains his victor wreath, and flies the field!
From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,
And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword!
An eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,
A nation's worshipp'd idol owns thee Lord!*
And well for Noorjehan his throne became,
When erst she ruled his empire in thy name!

The sorcerer, Jarchas, could to age restore
Youth's faded bloom, or childhood's vanish'd glee;
Magician, Love! canst thou not yet do more?
Is not the faithful *heart* kept *young* by thee?

*The Emperor Jehangheer was so devotedly attached to his favourite Sultana, Noorjehan, that at her solicitation he granted her absolute power over his empire for a day.

But ne'er that traitor bosom form'd to stray,

Those perjured lips which twice thy vows have breathed,
Can know the rapture of thy magic sway,

Or find the balsam in thy garland wreathed;
Fancy, or Folly, may his breast have moved,
But he who wanders, never truly *loved*.

LUCY HOOPER.

THIS lovely girl was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 4th of February, 1816. Her father, Mr. Joseph Hooper, was a highly respectable merchant, a man of strong mind, considerable cultivation, and decided piety. From this excellent parent Lucy received her entire education, and to his unremitting watchfulness and affectionate counsels she fondly attributed all the merits of her character. She was a docile, gentle child, full of quiet love and reverence; her health was always so delicate that her careful friends were obliged to restrain her desires after study and meditation, which were so lively and deep-rooted as to wear upon the little strength her fragile frame possessed. She was passionately fond of flowers, and of all the bountiful gifts of nature, and devoted much time to the knowledge of botany and chemistry. Her habits of orderly systematic application were admirable, and by their means her mind was stored with valuable information of various kinds. Ancient and modern history, and classic English literature, were diligently studied, while she also became well versed in the Latin, French, and Spanish languages.

When Miss Hooper was fifteen, her family removed to Brooklyn, L. I., where she resided until her death. Soon after this removal she began to contribute to *The Long Island Star*, to *The New Yorker*, and other periodicals, under the simple initials L. H. In 1840, a volume of her prose articles was published, called *Scenes from Real Life*; which, with the *Essay on Domestic Happiness*, proved her to

be a writer of much taste, reflection, and good judgment. She loved best, however, to express her thoughts and feelings in verse; then she wrote freely, without effort, and with that feeling of relief and delight in the act, which is natural to the true poet. During her short life, Miss Hooper suffered much from bereavement; her father, and several other near relatives closely entwined around her loving heart, preceded her to the tomb. These afflictions, and the hopeless but flattering malady which was undermining her constitution, subdued and saddened her character, and shed a certain tender melancholy over all her thoughts. A few weeks before her death, she prepared a work for publication called *The Poetry of Flowers*, and also projected a volume of prose on a larger scale, but in the same style, as her *Scenes from Real Life*. But the summons came on the 1st of August, 1841, and ended in her twenty-fourth year all her industrious plans for future usefulness. In 1842, her *Poetical Remains* were collected and arranged, and published with an interesting Memoir from the eloquent pen of Mr. John Keese. Another edition of her writings, both in prose and poetry, has recently appeared.

But we must hasten to give a few specimens of her poetic genius,—marked as they are by elevation of thought and refined sweetness of expression,—though we could linger long over the memory of Lucy Hooper, the good, the gifted, and the pure.

“TIME, FAITH, ENERGY.”*

HIGH words and hopeful!—fold them to thy heart,
 Time, Faith and Energy, are gifts sublime;
 If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,
 Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.
 When thou wouldst cast thy pilgrim-staff away,
 Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,
 And faint not in the noontide of thy day,—
 Wait thou for Time!

Wait thou for Time—the slow-unfolding flower
 Chides man’s impatient haste with long delay;

* Suggested by a passage in Bulwer’s “Night and Morning.”

The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun,—
The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power
Within the soul;—like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine,
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way.

Wait thou for Time—it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gaily shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal,
To a high purpose in a world of strife.

Wait thou for Time!.

Yea, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea;
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouch'd by living death;
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee;—
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering havens yet to be.

Yea, Faith and Time, and thou that through the hour
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
Immortal Energy! shalt thou not be,
While the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
Linked with each vision of high destiny,
Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known we find our certain way,
And lose ye, 'mid its pure effulgent light?

Kind ministers, who cheer'd us in our gloom,
Seraphs who lighten'd griefs with guiding ray,
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawning,
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom
Will not our hearts, when breaks the cloudless morning,
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night?

IT IS WELL.

Written after being shown the inscription on the grave of a child in the Brooklyn church-yard, bearing only the date, the age, and these simple words, "*It is well.*"

'T WAS a low grave they led me to, o'ergrown
With violets of the Spring, and starry moss,
And all the sweet wild flow'rets that disclose
Their hues and fragrance round the dreamless couch,
As if to tell how quietly the head
That here had throb'd so feverishly, doth rest.
'T was a low grave, and the soft zephyrs play'd
Gently around it; and the setting sun
Gleam'd brightly on the marble at its head,
Bearing the date — the name — the few brief years,
Of one whose blessed lot it was to pass
To the fair Land of Promise, ere the chill
And blight of this dark world had power to cast
A shade on life's pure blossom; while the dew
Of morning was upon its leaves, and all
The outward world was beauty; ere the eye
Had ever wept in secret, or the heart
Grown heavy with a sorrow unconfess'd.
Was it a bitter lot? That stainless stone
Answer'd the query; but one line it bore —
One brief inscription, thrilling the deep heart
Of those who, leaning o'er that narrow mound,
Mused over life's vain sorrow:

"It is well."

Ay, the deep words had meaning; but what grief
Had taught the lone survivors thus to count
The sum of all, and, struggling with their tears,
Write only—"It is well?" Oh! well for her
To rest on that green earth—to lay the head
Unwearied on its bosom, and to seek
A refuge from the coldness of the world,
Ere yet its shaft had pierced her.

"It is well."

And, oh! for us who, musing o'er that grave,
Sigh for the rest a stranger's breast hath found,
Were it not well, in the heart's hour of grief,
When Earth is dim, and all her shining streams
Discourse no more in music to our ears—
When shadows rest upon her brightest flowers,
And the continual sorrow of the soul
Doth darken sun and moon, to dream at last
Of a still rest beneath the lowly stone—
A calm, unbroken slumber, where the eye
Shall weep no more in sadness, and the pulse
Forget its quick, wild throbbings?

O'er that grave

Such were my musings, till a deeper truth
Broke on my mind, as the blue violet shed
Its sweetness round me, and the evening winds
Brought fragrance from afar; and then I pray'd,
In lowliness of heart, that I might bear
In faith "the heat and burden of the day,"
And never, till His purpose was fulfill'd,
And every errand He had set perform'd
In trusting patience, sigh for dreamless rest,
Nor till th' impartial pen of Truth could write
Above that quiet refuge—"It is well."

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER.

THE old days we remember;
How softly did they glide,
While all untouch'd by worldly care,
We wander'd side by side.
In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays
Just linger'd on the hill,
Or the moon's pale light with the coming night
Shone o'er our pathway still.

The old days we remember,—
Oh! there's nothing like them now,
The glow has faded from our hearts,
The blossom from the bough;
In the chill of care, 'midst worldly air,
Perchance we are colder grown,
For stormy weather, since we roam'd together,
The hearts of both have known.

The old days we remember,—
Oh! clearer shone the sun,
And every star look'd brighter far,
Than they ever since have done!
On the very streams there linger'd gleams
Of light ne'er seen before,
And the running brook a music took
Our souls can hear no more!

The old days we remember,—
Oh! could we but go back
To their quiet hours, and tread once more
Their bright familiar track,
Could we picture again, what we pictured then,
Of the sunny world that lay

From the green hillside, and the waters wide,
And our glad hearts far away.

The old days we remember,
When we never dream'd of guile,
Nor knew that the heart could be cold below,
While the lip still wore its smile!
Oh! we may not forget, for those hours come yet,
They visit us in sleep,
While far and wide, o'er life's changing tide,
Our barks asunder keep.

Still, still we must remember
Life's first and brightest days,
And a passing tribute render
As we tread the busy maze;
A bitter sigh for the hours gone by,
The dreams that might not last,
The friends deem'd true when our hopes were new,
And the glorious visions past!

GIVE ME ARMOUR OF PROOF.

GIVE me armour of proof, I must ride to the plain;
Give me armour of proof, ere the trump sound again:
To the halls of my childhood no more am I known,
And the nettle must rise where the myrtle hath blown!
Till the conflict is over, the battle is past—
Give me armour of proof—I am true to the last!

Give me armour of proof—bring me helmet and spear;
Away! shall the warrior's cheek own a tear?
Bring the steel of Milan—'tis the firmest and best,
And bind on my bosom its closely-link'd vest,
Where the head of a loved one in fondness hath lain,
Whose tears fell at parting like warm summer rain!

Give me armour of proof—I have torn from my heart
Each soft tie and true that forbade me to part;
Bring the sword of Damascus, its blade cold and bright,
That bends not in conflict, but gleams in the fight;
And stay—let me fasten yon scarf on my breast,
Love's light pledge and true—I will answer the rest!

Give me armour of proof—shall the cry be in vain,
When to life's sternest conflicts we rush forth again?
The knight clad in armour the battle may bide;
But woe to the heedless when bendeth the tried;
And woe to youth's morn, when we rode forth alone,
To the conflict unguarded, its gladness hath flown!

Give us armour of proof—our hopes were all high;
But they pass'd like the meteor lights from the sky;
Our hearts' trust was firm, but life's waves swept away
One by one the frail ties which were shelter and stay;
And true was our love, but its bonds broke in twain:
Give me armour of proof, ere we ride forth again.

Give me armour of proof—we would turn from the view
Of a world that is fading to one that is true;
We would lift up each thought from this earth-shaded light,
To the regions above, where there stealeth no blight;
And with Faith's chosen shield by no dark tempests riven,
We would gaze from earth's storms on the brightness of
heaven!

EMILY E. JUDSON.

EVERY one who has been at all conversant with American magazine literature, during the last four or five years, is acquainted with the name of Fanny Forester; and every one who loves truth, nature, and simplicity, hails it as the name of a friend. It was in June, 1844, that Miss Emily Chubbock first signed herself by this pleasant nom de plume, under an article written for the New Mirror, then recently established by Morris and Willis. Before this her talents had never been recognised by the literary world; though she had quietly employed her pen in writing many little works of a religious character, and had also at an early age been a contributor to the Knickerbocker Magazine. She is a native of central New York, received a superior education, and filled the office of a teacher in the female seminary at Utica for many years. In 1847 she was married to the Rev. Mr. Judson, and accompanied him on his return to India, the field of his missionary labours. On the eve of her departure from her native land, her various sketches, essays, and poems, were collected and published in a volume, under the title of *Alderbrook*. Her vivid and glowing pictures of natural scenery, her graphic and artless manner of describing country life, and the pure bright spirit of love and joy that shines upon all she touches, have made her prose writings universally admired. As a poetess she has not so much talent, though occasionally, as in the following lines, she displays great beauty and tenderness. They were written at Maulmain, in January, 1848.

MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh! so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird ;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest ;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirr'd,
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine;—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

MY MOTHER.

GIVE me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've pass'd through many a changing scene
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls, like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother;
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met:
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I came to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
By the child thou lov'st so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path,
And 't was their holy spell
Which made that path so dearly bright,
Which strew'd the roses there,
Which gave the light, and cast the balm,
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother,
A happier never beat;
And even now new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet
Oh, mother! life may be "a dream,"
But, if such *dreams* are given,
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the *truths* of Heaven!

I bear a happy heart, mother,
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones, and winning words,
I ever think of thee.
And then, the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye;
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then, I am very sad, mother,
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh! there's no heart, whose inmost fold
Opes to me like thine own!
Though sunny smiles wreath the blooming lips,
While love-tones meet my ear;
My mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then, with a closer clasp, mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own
Once more before we part.
And, mother, to this love-lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come oft—*too oft* thou canst not come—
And for thy darling pray.

ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

Miss LYNCH was born in Burlington, Vermont. Her father was an Irish patriot, who, at an early age, accompanied the noble and high-souled Emmett to this country after the struggle of '98. Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Grey, a brave soldier and distinguished officer in the American revolutionary army. With such blood in her veins, she lawfully inherits that pure fervent patriotism, that genuine love for the just and the free, and that indignant scorn for oppression and tyranny, which so often distinguish her poems. There is, indeed, about them, a strength, a bravery, a soldier-like sincerity. Hope, faith, energy, endurance, victory, are the noble lessons they nobly teach. Yet they are as delicately beautiful as they are vigorous, and possess as much deep

and unaffected feeling, as moral power. "To speak nobly, comprehends to feel profoundly." They sink into the heart, softening and purifying it; while they stir up the mind, awaking it to see with a clearer eye the shadows and substances of life, the real value of its worthless joys, and of its priceless sorrows. Miss Lynch's sonnets are choice; showing that perfect finish of form, and condensation of idea, which is never attained but by well-disciplined minds severe upon themselves. They are all precious stones; and though some, of course, may be of higher value than others, still, all are pure gems from a mine of richest thought. Miss Lynch has been preparing lately a volume of poems for publication; we can hope nothing better for it, than that its reception and reputation may be equal to its excellence.

WASTED FOUNTAINS.

And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they came to the pits and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty.
— *Jeremiah*, xiv. 3.

WHEN the youthful fever of the soul
Is awaken'd in thee first,
And thou go'st like Judah's children forth
To slake the burning thirst,

And when dry and wasted like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee, in life's emptiness,
Life's broken cisterns stand;

When the golden fruits that tempted thee
Turn to ashes on the taste,
And thine early visions fade and pass,
Like the mirage of the waste;

When faith darkens, and hopes vanish
In the shade of coming years,
And the urn thou bear'st is empty,
Or o'erflowing with thy tears;

Though the transient springs have fail'd thee,
Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of love unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosen'd,
Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up and onward! toward the East
Green oases thou shalt find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leav'st behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hopes as high as Heaven,
It has labour, it has truth.

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done;
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There is rising from its troubled deeps
A low, unceasing moan;
There are aching, there are breaking,
Other hearts besides thine own.

From strong limbs that should be chainless,
There are fetters to unbind;
There are words to raise the fallen,
There is light to give the blind.

There are crush'd and broken spirits,
That electric thoughts may thrill;
Lofty dreams to be embodied
By the might of one strong will.

There are God and Heaven above thee,
 Wilt thou languish in despair?
 Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
 Scale the walls of Heaven by prayer.

'Tis the key of the Apostle
 That will open Heaven below;
 'Tis the ladder of the Patriarch,
 Whereon angels come and go.

SONNET.

THE honey-bee, that wanders all day long
 The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
 To gather in his fragrant winter store,
 Humming in calm content his quiet song,
 Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
 The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
 But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
 The single drop of sweetness ever prest
 Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
 Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
 In all the varied human flowers we meet
 In the wide garden of humanity,
 And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
 Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

SONNET.

(ON SEEING THE IVORY STATUE OF CHRIST.)

THE enthusiast brooding in his cell apart
 O'er the sad image of the Crucified,
 The drooping head, closed lips, and pierced side,
 A holy vision fills his raptured heart;

With heavenly power inspired, his unskill'd arm
Shapes the rude block to this transcendent form.
Oh! Son of God! thus, ever thus, would I
Dwell on the loveliness enshrined in thee;
The lofty faith, the sweet humility,
The boundless love, the love that could not die.
And as the sculptor, with thy glory warm,
Gives to this chisell'd ivory thy fair form,
So would my spirit in thy thought divine
Grow to a semblance, fair as this, of Thine.

SONNET.

Go forth in life, oh friend, not seeking love;—
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretch'd hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move:
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait—
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied
Like a spurn'd beggar's at a palace gate—
But thy heart's affluence lavish, uncontroll'd,
The largess of thy love, give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

SONNET.

NIGHT closes round me, and wild threatening forms
Clasp me with icy arms and chain me down,
And bind upon my brow a cypress crown
Dewy with tears, and heaven frowns dark with storms.
But the one glorious memory of thee

Rises upon my path to light and bless,
The bright Shekinah of the wilderness,
The polar star upon a trackless sea,
The beaming Pharos of the unreach'd shore ; —
It spans the clouds that gather o'er my way,
The rainbow of my life's tempestuous day.
Oh, blessed thought! stay with me evermore,
And shed thy lustrous beams where midnight glooms,
As fragrant lamps burn'd in the ancient tombs.

SONNET.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
Flows murmuring, moaning for the distant sun,
So, ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest,
Did my life's current coldly, darkly run.
And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorb'd, transfused, far o'er the plains
It floats, etherialized in those warm rays —
So, in the sunlight of thy fervid love,
My heart so long to earth's dark channels given,
Now soars, all doubt, all pain, all ill above,
And breathes the æther of the upper heaven ;
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine,
So is my life, my being lost in thine.

SONNET.

THE mountain lake, o'ershadow'd by the hills,
May still gaze heavenward on the evening star,
Whose distant light its dark recesses fills,
Though boundless distance must divide them far.
Still may the lake the star's bright image wear ;
Still may the star, from its blue ether dome,
Shower down its silver beams across the gloom

And light the wave that wanders darkly there
Oh, my life's star! thus do I turn to thee,
Amid the shadows that above me roll,
Thus from my distant sphere thou shin'st on me,
Thus does thine image float upon my soul,
Through the wide space that must our lives dis sever,
Far as the lake and star, ah! me, for ever!

DAY-DAWN IN ITALY.

ITALIA! in thy bleeding heart
I thought e'er hope was dead,
That from thy scarr'd and prostrate form
The spark of life had fled.

I thought as memory's sunset glow
Its radiance o'er thee cast,
That all thy glory and thy fame
Were buried in the past.

Twice mistress of the world! I thought
Thy star had set in gloom,
That all thy shrines and monuments
Were but thy spirit tomb;

The mausoleum of the world
Where Art her spoils might keep;
Where pilgrims from all shrines might come
To wander and to weep.

The thunders of the Vatican
Had long since died away,
Saint Peter's chair seem'd tottering,
And crumbling to decay.

Thy ancient line of Pontiff kings
Were to the past allied;
And oft in Freedom's holy ward
They fought not on her side.

The sacred honour of the Cross
Was trailing, soil'd, and torn;
And often had the hostile ranks
That blessed ensign borne.

But from her death-like slumber now,
The seven-hilled city wakes;
Italia! on thy shrouded sky
A gleam of morning breaks.

Along the Alps and Appenines
Runs an electric thrill;
A golden splendour lights once more
The Capitolian hill.

And hopes bright as thy sunny skies
Are o'er thy future cast;
The future that upon thee beams
As glorious as thy past.

The laurels that thy Cæsars wore
Were dyed with crimson stains;
Their triumphs glitter'd with the spoil,
Won on the battle plains.

But for thy Pontiff Prince to-day
A laurel mightst thou twine,
Unsullied as the spotless life
He lays upon thy shrine.

For him might the triumphal car
Ascend the hill again;
No slaves bound to the chariot wheels
Should swell the lengthen'd train.

Such trains as in her proudest days
Was never seen in Rome —
Of captives from the dungeon freed —
Of exiles welcomed home

When gazing on the doubtful strife,
The Hebrew leader pray'd ;
The friends of Israel gather'd round,
His drooping hands they stay'd.

And thus around the Patriarch's chair
The friends of Freedom stand —
All eager, though it falters not,
To stay his lifted hand.

And in a clearer, firmer tone,
I heard their rallying cry ;
From Etna to the Alps it sounds,
"For God and Liberty!"

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Let there be light."

LIGHT to the darken'd mind
Bear like the sun the world's wide circle round,
Bright messengers that speak without a sound!
Sight on the spirit-blind
Shall fall where'er ye pass ; your living ray
Shall change the night of ages into day ;
God speed ye on your way !

In closet and in hall,
Too long alone your message hath been spoken ;
The spell of gold that bound ye there is broken,
Go forth and shine on all !
The world's inheritance, the legacy
Bequeathed by Genius to the race are ye ;
Be like the sunlight, free !

A mighty power ye wield !
Ye wake grim centuries from their repose,

And bid their hoarded treasures unclose,
 The spoils of time to yield.
 Ye hold the gift of immortality;
 Bard, sage, and seer, whose fame shall never die,
 Live through your ministry.

Noiseless upon your path,
 Freight with love, romance, and song, ye speed;
 Moving the world in custom and in creed,
 Waking its love or wrath.
 Tyrants, that blench not on the battle-plain,
 Quail at your silent coming, and in vain
 Would bind the riven chain.

Shrines that embalm great souls
 Where yet the illustrious dead high converse hold,
 As gods spake through their oracles of old!
 Upon your mystic scrolls
 There lives a spell to guide our destiny;
 The fire by night, the pillar'd cloud by day,
 Upon our upward way.

LINES.

(ON READING SOME VERSES ENTITLED "A FAREWELL TO LOVE.")

OH! stern indeed must be that minstrel's heart,
 In the world's dusty highway doom'd to move,
 Who with life's sunshine and its flowers can part,
 Who strikes his harp and sings Farewell to Love.

To Love! that beam which covers all our light,
 As the red rays illumine the light of day,
 Whose rose-hue, once extinguish'd from the sight,
 Leaves the life-landscape of a dull, cold gray.

To Love! the ethereal, the Promethean spirit,
That bids this dust with life divine be moved;
The only memory that we still inherit
Of the lost Eden where our parents roved.

Oh! hopeless bard! recall that farewell strain,
Nor from thy breast let this fond faith depart;
Recall that utterance of thy cold disdain,
Thy doubt of Love, the atheism of the heart.

O D E.

(ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.)

A NATION's birthday breaks in glory!
Songs from her hills and valleys rise,
And myriad hearts thrill to the story
Of freedom's wars and victories;
When God's right arm alone was o'er her,
And in her name the patriot band
With sacred blood baptized their land,
And England's lion crouch'd before her!
Sons of the Emerald Isle!
She bids you rend your chain,
And tell the haughty ocean-queen,
Ye, too, are free-born men!

Long has the world look'd on in sorrow,
As Erin's sun-burst* set in night;
Joy, joy! there breaks a brighter morrow,
Behold a beam of morning light!
A ray of hope her night redeeming;
And she greets it, though there lower
England's scaffolds, England's Tower,
And though hireling swords are gleaming.

* The ancient flag of Ireland.

Wild shouts on every breeze
Come swelling o'er the sea,—
Hark! 't is her starving millions cry,
"Give Ireland liberty!"

THE WOUNDED VULTURE.

This incident is beautifully related in Miss Bremer's Diary.

A KINGLY vulture sat alone,
Lord of the ruin round,
Where Egypt's ancient monuments
Upon the desert frown'd.

A hunter's eager eye had mark'd
The form of that proud bird,
And through the voiceless solitude
His ringing shot was heard.

It rent that vulture's plumèd breast,
Aim'd with unerring hand,
And his life-blood gushèd warm and red
Upon the yellow sand.

No struggle mark'd the deadly wound,
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant-wings,
And sought the upper sky.

In vain with swift pursuing shot
The hunter seeks his prey,
Circling and circling upward still,
On his majestic way.

Up to the blue empyrean
He wings his steady flight,
Till his receding form is lost
In the full flood of light.

Oh! wounded heart! oh, suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing,
Where broken dreams and ruin'd hopes
Their mournful shadows fling.

Outspread thy pinions like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the flying shafts of Fate,
Beyond the wounds of Time.

Mount upward! brave the clouds and storms;
Above life's desert plain
There is a calmer, purer air,
A heaven thou too mayst gain.

And as that dim ascending form
Was lost in day's broad light,
So shall thy earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.



SARAH C. EDGARTON MAYO.

Mrs. MAYO, better known as Miss Edgerton, was born in Shirley, Massachusetts, in the year 1819. Her first appearance as a writer was in 1837, when she contributed to various religious journals, and soon after became one of the editors of the *Ladies' Repository*, a monthly magazine published in Boston. She has also been the skilful and industrious editor of a religious annual, called *The Rose of Sharon*, ever since its first establishment, a period of nine years. Her stories for children are numerous and useful; among them are *Ellen Clifford*, and *The Palfreys*. She has also displayed much taste in compiling a few miniature volumes of a poetic character, the titles of which are, *The Flower Vase*, *The Floral Fortune Teller*, and *The Poetry of Woman*.

In 1846, she became the wife of the Rev. A. D. Mayo, a minister of the Universalist persuasion, in Gloucester, Massachusetts, where she resided until her death, which took place after a brief illness, on the 9th of July, 1848. It is said that "her character was a model of Christian excellence;" and her poems are marked by an elevation of thought, a directness of expression, and a purity and tenderness of feeling, which are altogether in harmony with such an encomium.

BE FIRM.

Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever syren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh that distrust! Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm!

Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is veiled,
Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
And oh, in love to man and God
Be firm!

THOU ART FORMED TO GUIDE

AY, truly, dearest, thou art form'd to guide,
To guide, to shelter, to uphold and bless,
And I can walk with brave heart at thy side
Safe in thy spirit's strength and tenderness.

Thine eye, so clear, the dim way can discern,
No track in life looks doubtful unto thee,
Oh, let me take thy hand, and meekly learn
The way of duty, sometimes dark to me.

Thy mind is like a torch that through the gloom
Sheds a clear brightness where our feet should tread;
O blessed lot, from altar to the tomb,
By hand and heart so steadfast to be led!

AMBITION.

Lo! on the mountain's brow
One point of gleaming light!
And thither climbest thou,
With eye and spirit bright.
Ay, thou at least shalt stand
In all that golden glow,
A sceptre shining in thy hand
To rule the world below.

Oh use that sceptre well!
Not as a spear to smite,
But like a wand of mighty spell
To serve the cause of Right!
If thou win power, do good!
If Fame, deserve thy meed!
If Wealth, oh, pour it like a flood
O'er all this world of need!

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

I PRAYED for Beauty—for the magic spell
That binds the wisest with its potent thrall;
That I within fond human hearts might dwell,
And shine the fairest in the festal hall.
I would have seen the lordliest bend the knee,
The loveliest bow, o'er-dazzled by my charms;
While he I long had vainly loved—ah, HE,
Subdued, should clasp me fondly in his arms!

But Beauty o'er my spirit waved her wing,
Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;
And passing years but darker shadows fling
Upon the cheek where care hath left its trace.
My prayer, if heard in heaven, hath been denied;
No heart bows humbly 'neath my beauty's sway;
And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride,
With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I pray'd for Riches. Oh! for lavish wealth,
To pour in golden showers on those I loved—
I would have gladly spent my youth and health,
Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved.
I pray'd for Riches, that before God's shrine
I might with gifts and costly tributes kneel;
And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine
Too poor to show the fervour of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not—and the liberal deeds
My heart devised, my hand must fail to do;
And though o'er prostrate truth my spirit bleeds,
In vain the aid of magic gold I woo.
The poor may plead to me for daily food,
And those I love in lowly want may pine;
I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood,—
But other gifts than this can ne'er be mine.

I pray'd for Genius—for the power to move
Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubborn wills;
To execute the holy deeds of love,
And light Truth's fires upon a thousand hills.
I pray'd for Eloquence to plead the cause
Of human rights and God's eternal grace;
To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws,
And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe
No portion of the fire that burns within;
In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may wreath
In scorching flames to vanquish human sin.
Powerless my words upon the air float by,
And wrong and crime disdain the weak crusade;
While vice gleams on me its exultant eye,
And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I pray'd for *Peace* — for strength to bear
The keen privations of my humble fate;
For patient faith to struggle with despair,
And shed a brightness o'er my low estate.
I pray'd to be content with humble deeds,
With "widows' mites" and scanty charities;
To follow meekly where my duty leads,
Though through the lowliest vale of life it lies.

This prayer was answer'd; for a peace divine
Spread through the inmost depths of all my heart;
I felt that that same blessed lot was mine
Which fell on her who chose the better part.
What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name?
What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind?
It is a happier lot than wealth or fame,
To do my duty with a willing mind!

MARY E. LEE.

MISS LEE is one of the most graceful writers of fugitive poetry we have, and a constant and most acceptable contributor, both of prose and verse, to the best of our magazines in the north and south. She possesses a clear and pleasing style, a refined and correct taste, a well-cultivated mind, and a heart full of pure affection and warm reverence for the beautiful and good. She is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, where she resides.

THE POETS.

THE poets! the poets!
Those giants of the earth;
In mighty strength they tower above
The men of common birth;
A noble race—they mingle not
Among the motley throng,
But move, with slow and measured step,
To music-notes along!

The poets! the poets!
What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host;
Their stainless banner floats unharm'd
From age to lengthen'd age;
And History records their deeds
Upon her proudest page!

The poets! the poets!
How endless is their fame!
Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;

But as yon starry gems that gleam
 In evening's crystal sky,
 So have they won, in mem'ry's depths,
 An immortality!

The poets! the poets!
 Who doth not linger o'er
 The glorious volumes that contain
 Their pure and spotless lore?
 They charm us in the saddest hours,
 Our richest joys they feed;
 And love for them has grown to be
 A universal creed!

The poets! the poets!
 Those kingly minstrels dead,
 Well may we twine a votive wreath
 Around each honour'd head.
 No tribute is too high to give
 Those crown'd ones among men;
 The poets! the *true* poets!
 Thanks be to God for them!

HAST THOU FORGOT ME?

"Thou and I
 Have mingled the fresh thoughts that early die
 Once flowering—never more!"

HAST thou forgot me? Thou who hast departed
 Like a glad sunbeam from my yearning sight,
 Leaving the spirit worn and broken-hearted,
 Where once hope built a temple of delight.
 Hast thou forgot me? Thou, unto whose keeping
 I gave my every thought of perfect love,
 Till on my idol's shrine, all treasure heaping,
 I scarcely dared to look to heaven above.

Hast thou forgot me? Unto outward seeming
My quivering lip with ready smile is mask'd;
And the warm crimson through my cheek is streaming,—
Alas! 'tis from the fever'd heart o'er-task'd;
But could they read, as in a faultless mirror,
The truth my woman's pride would still repress,
Soon would they own themselves to be in error,
And mourn my lot of utter wretchedness.

Hast thou forgot me? E'en in youth's glad hours
I trembled 'neath the least glance of thine eye,
And life's gay pathway was bedeck'd with flowers
And light and fragrance if thou wast but nigh;
Each music-note of bliss to thee was given;
Each joy and grief were told thee, e'en in birth;
Thy presence made my home another heaven,—
When thou wast absent 't was but common earth.

Hast thou forgot me? With what fond endeavour
I hurried on in learning's endless chase;
While wasted health and strength seem'd nought, if ever
I won the dear approval from thy face;
The midnight toil, the strife, the weary vision,
The pining after knowledge, vain and free,
I struggled against all, one hope elysian
Sustain'd me, 't was that I might grow worthy thee!

Hast thou forgot me? Like yon flow'ret bending
On fragile stem, beneath the north wind's wrath,
So to the darksome tomb I am descending,
No more to cast a shadow o'er thy path;
A few more months, and then this care-worn spirit
Shall gently hush its never-ceasing moan,
And find, what long it yearneth to inherit,
The narrow church-yard plot, with weeds o'ergrown.

Hast thou forgot me? Ah! I would not waken
One goading thought, beloved friend, in thee;
Nor brook to have thy slightest feeling shaken
With knowledge of the harm thou wrought'st to me:
But oh! forgive, if now, when I am dying,
I breathe this wish, and let it grieve thee not!
That thou wilt seek my grave, and murmur, sighing,
"Though wrong'd, neglected, she was not forgot!"

THE RAINY DAY.

I LOVE to look on a day like this,
Of never-tiring rain,
When the blue sky wears its sack-cloth robes,
And the streets are a watery plain;
When the big drops fall on the sounding roofs,
With a cool and a startling splash,
And the flute-like breeze pours its music-notes
'Gainst the close-shut window-sash.

I remember yet, though 't was long ago,
The beat of my childish heart,
When with half-conn'd lesson I watch'd some morn,
For fear that the clouds might part;
And oh! what bliss when the skies' wide hall
Seem'd paved as with sheets of lead,
Till the warning rain, at the dark school hour,
Forbade my out-of-door tread.

And in youth's gay season, when wiser grown,
I own, though I blush to tell,
That each rainy day brought that untask'd time,
Which my spirit loved too well:
When the book of knowledge was thrown aside
For some light and romantic lore,
And of antique ballads and honied rhymes
My memory won full store.

Though youth has gone, I've a passion still
For the cool rain's pleasant tunes,
Whether they steal on the midnight hours,
Or peal on the sultry noons;
Whether they come with the fitful spring,
Or the equinoctial spell,
From the fierce black north, or the sweet southwest,
In all changes I love them well.

'Tis folly to talk of my spirit's freaks,
But its loftiest flights of thought,
And its friendliest feelings to human-kind,
From a clouded sky are caught;
And my mirth breaks out in its merriest peal,
And I feel most the gift of life,
When the wind and rain o'er a silent world
Hold elemental strife.

'Tis pleasant to watch how the green trees quench
Their thirst with a long, full draught;
While the bright flowers hoard up an after store,
In the cup but so lately quaff'd;
And 'tis pleasant to see how those other flowers,
The children of every home,
Are stirr'd with joy when their parted lips
Catch the drops as they slowly come.

Oh! better far than a written page,
Is the sermon it reads to me,
This plenteous flood of delicious scent,
That falls in a torrent free;
It brings me nearer to Him who gave
The early and latter rain,
And my heart swells ever as now it does,
In a fresh and an answering strain.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THIS sweet poetess was born at St. Michaels, Maryland, in the year 1821. Her family name was Coppuck. In 1838, she was married to Mr. George B. Welby, of Louisville, Kentucky, where she still resides. Her genius budded and blossomed at an early age, but it was not until after her marriage that the world scented the fragrance of its flowers. They were gathered first by the Louisville Journal, and disseminated freely; being warmly praised, and widely copied by other journals, until the name of *Amelia* became a welcome sound to all true lovers of poetry and feeling. She writes with a free and spirited pen; her rhythm is always correct, and always full of melody, worthy of expressing the ardent impulses of a true and guileless heart. Pure friendship, undivided admiration for the beautiful, and ever-gushing love for the gifts of loving Nature, seem to be the chief incentives to her song. A volume called *Poems by Amelia*, was published in 1846, and rapidly passed through four editions. From this have been selected what pleases us best; though the merit of all is so uniform, that it is hard to say which are most worthy of choice.

MUSINGS.

I WANDERED out one summer-night,
'Twas when my years were few,
The wind was singing in the light,
And I was singing too;
The sunshine lay upon the hill,
The shadow in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies;

I clapp'd my hands and warbled wild,
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child
And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea
In bright and glittering bands;
Like little children, wild with glee,
They link'd their dimpled hands —
They link'd their hands, but, ere I caught
Their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kiss'd my feet, and, quick as thought,
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

The young moon too with upturn'd sides
Her mirror'd beauty gave,
And, as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave;
The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seem'd to thrill with love
As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirr'd,
Made murmurs on the air,
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard
And answer'd with a prayer;

For 'twas upon that dewy sod,
Beside the moaning seas,
I learn'd at first to worship God
And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
Were bow'd in slumber free
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,
Where'er they chanced to be;
No guilty tears had they to weep,
No sins to be forgiven;
They closed their leaves and went to sleep
'Neath the blue eye of heaven.

No costly robes upon them shone,
No jewels from the seas,
Yet Solomon, upon his throne,
Was ne'er array'd like these;
And just as free from guilt and art
Were lovely human flowers,
Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart
On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair;
The breezy fingers of the wind —
How cool and moist they were!
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft enchanting strain;
I never heard such sounds before,
And never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay!

I'd give the world for their sweet art,
 The simple, the divine —
 I'd give the world to melt one heart
 As they have melted mine.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O THOU, who fling'st so fair a robe
 Of clouds around the hills untrod —
 Those mountain-pillars of the globe,
 Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O God!
 All glittering round the sunset skies,
 Their trembling folds are lightly furl'd,
 As if to shade from mortal eyes
 The glories of yon upper world;
 There, while the evening star upholds
 In one bright spot their purple folds,
 My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
 For Thou, the God of love, art there.

The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
 Upspringing freely from the sod,
 In whose soft looks we seem to meet,
 At every step, Thy smiles, O God!
 The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
 They bloom in palace-hall, or cot —
 Give me, O Lord! a heart like theirs,
 Contented with my lowly lot!
 Within their pure ambrosial bells,
 In odours sweet Thy Spirit dwells;
 Their breath may seem to scent the air —
 'Tis Thine, O God! for Thou art there.

List! from yon casement low and dim
 What sounds are these, that fill the breeze?

It is the peasant's evening hymn
Arrests the fishers on the seas —
The old man leans his silver hairs
Upon his light suspended oar,
Until those soft delicious airs
Have died like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is fill'd with peace and prayer,
For Thou, O God! art with him there.

The birds among the summer-blooms
Pour forth to thee their strains of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
They leave the earth and soar above;
We hear their sweet familiar airs
Where'er a sunny spot is found;
How lovely is a life like theirs,
Diffusing sweetness all around!
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll,
Till, melting on the realms of air,
Thy still small voice seems whispering there.

The stars, those floating isles of light,
Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
Pure as a woman's robe of white
That trembles round the form it veils,
They touch the heart as with a spell,
Yet, set the soaring fancy free,
And O how sweet the tales they tell!
They tell of peace, of love, and Thee!
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy gale that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair,
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit oft oppress'd with doubt,
May strive to cast Thee from its thought,
But who can shut thy presence out,
Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsought!
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Whate'er our thoughts, where'er we be,
Still magnet-like the heart revolves,
And points, all trembling, up to Thee;
We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the bless'd,
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou the living God art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where thou hast said
The pure of heart shall enter in;
In those fair realms so calmly bright
How many a loved and gentle one
Bathes its soft plumes in living light
That sparkles from Thy radiant Throne.
There souls, once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers—
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

THE FREED BIRD.

THY cage is open'd, bird! too well I love thee
To bar the sunny things of earth from thee;
A whole broad heaven of blue lies calm above thee,
The green-wood waves beneath, and thou art free;
These slender wires shall prison thee no more—
Up, bird! and 'mid the clouds thy thrilling music pour.

Away! away! the laughing waters, playing,
Break on the fragrant shore in ripples blue,
And the green leaves unto the breeze are laying
Their shining edges, fringed with drops of dew;
And, here and there, a wild flower lifts its head,
Refresh'd with sudden life from many a sunbeam shed.

How sweet thy voice will sound! for o'er yon river
The wing of silence, like a dream, is laid,
And naught is heard save where the wood-boughs quiver,
Making rich spots of trembling light and shade.
And a new rapture thy wild spirit fills,
For joy is on the breeze, and morn upon the hills.

Now, like the aspen, plays each quivering feather
Of thy swift pinion, bearing thee along,
Up, where the morning stars once sang together,
To pour the fulness of thine own rich song;
And now thou'rt mirror'd to my dazzled view,
A little dusky speck amid a world of blue.

Yet I will shade mine eye and still pursue thee,
As thou dost melt in soft ethereal air,
Till angel-ones, sweet bird, will bend to view thee,
And cease their hymns awhile thine own to share;
And there thou art, with light clouds round thee furl'd,
Just poised beneath yon vault, that arches o'er the world

A free wild spirit unto thee is given,
Bright minstrel of the blue celestial dome!
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeam's home;
And, soaring upward from thy dizzy height
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight.

Lute of the summer clouds! whilst thou art singing
Unto thy Maker thy soft matin hymn,

My own mild spirit, from its temple springing,
Would freely join thee in the distance dim;
But I can only gaze on thee and sigh
With heart upon my lip, bright minstrel of the sky!

And yet, sweet bird! bright thoughts to me are given
As many as the clustering leaves of June;
And my young heart is like a harp of heaven,
Forever strung unto some pleasant tune;
And my soul burns with wild poetic fire,
Though simple are my strains, and simpler still my lyre.

And now, farewell! the wild wind of the mountain
And the blue streams alone my strains have heard;
And it is well, for from my heart's deep fountain
They flow, uncultured, as thine own, sweet bird!
For my free thoughts have ever spurned control,
Since this heart held a wish, and this frail form a soul!

MY SISTERS.

LIKE flowers that softly bloom together
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather
Ere strange rude hands have parted them,
So were we linked unto each other
Sweet Sisters, in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
To us was like the stem to flowers;
She was the golden thread, that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
And we were sever'd far and near.

The floweret's stem, when broke or shatter'd,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,

Yet, round the buds, though widely scatter'd,
The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
That link'd us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken,
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us;
Sweet Sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadow'd o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
I cannot trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round you thrown,
While, like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind, that beareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing —
The wind! that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from every thing;
It hath rich thoughts for ever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods;

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom;
And, yet there is a something sad
Mix'd with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over,
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, Sisters! those wild thoughts were never
Yours! ye would not love, like me,
To gaze upon the stars for ever,
To hear the wind's wild melody.
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places
As they peep out upon the earth.
But, Sisters! as the stars of even
Shrink from day's golden flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So shall we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in heaven one mystic chain.

THE AMERICAN SWORD.

SWORD of our gallant fathers, defender of the brave,
Of Washington upon the field and Perry on the wave!
Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy death-strokes reel,
For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true
as steel;
There's not a tarnish on thy sheen, a rust upon thy blade,
Though the noble hands that drew thee are in dust and ashes
laid,

Thou'rt still the scourge of tyrants, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert our banner when we surrender thee!

Sword of a thousand victories! thy splendours led the way,
When our warriors trod the battle-field in terrible array;
Thou wert seen amid the carnage, like an angel in thy wrath;
The vanquish'd and the vanquisher bestrew'd thy gory path;
The life-blood of the haughty foe made red the slippery sod
Where thy crimson blade descended like the lightning glance
of God!

They pour'd their ranks like autumn leaves, their life-blood as
the sea,
But they battled for a tyrant—we battled to be free!

Sword of a thousand heroes, how holy is thy blade,
So often drawn by Valour's arm, by gentle Pity's stay'd!
The warrior breathes his vow by thee, and seals it with a
kiss,

He never gives a holier pledge, he asks no more than this;
And, when he girds thee to his side with battle in his face,
He feels within his single arm the strength of all his race;
He shrines thee in his noble breast, with all things bright and
free;

And may God desert his standard, when he surrenders thee!

Sword of our country's battles! for ever mayst thou prove,
Amid Columbia's freemen, the thunderbolt of Jove;
Where like a youthful victress, with her holy flag unfurl'd,
She sits amid the nations, the empress of the world.
Behold the heaven-born goddess, in her glory and increase,
Extending in her lovely hands the olive-branch of peace,
Thy glittering steel is girded on, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert her standard when she surrenders thee!

SEVENTEEN.

I HAVE a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen;
She dwells among us like a star,
That, from its bower of bliss,
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this.

I do not mean that flattery
Has never reach'd her ear;
I only say its syren song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild—
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet, within the misty depths
Of her dark dreamy eyes,
A shadowy something, like deep thought,
In tender sadness lies;
For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its lustre, now,
Are soften'd down by tears:—

Tears, that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings
In her gentle breast have met,

For every tear that gems her eye,
From her young bosom flows
Like dew-drops from a golden star,
Or perfume from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring,
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;
For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reach'd that lovely time,
That sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart are thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart
Love yet hath thrown his wing,
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing;
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well;
But who this gentle maiden is
I feel not free to tell.

JULIET H. CAMPBELL.

MISS LEWIS, now Mrs. Campbell, was born in the year 1823, at Williamsport, Lycoming County, Pa.; but soon after her birth, her parents removed to Towanda, Bradford County, in which romantic spot the happiest period of her childhood was spent. Here she revelled amidst the choicest beauties of nature; and here, inspired by the joyous harmony of woods, and streams, and valleys, she first attempted to make music of her thoughts. Her father, the Hon. Ellis Lewis,—a learned lawyer and judge, a man of fine taste and superior talent,—was well fitted for the task he never wearied in, of guarding and guiding the rich developments of his daughter's mind and heart. Although she was sent to a seminary at Bethlehem, and afterwards to a French boarding-school at Philadelphia, she was educated (in the true sense of that term) by the society and conversation of her father. She wrote much when only fourteen; and everything that has been published under her maiden name, was written during the space of three years from that early age. When yet a girl, she was married to Mr. Campbell, a member of the bar, in Pottsville, where they now reside; and so happy and busy is she in her domestic life, as to have very little time for the use of her pen. May this happiness be as lasting as her life! And yet, so great is the beauty and freshness of her poetic talent, as to compel us to express the hope that they may not be suffered to wither and die for want of proper attention.

DREAMS.

MANY, oh! man, are the wild dreams beguiling
Thy spirit of its restlessness, and ever
Thou rushest onward, some new prize pursuing,
Like the mad waves of a relentless river.
First Love, the morning sun of thy existence,
Enchants thy path with glories and with bliss:
Oh! linger, for the shadowy hereafter
Hath nought to offer that can equal this!

Linger, and revel in thy first young dreaming,
The holiest that can thrill thy yearning heart,
Husband the precious moments, the brief feeling
Of youthful ecstasy will soon depart.
Seek not to win too soon that which thou lovest,
When winning will but break the magic spell;
Love on, but seek not, strive not,—the attainment
Will cloy thy fickle heart, thy dream dispel.

Vain is the warning! Death as soon will listen
To the beseechings of his stricken prey;
Or Time will tarry when the cowering nations
Shrink from their desolating destiny!
Thou art as fierce as fate in thy pursuing;
Thou art impetuous as the flight of Time;
And didst thou love a star, thy mad presuming
Would pluck it from high heaven, and dim its shine.

And now Ambition, like a radiant angel,
Attracts thy vision, and enchains thy thought;
Ambition is thy god, and thou art laying
Thy all before the insatiate Juggernaut;
The health, the strength, which crown'd thy youth with
glory,
The friends who loved thee in thy early day,
The clinging love which once thy bosom cherish'd;—
All these are cast, like worthless weeds, away.

Take now the prize for which thou'st madly barter'd,
Thy first, best treasures; and in lonely grief
Enjoy Fame's emptiness, and broken-hearted,
Feed on the poison of my laurel leaf;
Then, sated, turn in bitter disappointment
From the applause of flattery's fawning troop,
And curse, within thy cheated heart's recesses,
Ambition's *demon*, and thyself his *dupe*!

These are the visions of thy youth and manhood;
With disappointment, wilt thou grow more sage?
Alas, more grovelling yet, and more degrading,
Is Avarice, the sordid dream of age!
When all the joys of summer have departed,
And life is stripp'd alike of birds and bloom,
'Tis sad to see Age, in his dotage, treasure
The wither'd leaves beside his yawning tomb!

Yes, many are thy dreams, while gentle woman
Hath but one vision, and it is of thee!
Faith, Hope, and Charity, (most Christian graces,)
In her meek bosom dwell, a trinity
Combined in unit; and an earthly Godhead
Whose name is Love, demands her worshipping;
And she, e'en as the Hindoo to his idol,
The blind devotion of her heart doth bring,
And when her god of clay hath disappointed,
Earth can enchant no more; she looks above,
Laying her crush'd heart on her Saviour's bosom
Love was her heaven, now Heaven is her love.

A CONFESSION.

THEY are not tears of sorrowing,
Then, dearest, chide me not!
I weep with very thankfulness,
For this, my blessed lot.

I think me of the rose-hued past,
And tears will fall like rain;
I turn me to my present bliss,
And forth they gush again.

The past, the sunny past was like
A glorious dream to me,
The earth was as a fairy land,
And fairy creatures we.

The hours went by as angels would
When forced from heaven to roam;
Each gave a blessing as it past,
And hasten'd to its home.

The memories of those vanish'd hours
Throng round me like a spell,
And charm these drops of tenderness
Up from their secret cell.

Yet, love, I would not barter now
The luxury of these tears,
For all the joys that woo my thoughts
Back to those by-gone years!

For though my heart, blithe as a bird,
From flower to flower would rove,
It had not known thy tenderness,
It had not felt thy love!

LINES AT NIGHT.

I HAVE wander'd in the moonlight,
And my brow has met the breeze,
With its forest-freight of odours,
And its sighing like the seas.
I have listen'd to the night-bird,
As she chaunts her mellow lay;
But my heart is very heavy,
And I would be far away.

The breeze may journey onward
With its restless, rustling wings;
The bird may ease her bosom,
When her sadden'd lay she sings;
But my sorrow must be voiceless,
Or but spoken when I pray,

And I linger here, a captive,
When I would be far away!

The rude old church seems frowning
As it looms upon my eyes,
With its corner-stone deep buried,
While its spire is in the skies.
List, a moral I will read you,
From this temple, quaint and gray;
Though the clod must seek the valley,
Lo, the soul shall soar away!

I would step into the church-yard,
But at every sleeper's head
Stands a tombstone, cold and pallid,
Like the spirit of the dead.
And I almost see them beckon me,
I almost hear them say,—
"There is rest with us, oh! mortal,
Come away, then, come away!"

TARPEIA.

Tarpeia, the daughter of Tarpeius, the keeper of the Roman capitol, agreed to betray it into the hands of the Sabines on this condition, "that she should have for her reward that which they carried upon their left arms," meaning the golden bracelets they wore upon them. The Sabines having been let in by Tarpeia, according to compact, Titus, their king, well pleased with having carried the place, yet detesting the manner in which it was done, commanded the Sabines to give the traitoress her promised reward, by throwing to her all they wore upon their left arms; and therewith, unclasping his bracelet from his left arm, he cast that, together with his shield, upon her. All the Sabines following the example of their chief, the traitoress was speedily overwhelmed with the number of bracelets and shields heaped upon her, and perished beneath them.

UNBLUSHINGLY the maiden stood,—
Rome's recreant, shameless child!
While round were ranged her country's foes,
Those Sabine warriors wild.

They stood with lips all proudly curl'd;
And brows bent down in ire,
And eyes, that on the traitoress
Flash'd forth their haughty fire,

As though they'd sear her very soul
With their consuming scorn;
Such deep disdain, a noble heart
Had never brook'd or borne.

In his right hand each warrior clasp'd
His blade, all stain'd with gore,
While on his stout left arm, a shield
Of massive weight he bore;

And round that arm a bracelet bright
Was bound — of shining gold:
'T was for those gleaming bands, that Rome,
Proud boasting Rome, was sold.

All silently they stood, when hark!
Their lord and chieftain speaks:
"Ha! this is well; her just reward
From us, Tarpeia seeks.

Thy heritage — is Rome's deep hate;
Thy memory — lasting shame;
And thou hast wedded to a curse
Thy once untarnish'd name

Thy father is the prey of worms,
His life-blood stains my blade;
Thy city is one mighty bier
On which her sons are laid.

Thy home, — earth does not hold a spot
Loathsome enough for thee,
And one long life of bitter woe,
Of torture, agony,

Were all too blissful for thy lot;
And shall I let thee live,
When anguish, such as thou should'st feel,
This world can never give?

But I have not discharged the debt
From Sabines due to thee:—
Warriors, on your left arms, you bear
The price of treachery!"

He threw to her the bribe, for which
Imperial Rome was lost,
And there upon the traitoress
His heavy shield he toss'd.

She fell beneath it, with one shriek,
One agonizing moan,
While fast the weighty shields were piled,
And golden bracelets thrown.

Buried beneath her infamy,
Crush'd 'neath her weight of guilt;
Her ignominious monument
Of her reward was built.



SARA J. CLARKE

WAS born in a small village in Onondaga Co., New York. She went to school at Rochester, and while there her poems were first published in the papers of that city. Afterwards she resided in New Brighton, a village situated in the western part of Pennsylvania, and soon became known to the literary world, by her contributions to the *New Mirror*, which was then just re-established by Willis and Morris. Her poems she signed with her real name, but her spirited prose sketches,

which displayed so much wit and keen observation, she wrote under a feigned signature; and it is only within a very short time that Sara J. Clarke and Grace Greenwood are known to be the same person. She has recently conducted *The Lady's Paper*, for Mr. Godey of Philadelphia; her home, however, is still in New Brighton. Her nom-de-guerre was very happily chosen. It is descriptive of her genius; for her style both in prose and verse possesses a natural grace; while her thoughts and feelings have, assuredly, as much freedom and freshness, health, joy, and harmony, as is found of a May morning, in the merrie greenwood. Although she is decidedly original, and evidently too honest and too proud to copy, yet she strongly reminds us of Eliza Cook. The same noble enthusiasm, the same high-spirited independence, the same generous and far-reaching sympathy, and the same love—bold, free, and fearless—of nature and adventure, characterize both. In the heart-arousing *Voices from the Old World*, and the dashing *Morning Ride*, this resemblance is very observable; it is not to be seen, however, in the skilful and nervous poem on *Ariadne*, whose features remind us of no other, in their lofty scorn, and stinging satire.

ARIADNE.

The demi-god, Theseus, having won the love of Ariadne, daughter of the King of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Bremer's "H—— Family," the blind girl is described as singing "*Ariadne á Naxos*," in which Ariadne is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling upon him, in her despairing anguish.

DAUGHTER of Crete—how one brief hour,
 E'en in thy young love's early morn,
 Sends storm and darkness o'er thy bower—
 Oh doom'd, oh desolate, oh lorn!
 The breast which pillow'd thy fair head
 Rejects its burden—and the eye
 Which look'd its love so earnestly,
 Its last cold glance hath on thee shed;—
 The arms which were thy living zone,
 Around thee closely, warmly thrown,
 Shall others clasp—deserted one!

Yet, Ariadne, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which meets thee now,
For thou art grovelling in thy woe!
Arouse thee! joy to bid him go;
For god above, or man below,
Whose love's impetuous fervent tide
Cold interest, or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay, or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing,
One shade o'er woman's brow to fling
Of grief, regret, or fear;—
To cloud one morning's golden light,—
Disturb the sweet dreams of one night,—
To cause the soft lash of her eye
To droop one moment mournfully,
Or tremble with one tear!

'Tis thou should'st triumph—thou art free
From chains which bound thee for awhile—
This, this the farewell meet for thee,
Proud Princess on that lonely isle:—

“Go—to thine Athens bear thy faithless name!
Go, base betrayer of a holy trust!
Oh, I could bow me in my utter shame,
And lay my crimson forehead in the dust,
If I had ever loved thee as thou art,
Folding mean falsehood to my high true heart!

“But thus I loved thee not—Before me bow'd
A being glorious in majestic pride,
And breathed his love and passionately vow'd
To worship only me his peerless bride;
And this was thou—but crown'd, enrobed, entwined,
With treasures borrow'd from my own rich mind!

"I knew thee not a creature of my dreams,
And my rapt soul went floating into thine!
My love around thee pour'd such halo-beams,
Had'st thou been true had made thee all divine—
And I, too, seem'd immortal in my bliss,
When my glad lip thrill'd to thy burning kiss!

"Shrunk and shrivell'd into Theseus now
Thou stand'st. Behold the gods have blown away
The airy crown that glittered on thy brow—
The gorgeous robes which wrapp'd thee for a day;
Around thee scarce one fluttering fragment clings—
A poor lean beggar in all glorious things!

"Nor will I deign to cast on thee my hate—
It were a ray to tinge with splendour still
The dull, dim twilight of thy after fate—
Thou shalt pass from me like a dream of ill—
Thy name be but a thing that crouching stole
Like a poor thief, all noiseless from my soul!

"Though thou hast dared to steal the sacred flame
From out that soul's high heaven, she sets thee free;
Or only chains thee with thy sounding shame—
Her memory is no Caucasus for thee;
And e'en her hovering hate would o'er thee fling
Too much of glory from its shadowy wing!

"Thou think'st to leave my life a lonely night—
Ha! it is night all glorious with its stars!
Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
And free thoughts rolling in their silver cars.
And queenly pride, serene, and cold, and high,
Moves the Diana of its calm, clear sky!

"If poor and humbled thou believest me,
Mole of a demi-god, how blind art thou.

For I am rich—in scorn to pour on thee!
And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride,
Naxos be hallow'd, I be deified!"

On the tall cliff where cold and pale
Thou watchest his receding sail,
Where thou, the daughter of a King,
Wail'st like a wind-harp's breaking string,
Bend'st like a weak and wilted flower
Before a summer evening's shower,—
There should'st thou rear thy royal form,
Like a young oak amid the storm,
Uncrush'd, unbow'd, unriven!
Let thy last glance burn through the air,
And fall far down upon him there,
Like lightning-stroke from Heaven!

There should'st thou mark o'er billowy crest
His white sail flutter and depart,
No wild fears surging at thy breast,
No vain hopes quivering round thy heart;
And this brief, burning prayer alone
Leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne:—

"Just Jove! Thy wrathful vengeance stay,
And speed the traitor on his way!
Make vain the Syren's silver song,
Let Nereids smile the wave along—
O'er the wild waters send his barque
Like a swift arrow to its mark!
Let whirlwinds gather at his back,
And drive him on his dastard track!
Let thy red bolts behind him burn,
And blast him should he dare to turn!"

VOICES FROM THE OLD WORLD.

A voice from out the Highlands,
Old Scotia's mountain homes,
From wild burn-side and darksome glen,
And towering steep it comes!
Is it the shout of huntsmen bold,
Who chase the antler'd stag,
Who sound the horn, and cheer the hounds,
And leap from crag to crag?
Is it the call of rising clans,
The cry of gathering men?
Pours freedom's rocky fortress forth
Its Gaelic hordes again?
Throng round the Scottish chieftains
Such hosts as long ago
In mountain storms of valour
Swept down upon the foe?
When hoarse and deep like thunder
Their shouts of vengeful wrath,
And the lightning of drawn claymores
Flash'd out upon their path?

Far other are the fearful sounds
Borne o'er the wintry wave,
The cry of mortal agony,
The death-groans of the brave!
For once a foe invincible
The kilted Gael hath found;
At length one field beholds him yield —
Starvation's battle-ground!
Thus, thus came forth the mountaineers,
Pale, gaunt, and ghostly bands,
Who westward turn their frenzied eyes,
And stretch their shrivell'd hands;

And like the shriek of madness, comes
Their wild beseeching cry —
“Bread, bread! we faint, we waste, we starve,
Bread, bread! oh, God, we die!”

And shall they perish thus, whose sires,
Stout warrior-men and stern,
With Wallace battled side by side,
And bled at Bannockburn?
Where freedom's new world realms expand,
Where western sunsets glow,
A nation with one mighty voice
Gives back the answer, — “No!”
'Tis ours, 'tis ours, the godlike power
To bid doomed thousands live;
Then let us on the water cast
The bread of our reprieve;
Give, give! when Scotia's proud sons beg,
Oh, heaven, who would not give!

And forms of womanhood are there,
The matron and the maid,
Strange, haggard, famine-wasted shapes,
In tatter'd garbs array'd,
And these are they whose beauties rare
Are famed in song and story,
And these are they whose mothers' names
Are link'd with Scotland's glory!
Ah, they too gaze with dim sad eyes
Out o'er the western main,
While there are beating woman hearts
They shall not gaze in vain,
We rest not till we minister
To their despairing need,
Give, give! oh, heaven, who would not give
When Scotia's daughters plead?

A voice from Erin's storied isle
Comes sweeping o'er the main;
Ha! calls she on her sons to strike
For freedom once again?
Or rises from her heart of fire
The pealing voice of song,
Or rolls the tide of eloquence
The burden'd air along?
Or ringeth out some lay of love
By blue-eyed maidens sung,
Or sweeter, dearer music yet,
The laughter of the young?

Far other is that fearful voice,
A sound of woe and dread,
'Tis Erin mourning for her sons,
The dying and the dead!
They perish in the open fields,
They fall beside the way,
Or lie within their hovel-homes,
Their bed, the damp cold clay,
And watch the sluggish tide of life
Ebb slowly day by day!
They sink as sinks the mariner
When wreck'd upon the wave,
"Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown,"
No winding-sheet, no grave!

To us her cry; be our reply
Bread-laden argosies;
Let love's divine armada meet
Her fearful enemies;
Give, give, and feel the smile of God
Upon thy spirit lie;
Draw back, and let thy poor soul hear
Its angel's parting sigh.

Give, give! oh, heaven, who would not give,
When Erin's brave sons die?

Oh! sisters, there are famishing,
The old with silver hair;
And dead unburied babes are left
To waste upon the air!
And mothers wan and fever-worn,
Beside their hearths are sinking,
And maiden forms, while yet in life,
To skeletons are shrinking!

Ho! freight the good ship to the wale,
Pile high the golden grain!
A nation's life-boat spreads her sail,
God speed her o'er the main!
His peace shall calm the stormy skies,
And rest upon the waters;
Give, give! oh heaven, who would not give,
When perish Erin's daughters!

A MORNING RIDE.

WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,—
When its fruits turn'd to ashes are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste;
Then come ye not near me my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear;
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me, my gallant young steed!
With his high arch'd neck and his nostril spread wide,
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again!

The bonds are all broken which fetter'd my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind.
My pride lifts its head, for a season bow'd down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown.

Now we're off! like the winds, to the plains whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame.
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod.
On, on, like a deer, when the hounds' early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
Still faster, still farther he leaps at my cheer,
'Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth my track,
See his glancing hoof tossing the white pebbles back;
Now a glen dark as midnight—what matter—we'll down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown,—
The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!
What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!
What a glorious creature! Ah, glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow,
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
Hurrah, off again, dashing on, as in ire,
Till the long flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho, a ditch!—shall we pause? No, the bold leap we dare,
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air.
Oh! not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the 'wilderer waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,—
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,—
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,—
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and fearless joy exceed,
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

ALICE B. NEAL.

THIS young poetess, so richly endowed by nature with genius and grace, is a native of Hudson, New York. Her father's name was Bradley; her own baptismal name—Emily. She passed her childhood chiefly at Hudson, and at fourteen, went to a large boarding-school at New Hampton, New Hampshire, where, in addition to the usual branches of a young lady's education, she was taught Latin and Mathematics. For these, however, she felt no love; poetry being dearer than problems, and her own living imagination more companionable than the dead languages. While at school her first poems and tales were published, principally in Neal's Gazette, a periodical which had just been commenced in Philadelphia. Its editor, the late Mr. Joseph C. Neal, a gentleman of great wit and varied talent, well known as the author of the inimitable "Charcoal Sketches," began a correspondence with his young contributor soon after she left school. Her musical pseudonyme, *Alice Lee*, he mistook for her real name; and subsequently — when a year's epistolary intercourse ended in close friendship, and that in a closer union, — he persuaded her to adopt the first part of it altogether. He lived but six months after his marriage; and more than half that short period was clouded by the melancholy illness which terminated his life. During his indisposition, Mrs. Neal assisted him in his editorial duties; and now, in connection with Mr. C. J. Peterson, she continues the supervision of the paper, which still bears its original name. Besides this, she is a constant contributor to the various magazines and annuals of the day.

Her poems possess great fervour of feeling, a clearness and depth of thought, and a delightful freedom of expression. The second of our selections was written before she was fifteen; the editor of the periodical in which it first appeared observed truly, that "the union of poetic sentiment and practical wisdom it displays forms the rarest com-

bination, especially in those who have yet to undergo the hard experiences of life." The following poem, so touching in its simple eloquence, was not the creation of fancy only, but of memory also, for when a child Mrs. Neal suffered for several months the anguish of total blindness.

BLIND!

PART I.

The hand of the operator wavered—the instrument glanced aside—in a moment she was blind for life.—*MS.*

BLIND, said you? Blind for life!
'Tis but a jest—no, no, it cannot be
That I no more the blessed light may see!
Oh, what a fearful strife
Of horrid thought is raging in my mind!
I did not hear aright—"for ever blind!"

Mother, you would not speak
Aught but the truth to me, your stricken child;
Tell me I do but dream; my brain is wild,
And yet my heart is weak.
Oh, mother, fold me in a close embrace,
Bend down to me that dear, that gentle face.

I cannot hear your voice!
Speak louder, mother. Speak to me, and say
This frightful dream will quickly pass away.
Have I no hope, no choice?
Oh, Heaven, with light, has sound, too, from me fled!
Call, shout aloud, as if to wake the dead.

Thank God! I hear you now.
I hear the beating of your troubled heart,
With every woe of mine it has a part;
Upon my upturned brow

The hot tears fall, from those dear eyes, for me.
Once more, oh is it true I may not see?

This silence chills my blood.
Had you one word of comfort, all my fears
Were quickly banish'd—faster still the tears,
A bitter, burning flood,
Fall on my face, and now one trembling word
Confirms the dreadful truth my ears have heard.

Why weep you? I am calm.
My wan lip quivers not, my heart is still.
My swollen temples—see, they do not thrill!
That word was as a charm.
Tell me the worst, all, all I now can bear.
I have, a fearful strength—that of despair.

What is it to be blind?
To be shut out for ever from the skies—
To see no more the “light of loving eyes”—
And, as years pass, to find
My lot unvaried by one passing gleam
Of the bright woodland, or the flashing stream!

To feel the breath of Spring,
Yet not to view one of the tiny flowers
That come from out the earth with her soft showers;
To hear the bright birds sing,
And feel, while listening to their joyous strain,
My heart can ne'er know happiness again!

Then in the solemn night
To lie alone, while all around me sleep,
And fancy fearful forms about me creep.
Starting in wild affright,
To know, if true, I could not have the power
To ward off danger in that lonely hour.

And as my breath came thick
To feel the hideous darkness round me press,
Adding new terror to my loneliness;
While every pulse leapt quick
To clutch and grasp at the black, stifling air,
Then sink in stupor from my wild despair.

It comes upon me now!
I cannot breathe, my heart grows quick and chill,
Oh, mother, are your arms about me still—
Still o'er me do you bow?
And yet I care not, better all alone,
No one to heed my weakness should I moan.

Again! I will not live.
Death is no worse than this eternal night—
Those resting in the grave heed not the light!
Small comfort can *ye* give.
Yes, Death is welcome as my only friend,
In the calm grave my sorrows will have end.

Talk not to me of hope!
Have you not told me it is all in vain—
That while I live I may not see again?
That earth, and the broad scope
Of the blue heaven—that all things glad and free
Henceforth are hidden—tell of hope to me?

It is not hard to lie
Calmly and silently in that long sleep;
No fear can wake me from that slumber deep.
So, mother—let me die;
I shall be happier in the gentle rest
Than living with this grief to fill my breast.

PART II.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.— *Sterne.*

Thank God, that yet I live.
In tender mercy, heeding not the prayer
I boldly uttered, in my first despair,
He would not rashly give
The punishment an erring spirit braved.
From sudden death, in kindness, I was saved.

It was a fearful thought
That this fair earth had not one pleasure left.
I was at once of sight and hope bereft.
My soul was not yet taught
To bow submissive to the sudden stroke;
Its crushing weight my heart had well-nigh broke.

Words are not that can tell
The horrid thought that burned upon my brain—
That came and went with madness still the same—
A black and icy spell
That froze my life-blood, stopped my fluttering breath,
Was laid upon me—even "*life in death.*"

Long weary months crept by,
And I refused all comfort, turned aside
Wishing that in my weakness I had died.
I uttered no reply,
But without ceasing wept, and moaned, and prayed
The hand of death no longer might be stay'd.

I shunned the gaze of all.
I knew that pity dwelt in every look.
Pity e'en then my proud heart could not brook,
Though darkness as a pall
Circled me round, each mournful eye *I felt*
That for a moment on my features dwelt.

You, dearest mother, know
I shrank in sullenness from your caress.
Even *your* kisses added to distress,
For burning tears would flow
As you bent o'er me, whispering "be calm,
He who hath wounded holds for thee a balm."

He did not seem a friend.
I deem'd in wrath the sudden blow was sent
From a strong arm that never might relent.
That pain alone would end
With life, for, mother, then it seem'd to me
That long, and dreamless, would death's slumber be.

That blessed illness came.
My weaken'd pulse now bounded wild and strong,
While soon a raging fever burn'd along
My worn, exhausted frame.
And for the time all knowledge pass'd away,
It matter'd not that hidden was the day.

The odour of sweet flowers
Came stealing through the casement when I woke;
When the wild fever spell at last was broke.
And yet for many hours
I laid in dreamy stillness, till your tone
Call'd back the life that seem'd for ever flown.

You, mother, knelt in prayer.
While one dear hand was resting on my head,
With sobbing voice, how fervently you plead
For a strong heart, to bear
The parting which you feared—"Or, if she live,
Comfort, oh, Father! to the stricken give.

"Take from her wandering mind
The heavy load which it so long hath borne,
Which even unto death her frame hath worn.

Let her in mercy find
*That though the Earth she may no longer see,
Her spirit still can look to Heaven and Thee."*

A low sob from me stole.
A moment more—your arms about me wound—
My head upon your breast a pillow found.
And through my weary soul
A holy calm came stealing from on high.
Your prayer was answer'd—I was not to die.

Then when the bell's faint chime
Came floating gently on the burden'd air,
My heart went up to God in fervent prayer.
And, mother, from that time
My wild thoughts left me—hope return'd once more—
I felt that happiness was yet in store.

Daily new strength was given.
For the first time since darkness on me fell,
I pass'd with more of joy than words can tell
Under the free blue Heaven.
I bathed my brow in the cool gushing spring—
How much of life those bright drops seem'd to bring.

I crush'd the dewy leaves
Of the pale violets, and drank their breath—
Though I had heard that at each floweret's death
A sister blossom grieves.
I did not care to see their glorious hues,
Fearing the richer *perfume* I might lose.

Then in the dim old wood
I laid me down beneath a bending tree,
And dream'd, dear mother, waking dreams of thee.
I thought how just and good
The power that had so gently seal'd mine eyes,
Yet bade new pleasures and new hopes arise.

For now in truth I find
MY FATHER all his promises hath kept;
He comforts those who here in sadness wept.
"Eyes to the blind"
Thou art, oh, God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.

THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

THE proudest motto for the young!
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold.
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'T will have a holy, cheering power,
"There's no such word as fail."

The sailor, on the stormy sea,
May sigh for distant land,
And, free and fearless though he be,
Wish they were near the strand.
But when the storm on angry wings
Bears lightning, sleet, and hail,
He climbs the slippery mast, and sings
"There's no such word as fail."

The wearied student bending o'er
The tomes of other days,
And dwelling on their magic lore,
For inspiration prays.
And though with toil his brain is weak,
His brow is deadly pale,
The language of his heart will speak,
"There's no such word as fail."

The wily statesman bends his knee
Before fame's glittering shrine,
And would an humble suppliant be
To Genius so divine.
Yet though his progress is full slow,
And enemies may rail,
He thinks at last the world to show
"There's no such word as fail."

The soldier on the battle-plain,
When thirsting to be free,
And throw aside a tyrant's chain,
Says "on for liberty!"
Our households, and our native land!
We must, we will, prevail!
Then foot to foot and hand to hand,
"There's no such word as fail!"

The child of God, though oft beset
By foes without — within,
These precious words will ne'er forget
Amid their dreadful din;
But upward looks with eye of faith,
Arm'd with the Christian mail;
And in the hottest conflict saith
"There's no such word as fail."

DO NOT BLAME ME.

I've been thinking of my faults, till my heart is like to break,
How very many are the foes, how few the friends I make,
And still within my hidden heart sincere affection lies,
The priceless gift of human love, I well know how to prize.
Yet often those I love the most, have not one thought for me,
When looking up for kindly smiles, indifference I see;

And then the pleasant words that rose upon my lips have died,
Leaving me mournfully to crush, my sorrow and my pride.

I strive that I may not offend, I check each careless word,
I seek to hide from other ears dark tales my own have heard,
I would not, even by a thought, add to another's grief,
Yet often I have given pain, where I would bring relief.

And sometimes, when my changeful mood brings feelings wild
and gay,
When in my eagerness I cease to guard whate'er I say,
A word which in itself was naught, is made to seem unkind,
Bright thoughts for evil ones are changed, and tears for smiles
I find.

I am lonely, very lonely, my heart is throbbing fast,
And tears are gathering in my eyes for follies that are past;
Yet know I that by suffering the spirit is made pure,
So I would calmly bear the pain God wills I should endure.

MIDNIGHT, AND DAYBREAK.

I.—MIDNIGHT.

I HAD been tossing through the restless night—
Sleep banish'd from my pillow—and my brain
Weary with sense of dull and stifling pain—
Yearning, and praying for the blessed light.
My lips moan'd thy dear name, beloved one;
Yet I had seen thee lying still and cold,
Thy form bound only by the shroud's pure fold,
For life with all its suffering was done.
Then agony of loneliness o'ercame
My widow'd heart—night would fit emblem seem
For the evanishing of that bright dream:
The heavens were dark—my life henceforth the same.
No hope—its pulse within my breast was dead.
No light—the clouds hung heavily o'erhead.

II.—DAYBREAK.

Once more I sought the casement. Lo! a ray,
Faint and uncertain, struggled through the gloom,
And shed a misty twilight on the room;
Long watch'd-for herald of the coming day!
It brought a thrill of gladness to my breast.
With clasped hands, and streaming eyes, I pray'd,
Thanking my God for light though long delay'd—
And gentle calm stole o'er my wild unrest.
"Oh, soul!" I said, "thy boding murmurs cease;
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all—
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.
Look upward once again, though drear the night;
Earth may be darkness—Heaven will give thee light."

THE CHURCH.

"I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." — *Rev. xxi. 9.*

CLAD in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride with timid step comes forth
To greet the hand to which she plights her troth,
Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around
Shades the sweet face from every gazer's eye,
And thus enwapt, she passes calmly by—
Nor casts a look but on the unconscious ground.
So should the Church, the bride elect of Heaven,—
Remembering Whom she goeth forth to meet,
And with a truth that cannot brook deceit
Holding the faith, which unto her is given—
Pass through this world, which claims her for a while,
Nor cast about her longing look, nor smile.

E. JUSTINE BAYARD.

THIS graceful and accomplished young lady is a daughter of Robert Bayard, Esq., of Glenwood, near Fishkill, N. Y. Her poems have appeared now and then in *The Literary World*, and in *The Knickerbocker*, signed by her initials; but it is only within a very short time that she has allowed the public to share in the profusion of her treasures. They are marked by an earnest thoughtfulness, and a strong and vivid imagination.

A FUNERAL CHANT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

'T is the death-night of the solemn Old Year!

And it calleth from its shroud
With a hollow voice and loud,

But serene:

And it saith — "What have I given
That hath brought thee nearer heaven?
Dost thou weep, as one forsaken,
For the treasures I have taken?
Standest thou beside my hearse
With a blessing or a curse?
Is it well with thee, or worse
That I have been?"

'T is the death-night of the solemn Old Year!

The midnight shades that fall,—
They will serve it for a pall,
In their gloom;—

And the misty vapours crowding
Are the withered corse enshrouding;
And the black clouds looming off in
The far sky, have plumed the coffin,

But the vaults of human souls,
Where the memory unrolls
All her tear-besprinkled scrolls,
Are its tomb!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The moon hath gone to weep
With a mourning still and deep
For her loss:—

The stars dare not assemble
Through the murky night to tremble—
The naked trees are groaning
With an awful, mystic moaning—
Wings sweep upon the air,
Which a solemn message bear,
And hosts, whose banners wear
A crownèd cross!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
Who make the funeral train
When the queen hath ceased to reign?
Who are here
With the golden crowns that follow
All invested with a halo?
With a splendour transitory
Shines the midnight from their glory,
And the pæan of their song
Rolls the aisles of space along,
But the left hearts are less strong,
For they were dear!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
With a dull and heavy tread
Tramping forward with the dead
Who come last?

Ling'ring with their faces groundward,
 Though their feet are marching onward,
 They are shrieking,—they are calling
 On the rocks in tones appalling,
 But Earth waves them from her view,—
 And the God-light dazzles through,
 And they shiver, as spars do,
 Before the blast!

'T is the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
 We are parted from our place
 In her motherly embrace,
 And are lone!
 For the infant and the stranger
 It is sorrowful to change her—
 She hath cheered the night of mourning
 With a promise of the dawning;
 She hath shared in our delight
 With a gladness true and bright:
 Oh! we need her joy to-night—
 But she is gone!

MUSIC OF NATURE.

I am here lonely! There was once a time
 I could divine no sorrow in that word;
 I carried in my heart a sweeter chime
 Than in the voice of other men is heard;
 And Nature spake to me in sun and shade,
 And my own thought a pleasant music made.

The air was instinct with a lovely spell,
 The winds awoke in mystic harmonies,
 And moonlit waves at summer eve could tell
 Strange tales to me, as playfully the breeze
 Swept o'er their crests, no longer still or mute,
 Like fairy fingers over harp or lute.

There was a soul in trees, which to my ear
Came often when their leaves of gossamer
Swayed with the soft south wind; I seem'd to hear
Elves all invisible, with singing stir
The quiet atmosphere of summer noon,
A low, and lingering, and loving tune.

The mountains had another tone. Their's was
No melody of voice or instrument,
But verse unrhymed, sublime and stately as
His words inspired, who saw the firmament
With eyes to earth-scenes wrapt in dark eclipse,
Or the Italian's rapt apocalypse.

And heaven's deep azure, over-arching all,
Spake to my spirit as an old church bell
Heard from afar, with hymnings musical
Drawn from the organ's full melodious swell,
Angelic music with high bliss elate,
To Nature's great Designer consecrate.

The soul of Nature is in Nature still;
But there has gone from me I know not what
Of power to catch her whispers, as they fill
With untaught poesy each lovely spot;
Therefore her beauty most awakes my heart
To mourn the absence of her votary's art.

Like those sad exiles from the realm of sound,
Those mute and lone ones, unto whom the hum
Of life comes not, in their deep silence bound
Nature to me is beautiful but dumb;
And wrapt for ever in a speechless gloom,
What is e'en beauty but a living tomb?

Ah no! bright goddess, no. I will not stain
The lips which have been thine with words like these;
There are whose sense still notes the exalted strain,
Though mine be deadened to thy minstrelsies.
Sing on for them sweet harmonist divine,
Thine is perennial strength, mute weakness mine.

SONNET.

SPRUNG from the arid rock devoid of soil,
In vig'rous life I saw one blade of wheat,
Bearing its precious grain, full-lobed and sweet,
Remote from eye of him whose lusty toil
In other harvest recompense hath found;
And it seemed good to me that labour should
Beyond its aim or asking thus abound,
While reaping to itself its purchased food:
So, too, from him, who the prolific thought
Sows in the cultured field of intellect,
A wandering breath its course may intersect,
And bear an embryo with rich promise fraught
Within some barren soul to germinate,
And fill with fruitful life what else were desolate.

SONG.

WE parted at noontide, I met her at night,
(How the inner world mocks at the outer!)
'T was day in her presence, that spirit of light,
'T will be more than midnight without her.

We met amid tears, amid laughter to part,
(How the inner world mocks at the outer!)
Those tears were Hope's baptism sweet to my heart,
That mirth but betrayed me to doubt her.

In summer we parted, in winter we met,
 (How the inner world mocks at the outer!)
 December was lit by those star-eyes of jet,
 July bound the death-shroud about her.

ERROR.

I SAW a light cloud floating in the sheen
 Of the resplendent moonshine; undefined
 Its fleecy edges shivered in the wind
 Alone, at first it moved in distance seen,
 But as it neared on the broad disk serene
 Of the full moon, it grew a settled form;
 And in its train appeared a shadowy swarm,
 Attendant vapours, hov'ring links, between
 This pale forerunner, and huge shrouds of gloom,
 Which, lowering o'er the hills, portentous prophets loom.
 Thus, on its inner heaven, the soul describes
 Shapes of significance, indefinite,
 Dimming its native clarity, yet bright
 And cozening in beauty. Lone they rise,
 In seeming harmless; but to virtue's eyes
 When brought to Truth's illumined disk anear,
 They show as darkness — harbingers appear
 Of gloomy ranks, whose dim perspective dies
 In earthly mists born of corruption's slime,
 Leading through paths obscure, from Error down to Crime.

STANZAS.

(ON FINDING THE KEY OF AN OLD PIANO.)

UNLOCK, unlock the shrines of memory,
 And bid her many keys their voices send
 Up in the silent hour unto me.
 Speak! that the tones of other years may lend
 Their vanished harmonies and lost romance
 To days immersed in gloom and dissonance.

Thou who the while unconscious played thy part,
And called fair music from her silent cell
To echo murmurs from the gushing heart,
Come! wake once more the departed spell,
I fain would hear of things and thoughts again,
Which mingled often with the stealing strain.

Hark! it comes creeping on. It is an air
Full of strange wailing—mournfully profound;
Some music-spirit moaning in despair,
Prisoned in that sweet barrier of sound:
And yet, methinks "might I a captive be
If thus environed in captivity!"

And shadowy forms around the instrument
Come closely pressing, whispering low words
That keep time with the music, redolent
Of deep vibrations in the hidden chords
That round the heart their hurried measure keep,
And sway its pulses with resistless sweep.

Voice of the voiceless! Graves give up their dead,
And at thy words departed echoes ring,
Familiar carols from the lips that fled
Long weary years ago, with fatal wing,
Unto the silent regions of the tomb,
And died away there in its hollow gloom.

Hush! other instruments are creeping in
To perfect the concordance of the whole,
And well-remembered voices now begin
To bear on wings invisible my soul.
My own! Amongst them I can hear my own,
Alas! 'Tis almost a forgotten tone!

Was it eve dark'ning o'er the pleasant room
When the soft breezes of the summer night
Breathed through its atmosphere a faint perfume,
Or when the autumn's crimson fire-light
Glow'd upon every brow, *thou* still wert there,
Wreck of departed days, with many an air.

Joyous or sorrowful — profound or wild,
Swiftly thy sweeping chords gave out their tones,
Light as the laughter of a sinless child,
Deep as the anguish told in captive moans,
Smooth as the flow of rivers to the sea,
Irregular as dark insanity.

There have been hands that are beneath the mould
(I seem to feel their chillness in thy touch),
Eyes wept the while they moved, that now are cold
As this impassive metal — yet are such
The things that bind us nearest, move us most,
And leave a hopeless voice when they are lost.

Now, stranger hands across those keys will run,
And other walls far other groups surround,
And stranger eyes look lovingly upon
The unconscious mover of the realm of sound.
That realm, once sacred, my sweet home, to thee,
And sacred ever to my memory.

But thou, impassive thing, thus sever'd wide
From thy sole wealth in those harmonious waves,
Another empire be thine own beside:
Be thou the pass-key to the spirit caves,
Thou the deliverer of their captive throng,
The portal spirit of the gates of song.

MARION H. RAND.

MISS RAND was born in Philadelphia, in 1824. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. B. H. Rand, a well-known teacher and author of penmanship in that city. When only eight years old, she began to prove her love for poetry, by practising rhymes; but it was not until she was fourteen, that any of them were published. *The Young People's Book*, edited at that time by John Frost, first welcomed them into printed life; and now she frequently contributes to the most popular periodicals of the day, exhibiting in all her effusions, tender feeling and pleasing thought.

SYMPATHY.

HIDE not thy secret grief
In the dark chambers of the soul,
Where sombre thoughts and fancies roll,
Bringing thee no relief.
Gloomy and cold the spirit grows,
While brooding over fancied woes:
The lightest care, while yet concealed,
Lies like a mountain on the breast;
The heaviest grief, when once revealed,
Is lulled by sympathy to rest.

Relieve thy bursting heart,
And pour into some loving ear
Each bitter thought, each chilling fear;
How soon will all depart!
And words of love, like healing balm,
Will gently soothe and sweetly calm,

Till reason's almost fading ray
Resumes its firm and wonted sway,
And though thy burden be not less,
Thou wilt not still be comfortless.

Hast thou no human friend,
To whom in hours like these to turn
When thine o'erburden'd soul will yearn

Its bitterness to end?

Oh, still despair not — there is One
To whom sad hearts have often gone —
Though rich the gifts for which they pray,
None ever came unblest away:
Then, though all earthly ties be riven,
Smile, for thou hast a friend in heaven.

INFANCY.

WHAT! my merry little one,
Have I found thee all alone?
Fast asleep, and, as it seems,
In the far-off land of dreams?
Say what fancies hover round thee,
While the chains of sleep have bound thee?
Where, upon this sunny morn,
Has that gentle spirit gone?
One fair arm is lightly thrown
Round that loved and loving one,
As in peaceful sleep ye lie,
Innocence and infancy.
But what dreamest thou, my boy?
Are there thoughts of grief or joy
Swelling in that guileless heart,
Sweet emotions to impart?
Dreamest thou of future pleasures,
New-found pets, or new-found treasures?

Ah — no thoughts like these have place
On that quiet, serious face.
I have heard that angels come,
When our baby spirits roam,
Round the slumberer's couch, to shower
Visions of a glorious power.
There are often dreams of Heaven
To the infant spirit given.
Oh — we cannot, cannot tell
What a mighty holy spell
Round the pure, young heart is twined,
When the chains of slumber bind
Merry eyes that never weep —
Lips that close not save in sleep —
Tones that ring in wild delight —
Voices only hushed at night.
Then, perhaps, *thy* soul, my boy,
Wandereth in those realms of joy.
Oh! couldst thou but speak, and tell
All thy gentle steps befell,
What a glorious tale would flow
From thy lips, in accents low,
But, alas — it may not be,
With thy slumbers dreams will flee.
'Tis our Heavenly Father's will,
Merciful and gracious still,
Lest thou scorn thine earthly lot,
All on waking is forgot.
'Tis to infant hearts alone
Holy things like these are shown.
When a few short years are o'er,
These bright dreams return no more.
But may that sweet influence still
All thy heart and temper fill.
That All-seeing Eye will be
Ever watching over thee;

Still thy Guardian and thy Guide
Will be ever at thy side;
He will bring thee on thy way,
Through the cares of every day,
Till, when this life's trials o'er,
Thou standest on death's awful shore,
These dreams that nightly come to thee,
Prove thine in blest reality.

ANGELINA S. MUMFORD

Is a sister of Mrs. Seward, whose poems have been quoted in a former part of this volume. She seldom writes for publication, but when she does, her poems are signed by the winning nom-de-plume of *Picciola*. She is a young lady of combined good sense and fine taste; and her effusions display as much soundness of heart, as pure poetical feeling.

CHEERFUL CONTENT.

I KNOW no loneliness of heart,—no shadowy ideal,
No sighing for the unattained,—the beautiful unreal;
My happiness is ever near in treasures few and small;
My lowly hopes are realized in young fruition all.

And mine the spirit still at home in sorrow and in joy,
That loseth not its sweet content at thought of earth's annoy;
The violet, that bides the storm, is freshened in its blue,
And sorrow beats upon the heart to strengthen and renew.

I know not why I do not love what others love on earth,
Nor why what others seem to prize to me is nothing worth,
Nor why I feel so trustful of every one I see,
Until my heart belongs to them more than it does to me.

The flower upon our mantel-shelf,—my brother's flute at night,
The way-worn letter from afar that bringeth pure delight,
The voices of my darling ones that own no parlour tone,
With these to sun my little world, I could not feel alone.

I have an earthly mother, and my home is in her heart,
And evermore I nestle there, though we are far apart;
And earthly sisters too I have, and brothers for my love,
That cluster round me like the stars in the bright heaven above.

In fancy only I can live and love beside them now,
In fancy only I can feel their kisses on my brow:
I cannot see the hands I pressed, the ringlets I have curled;
My head that used to lean on them, is rested on the world.

I know that heaven is near to earth where'er my lot may fall;
I know that they will pray for me, the frailest of them all;
And I, if I were growing gray, should sleep the sleep of youth,
For my soul is rocked to slumber on the bosom of their truth.

There is a worldly wisdom that preacheth to despise
The chime of youthful feeling, that impulsively replies
To the whisper of affection, wherever it may spring,
And proffer to the gazing world its fragrant blossoming.

The dew refuseth not to bathe the dusty wayside flowers,
Restoring to the faded grass the green of vernal hours;
And though the faith were all disproved another hath professed,
The withered soul may be revived upon a loving breast.

I would not blush to give away whatever I possess
Of artless and confiding faith, and woman's tenderness;
I would not blush to wrap my thoughts around one pulse that
thrills
With the delicious sense of life, that all my being fills.

Though Love is widow'd of its trust, and weeps the living death,
And Genius, bending to its clay, foregoes the ivy wreath,
The only night that I could know would be the soul's eclipse,
The guile that worketh at the heart,—the falsehood on the lips.

I love the smallest living thing to tears; and quiet thought
Hath sanctified the beautiful, with every thing inwrought;
I hear a glad philosophy throughout existence hymning,
And often think the cup of life for me is full to brimming.

TO A LADY.

THINE eyes are very beautiful!

I would they were less bright,
For then the serpent shining there
Could never pain my sight.

I would that sometimes they were seen
To shed repentant tears,
O'er all the ruin of thy heart,
O'er all the blight of years.

Thy brow so very queenly too,
Truth's coronet should grace;
But Falsehood's circlet dark too oft
Usurps the sacred place.

And though thy lip smiles lovingly,
And though thy cheek is fair;
Where dimpling graces should abide
Deceit hath made its lair.

I've been among the foolish ones
Who loud thy praises sing,
And almost wept to think thou art
A hollow-hearted thing:

Unworthy all the flattery
Thou livest to secure;
Unlovely in thy inner life,
Though outwardly so pure.

Ah! yes, thy face is beautiful,
But vainly there I trace
The type of inward purity,
And spiritual grace.

And gloomy is the prophecy,
That fills my boding heart;
For me thou never hast deceived,
With thine unequall'd art.

And they who know thy treachery,
Whom thou hast once beguiled,
They spare thee for thy husband's sake
And for thy only child.

HELEN W. IRVING.

THE writer of the following exquisite lines possesses a graceful fancy, and a melodious and impressive power of utterance.

LOVE AND FAME.

It had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer shower,
Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
And, while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Close folded to a rose-bud's heart, one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought fresh-
ness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very souls
were one;
The bud, its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry
guest
Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and
fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever there,
While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds in burnish'd armour
bright,
The conqu'ring sun came, proudly, in the glory of his might,
And like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendour of his smile on lake, and tree, and
flower.

Then peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop marked
on high,

A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And stand, a glorious brotherhood, to form that bow of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them,
love!

I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to Iris fair,
'Twill deem my own dear rose-bud's tint, the loveliest colour
there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly 'mid that glorious band he soon was glowing, too—
All quivering with delight to feel, that she, his rose-bud bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down, at last—the glittering
bow was gone,

One little hour of triumph, was all the drop had won;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's
hue,

And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-dimmed star of dew.

MARGARET JUNKIN

Is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, a highly esteemed clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination, and the President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. Her poetry is little known beyond the choice circle of friends, whose affection is better to her than public praise; though she has talent enough to gain that, if we may judge by the force and originality of the following verses.

GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION.

WHY wrapped he not a martyr's robe
Around his lofty form?
Why bore he not with dauntless brow
The bursting of the storm?
Why cringed the mind that proudly soared
Where others gazed dismayed,
With servile will before the power
Whose grasp was on him laid?

They tell us it was fear that bowed
His mighty spirit, when
He stooped beneath the rusty links
Of superstition's chain:
—The dungeon cell was dark,—and light
Was pleasant to his eye,
And, holy tho' the truth, for it
He did not dare to die.

Fear!—what had he to do with fear,
Who ventured out abroad,
Unpiloted, thro' pathless space,
By angels only trod:—

Who wandered with unfailing flight,
Creation's vastness o'er,
And brought to light an infinite,
So unconceived before.

When gazing on those worlds which first
He was allowed to scan,
How puny would appear the aims
And littleness of man!
And proud his inward consciousness,
That he had dared to be
A sharer in the mysteries
Of God's immensity.

When back to earth he turned again,—
Such brilliant visions past,
How most contemptible would seem
The trammels round him cast!
And yet his lofty character
Submitted to the stain;
And lulling Ignorance entwined
Her weak, Delilah chain.

Strange that the ray which beamed for him
With such intense delight,
Should for a single moment lose
Its glory in his sight:—
Strange that the eye whose strength could pierce
From world to world afar,
Should suffer fear to cloud the blaze
Of Truth's diviner star!

MARY J. REED,

THE young author of the simple and beautiful poems with which we close our volume, is an orphan, a native of Philadelphia, where she resides with her brother. She has written much for the journals of that city, under the name of *Marie Roseau*, and all her effusions are distinguished by the elevated tone of mind, and the loving, pure, and useful purpose they display.

WEARY.

FATHER! I'm sad and weary—give me rest!

Weary of earth, its troubles and its snares;

Weary of combat with its many cares;

Is there no refuge for me on thy breast?

Deceived by those on whom I most relied—

Weary of broken friendship, oft betrayed—

Yearning to trust, and yet to trust afraid,

I come to One, in whom I may confide.

Oh! I am weary of this sinful life!

Weary of error, and yet erring still,

Knowing yet doing not thy holy will,

Oh, I am weary of this endless strife!

I ask not that thou take me from the earth,

But keep me from its evils,—guide my feet,

And give me strength its many cares to meet—

To act all worthy of my heavenly birth.

Oh! teach me to do good;—with heart and hand

To help those struggling 'neath a load of grief,

Relieving where my aid may bring relief,

Thus ever following thy blest command.

Oh give to me an innate dread of sin,
That I may tread thy way in holy fear,
Striving to keep my conscience ever clear;
My words all right, and purity within.

And if I feel this life a weariness,
With such an utter loneliness of heart,
Oh gird my spirit—newer strength impart—
With heavenly sympathy my spirit bless.

Then will my soul the holy influence know,
Then may I be a conqu'ror in the strife,
And I may firmly tread my way through life,
Till ends its toilsome pilgrimage below.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPEAK gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who with a trustful, loving heart
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless words
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one thought whose saddened tone
Despair might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee;
And do not send him from thy side
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look and sunny smile,
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him this should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm,
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good, and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep
All creatures, great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitant of Heaven!

THE END.

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As one arranges in a simple vase
A little store of unpretending flowers,
So gathered I some records of past hours,
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace,
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers;
But dear memorials of happy days,
When heaven shed blessings on my heart like showers,
Clothing with beauty e'en the desert place;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of Art, the rapture music sends;
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends.

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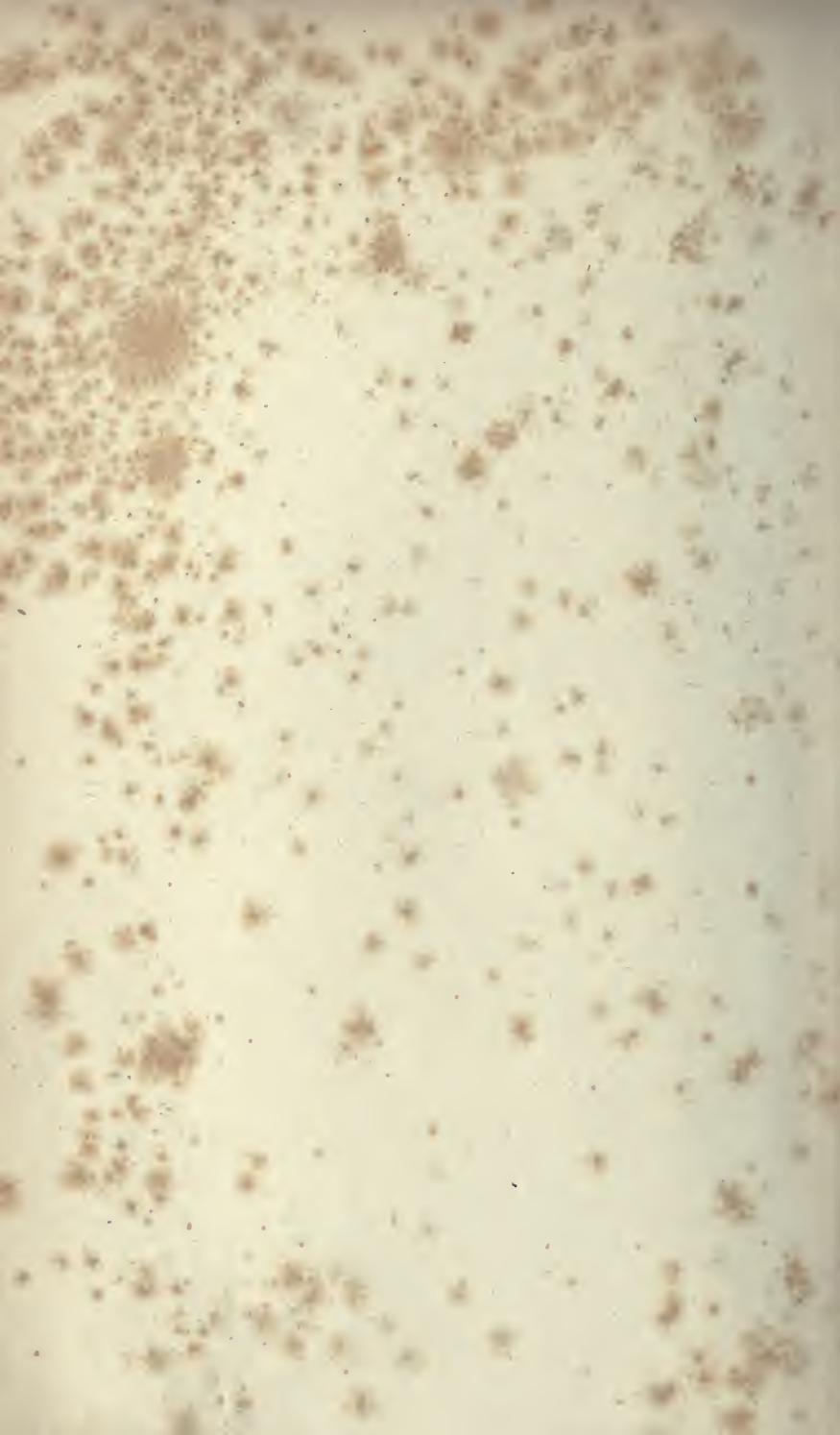
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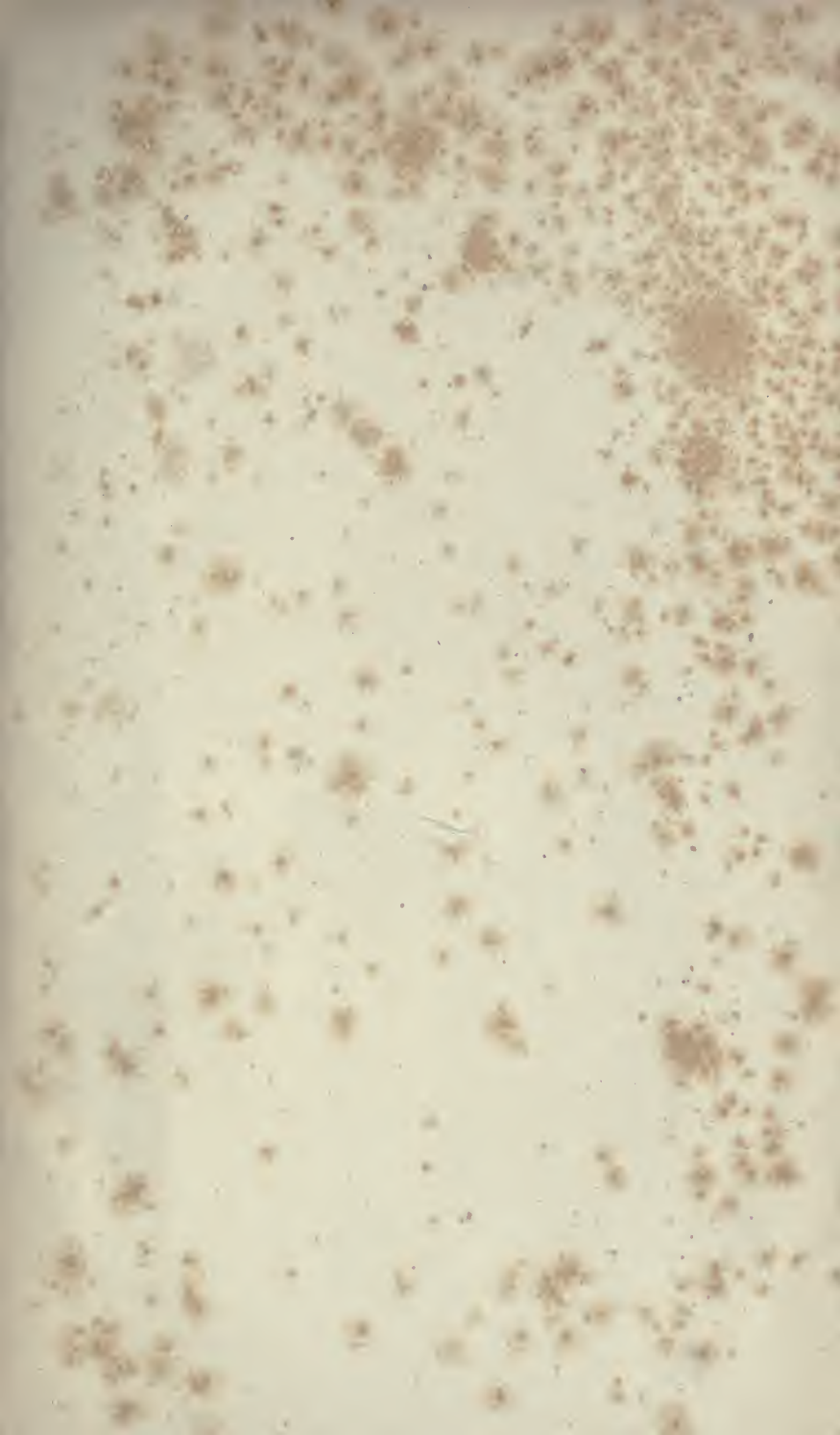








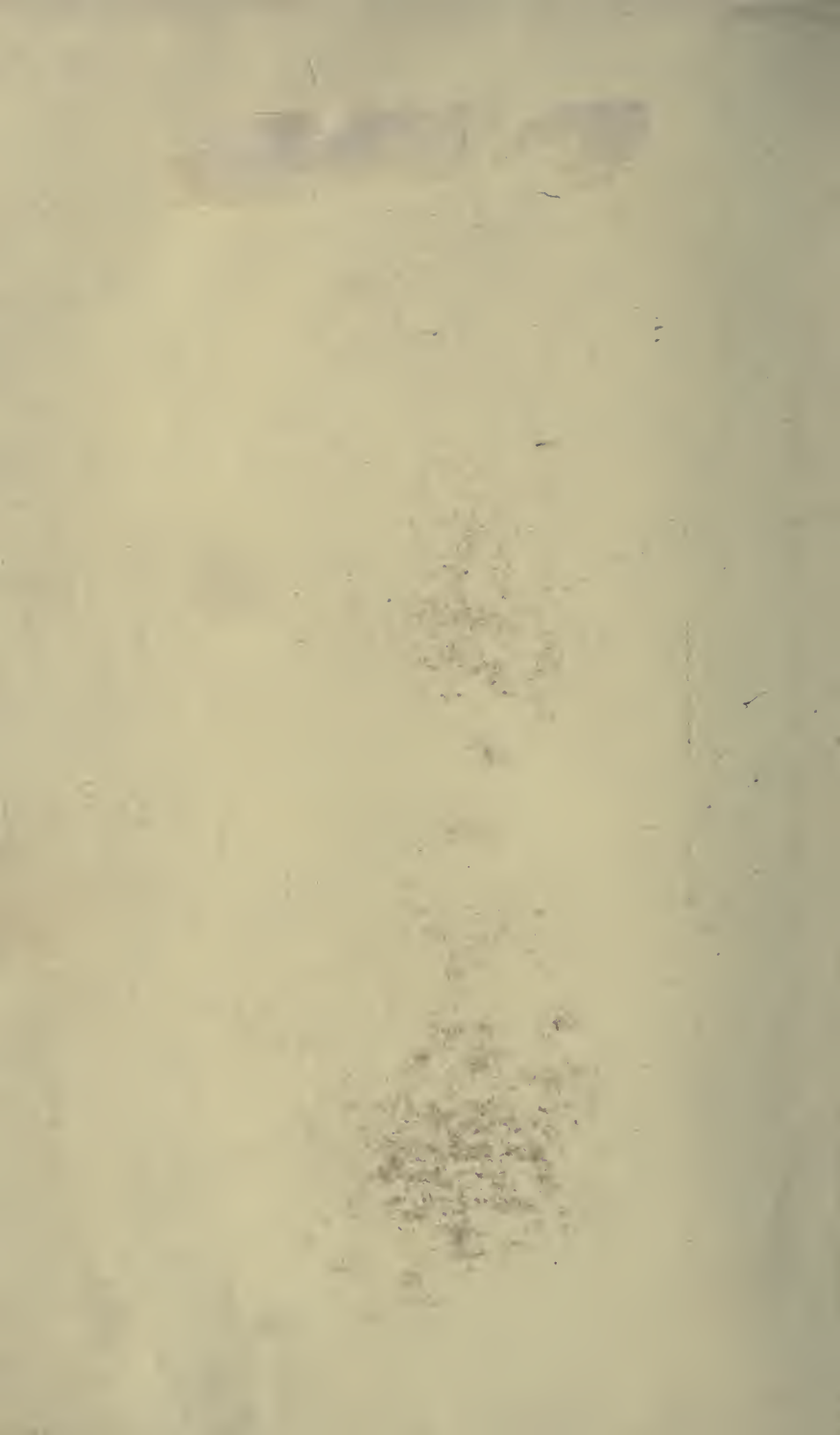












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